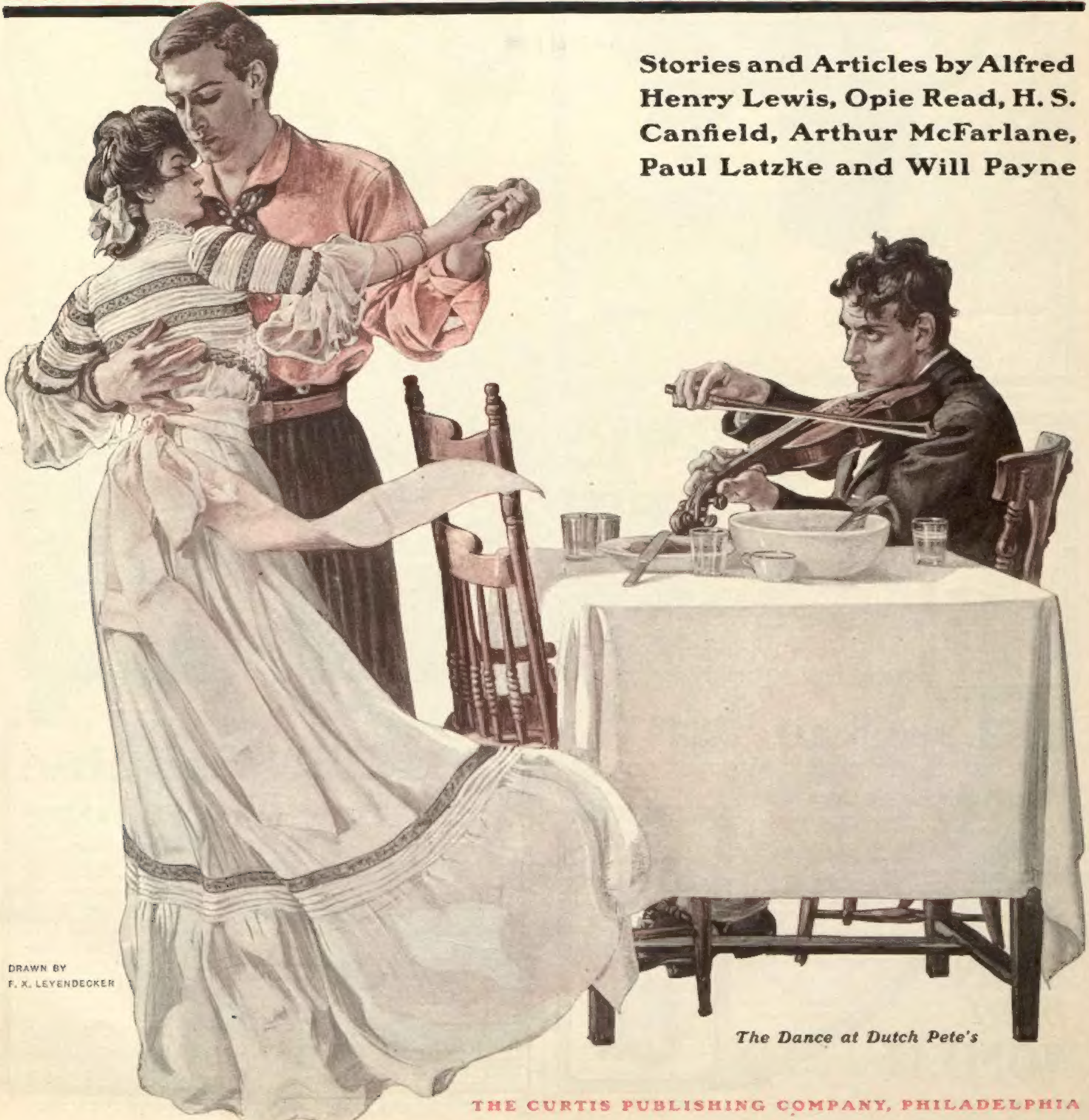
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 26, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

Stories and Articles by Alfred Henry Lewis, Opie Read, H. S. Canfield, Arthur McFarlane, Paul Latzke and Will Payne



DRAWN BY
F. X. LEYENDECKER

The Dance at Dutch Pete's

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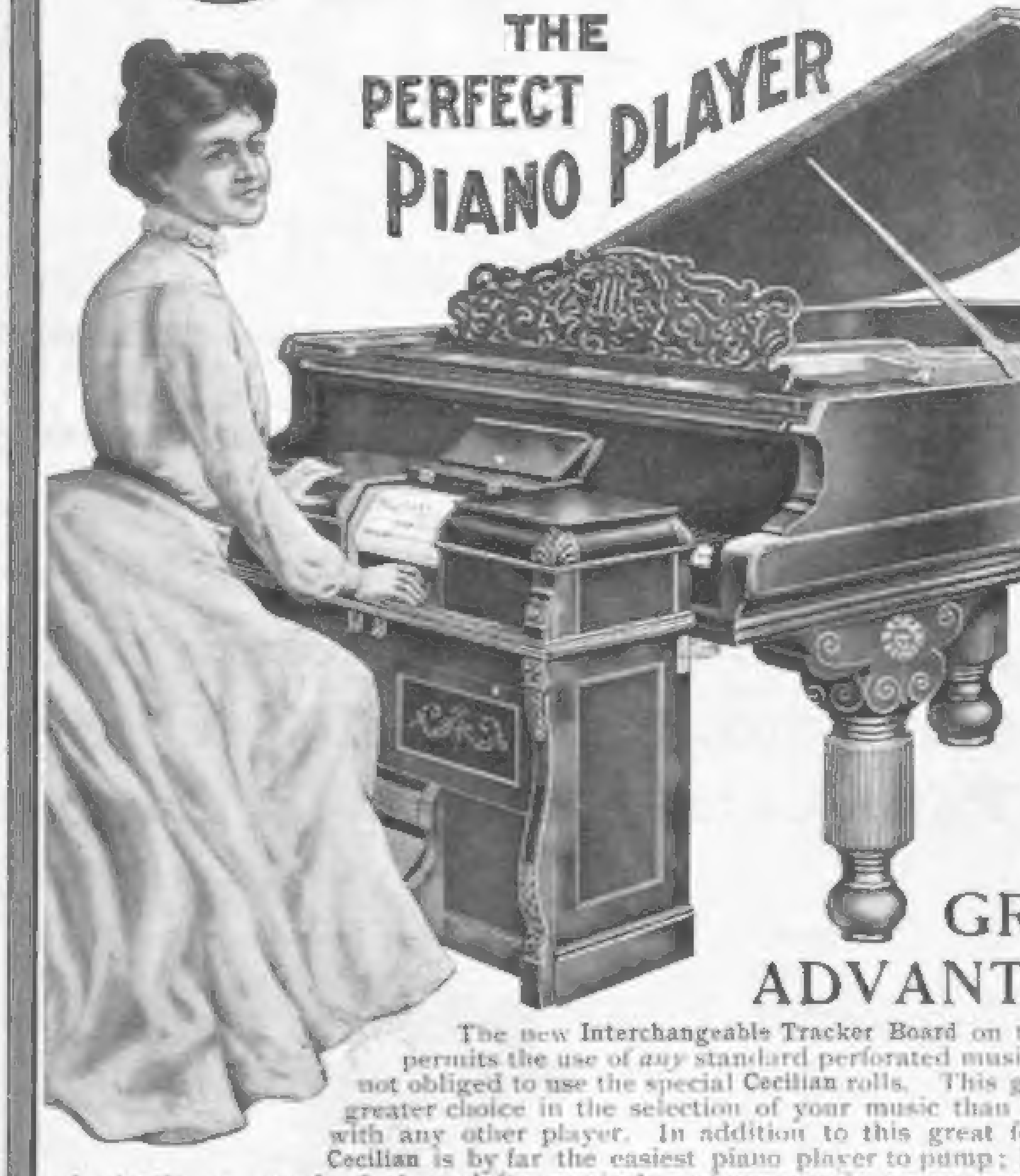

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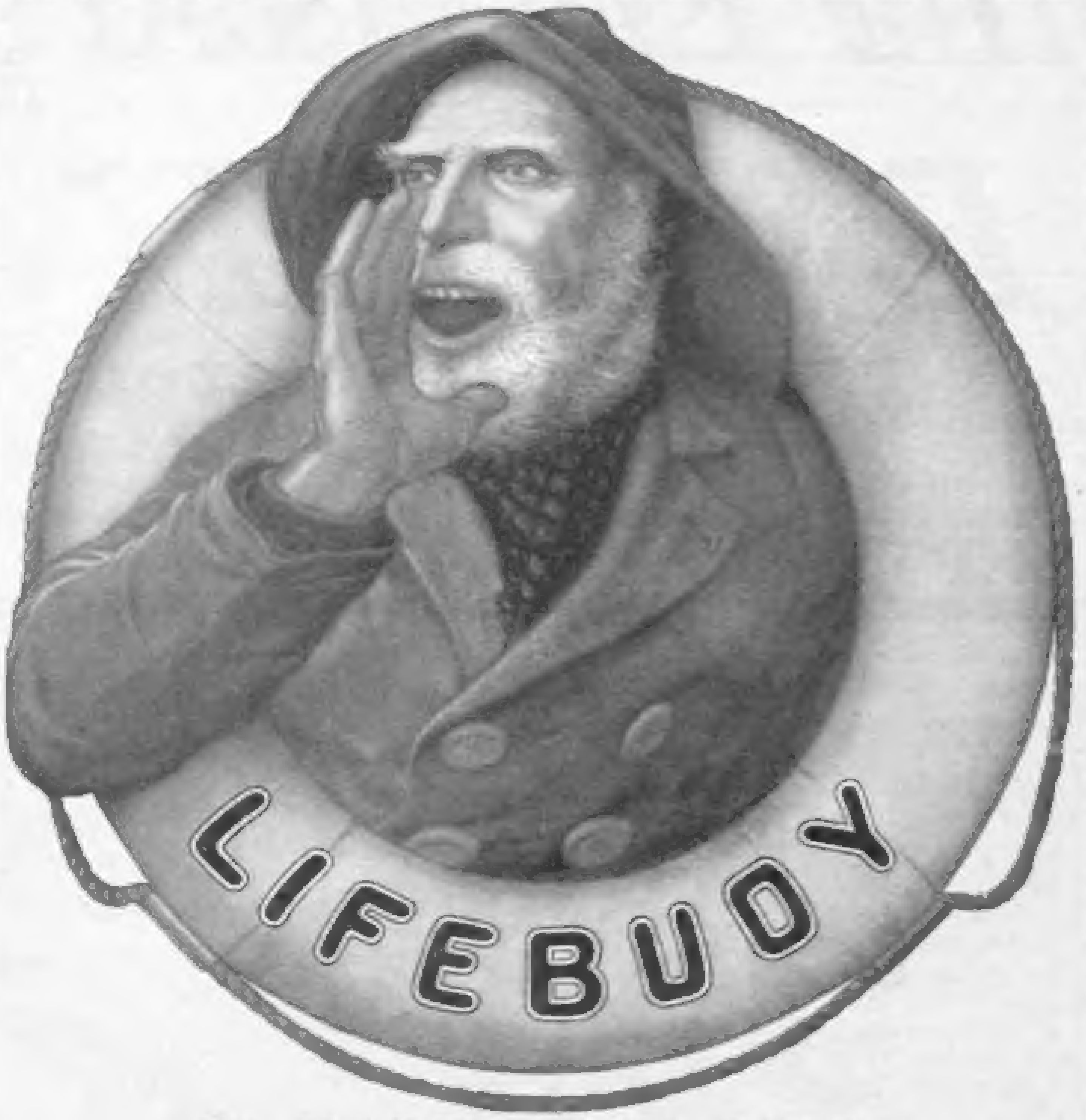

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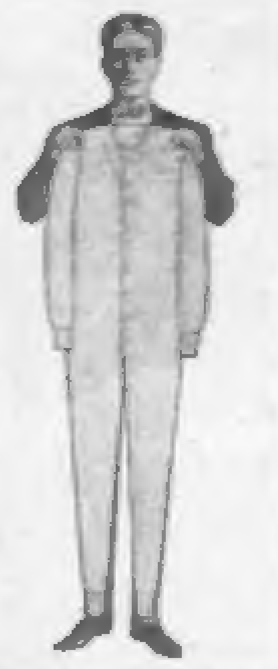

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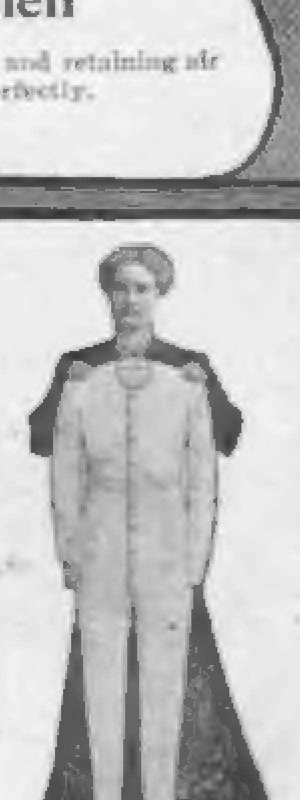
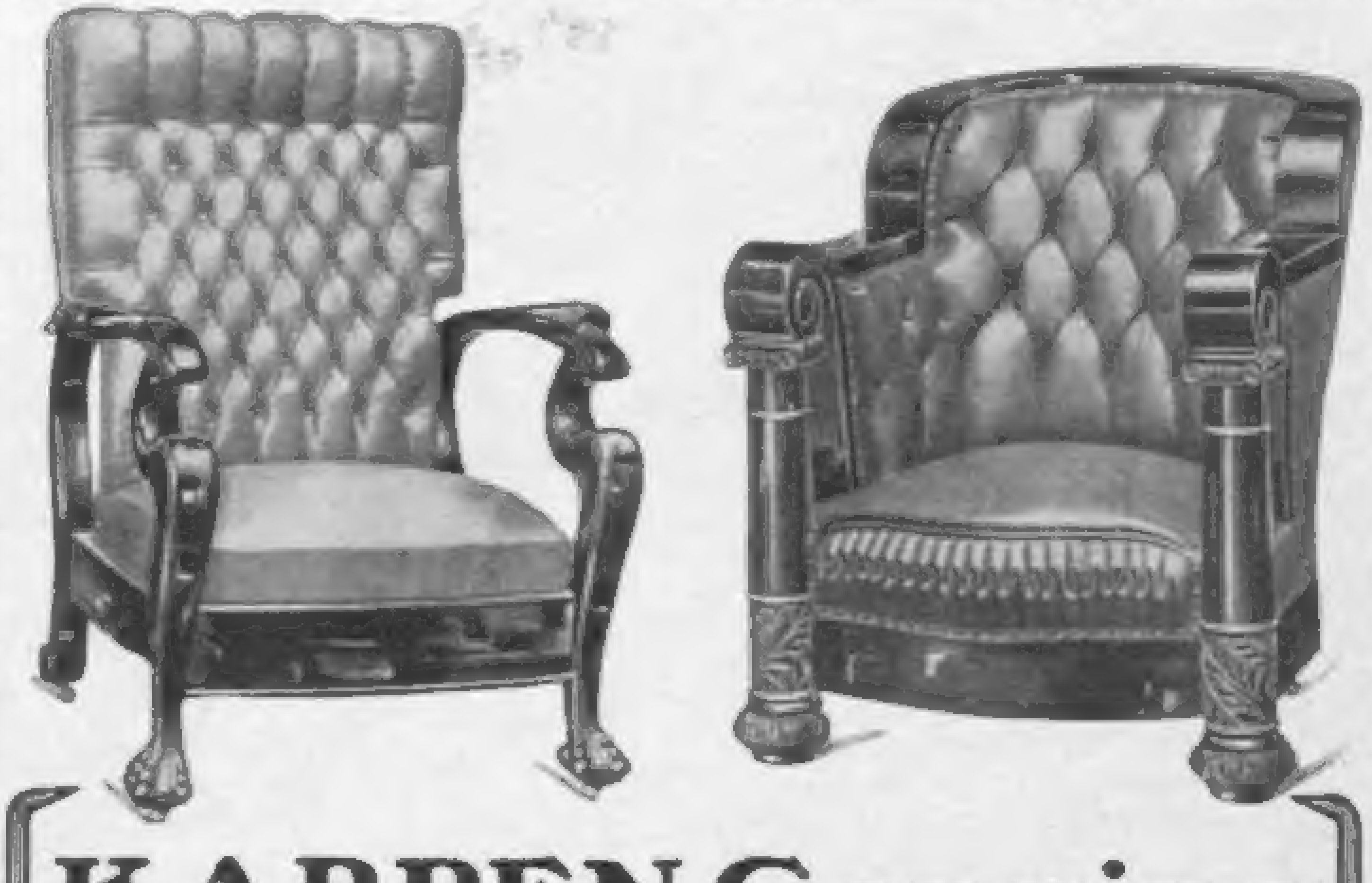


for MEN *and* WOMEN



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THE ANCIENTS

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

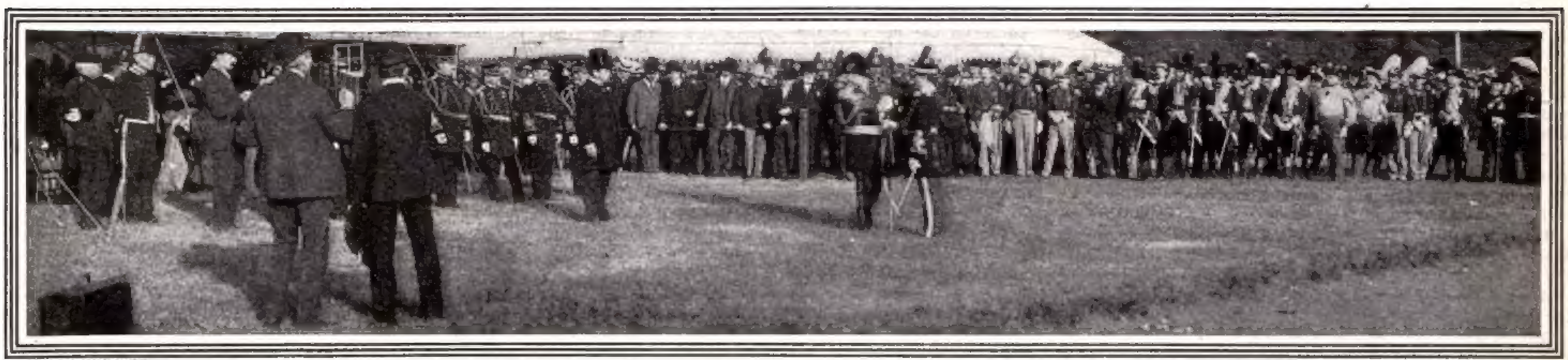


PHOTO. BY T. E. MARR, BOSTON

THE COMMANDER OF THE ANCIENTS RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION FROM THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL

The Ancients on Parade

Dress ranks, and 'tention all,
Then down the stairs of Faneuil Hall!

From Market Street to Adams Square,
From Adams Square to State,
With flamp of drums and trumpets' blare,
With toss of the eye for the ladies fair,
Past where the Boston burghers stare,
We tramp at a swinging gait.

Up bellowing State to Tremont Row,
With rhythm of marching feet,
Steady and straight in martial show,
Snap in our knees and elbows, oh
See the ranks of the Ancients go
Through Beacon's crescent street.

With the Ancients on parade, with the Ancients on parade,
Foe or food, no matter which, is prey for our flashing blade.
Side by side we're Boston's pride, doughty and unafraid,
Then all huzza, for here we are, the Ancients on parade!

— From Barrack Room Ballad of Boston's Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

"THERE are two inalienable rights that are the heritage of a Boston citizen," remarked my friend the Colonel. "One is to stand on Boston Common of a Sunday afternoon and harangue other fellow-citizens on isms. The second is to stand unbudgingly on a street corner, defying all policemen, and watch the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts parade. So has it been from the time of Governor Winthrop; so shall it ever be, or behold insurrection!"

The veteran went on to say, however, that unless some of the prosaic military literalists and martinets stop making innovations in the uniforms of the Ancients, the admiring citizens will lose half their vivacious interest in the parades. There is a new provision directing that hereafter all incoming members must don regulation and stereotyped uniforms: an artillery helmet of the United States pattern with spike, blue broadcloth tunic, light blue trousers with scarlet seam stripe, and so forth. The old boys who are still wearing the buff continentals and the white silk stockings of the train-band days, the heroes who stride beneath the towering bearskins, the doughty warriors who keep in memory green the old City Guard and its gaitered, its helmeted or cockaded quaintness, may hold to their curious garb or even to their major-generals' uniforms that trail humbly in the ranks, until death or disability muster them out. There is no provision, however, whereby successors may perpetuate the queer variety of uniforms that have made the Ancients a delight and a joy forever in the eyes of lovers of the picturesque.

To be one of the cohorts of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has ever been in Boston a distinguishing mark in more ways than one. The word "Ancient" to a Boston man suggests a prodigy in arms: stalwart figure, rotund paunch, groaning tables, conviviality and a lot of other things. To be an Ancient from now until the rosy functions of October are past is to stand right in the centre of Boston's lime-light fan of radiance.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Honorable the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond is coming all the way from England. With him journey two hundred plump and stalwart members of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of London. King Edward himself is colonel of that organization. They are bound this way to return the fraternal visit paid to them in 1896, when their Boston cousins journeyed to England, leaped into their arms, and didn't touch the ground again until they landed once more on the pinnacle of Beacon Hill.

PHOTO. BY T. E. MARR, BOSTON

DRUMHEAD ELECTION ON BOSTON COMMON

Will a Boston man ever forget that June 29, 1896? Half a million fellow-citizens of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts stood at the water's edge and gave the Boston Ancients a send-off that nearly made the Sacred Codfish drop his scales. Fort Warren thundered its salute of twenty-one guns, the harbor throbbed with a bedlam of uproar, the "blunking" of bombs thudded the continuous scream of whistles; every available craft in the harbor, loaded with frantically enthusiastic citizens, followed the preciously laden Servia away out into the ocean mists, and then, crossing her bows in a wide circle, screamed *bon voyage* with an unction that left Boston with shaky nerves and a general sore throat for a week.

How the "history-makers" were rapturously met on the other side, how royalty wined and dined them, how Queen Victoria took them to her heart, how for the first time in history armed Americans marched through the streets of London waving the Stars and Stripes, how the royal Duke of Connaught asked to be photographed standing under the folds of Old Glory, how eternal love and cousinship were pledged, how bonds between the countries were soldered in the white-hot heat of enthusiasm — no matter how late the Ancients had to sit up to do it — all this Clio the Muse of History has written in fire with an asbestos-nibbed pen.

Now, after waiting seven years to recover from the fluster of it all and to give Boston time to get its breath, the London Ancients are to drop in and return the visit, and then — and then, beginning away down at Minot's Ledge on the second day of October, Boston will start another hurrah that will increase in volume day by day until, completing the grand round, the London guests pass away into the mists of the Atlantic homeward bound, chorusing the Star-Spangled Banner to answer the frantically tootled God Save the King throbbing in the off-shore breezes.

Boston is swallowing hard every time she gets to thinking of it all. Remember that the London Ancient and Honourable

Artillery Company was chartered August 15, 1537, and has an unbroken history as the oldest military organization of the empire. Its commanders have been kings and princes, and on its rolls have been spread the names of every officer who has won especial distinction in England and her Colonies. Albert, Prince Consort, was commander in his day, and after him Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, now King of England. The company's armory at Finsbury has been the scene of the most brilliant gatherings of soldiers known in modern history, and this visit to America of two hundred of the leading members becomes an international event of importance, for it is known that the London company is bringing an especial message of good-will from the King. Colonel Henry Walker, of Boston, was in command of the Ancients when they took England by storm. Colonel Walker is a lawyer and an orator, and over on the other side he set his British cousins a stunt that even Lord Denbigh does not hope to equal next month. Says an appreciative warrior who followed his facile prolocutor through the English tour:

"I tell you, the Colonel did us proud. You know what those Englishmen are on the speech question! They were certainly laying for us at Liverpool, loaded to the neck with talk. The Colonel unslung his vocal batteries on the dock at Liverpool and he came back at 'em with a hundred words to one.

"In London that same evening at the regimental dinner he gave 'em language by the broadside. The next day he had to use only his secondary battery on the Mayor of Windsor, but he made the borough's address of welcome read like a school composition. Next on the East Terrace at Windsor Castle, when the Queen said some nice things to him for us, he never turned an eyelash. You'd have thought that he had royalty for clients right along and kept them waiting in the outer office. That night the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers popped away at him with all their orators, but the Colonel grabbed the lanyard and touched off something that made the Worshipful Fishmongers pretty nearly stamp the floor through.

A word about the peculiarly strong bond that unites the two companies! When the charter of incorporation was granted to the "Military Company of Massachusetts," in 1638, Robert Keayne was the first signer and the first captain, and both he and forty other original members of the Massachusetts company had belonged to the London company ere they came from England.

The armory of the Boston Ancients is just where one would expect to find it—'way up in Faneuil Hall's third story. Here the company has had its quarters since 1743, and here is its museum, one of the most interesting show places in Boston, visited annually by thousands of sight-seers.

Lovers of the unique in manners find plenty to interest them in the solemnly preserved old customs that still obtain in the company's routine, even in these prosaic days.

For example, there is one day in the year when the family alarm clock or the neighbor's rooster is relieved of the duty of awakening the commissioned warriors of the Boston Ancients. The regulations provide that on the anniversary Field Day in June the officers and past commanders shall be roused by martial reveille "to partake in the duties and festive pleasures of the day." The regulations naïvely instruct the adjutant to take along as many "drummers and fifers as may be sufficient for the purpose." In the past the number has varied. Some adjutants, apparently understanding the depth of somnolency in which their chiefs are immersed, have sallied forth from the armory with as many as four drummers and four fifers.

At the first graying of dawn in the east the detachment leaves the dim old armory and trudges down the stairs of Faneuil Hall, objects of great interest to the matter-of-fact marketmen busy in the stalls below the Hall. The regulations state that the corps shall "repair" to the homes of the officers. This is taken to mean "get there as soon as possible." With dignity the adjutant leads his men first to the residence of the captain commanding, and under his bedroom window the fifers scream and the drums ruffle.

Neighbors and officer usually come to the windows together. But the vigorous alarum never calls out sleepy recriminations from those not directly interested. For that matter, every one in Boston is directly interested in the Ancients. 'Tis always a smile at all the windows greeting the sturdy adjutant and his clarion corps. Then—for ancient custom has become martial law—at sign from beckoning finger within, the adjutant, the fifers and the drummers step in through their captain's hospitable door, and after a few moments they issue forth, the drummers with new strength in their arms, the fifers with a fresh pucker for their lips, the adjutant with new ginger in the elbow that he snaps in salute.

When this pleasing duty has been performed beneath all the available chamber windows the adjutant leads his men back along the narrow and winding streets to the armory, where, according to the regulations, a good breakfast must be awaiting them.

Close on the heels of the beaters of the reveille come trooping the members of the company. No family board for them that morning! The breakfast is served at the armory, and prior and subsequent thereto there is clank of sabre and whang of gun-butt and much jangling of military accoutrement as the forces are panoplied for parade.

At half-past nine the admiring citizens of Boston are given their opportunity to gaze upon their heroes. At that hour the Ancients, in full uniform, form in line of march on North Market Street and tramp with merry music by the most direct route to the State House, which, after all, is not very direct, as those know who are familiar with the streets between Faneuil Hall and Beacon Hill.

Boston well knows the course over which the tramping feet of the Ancients have passed so many times, and the sidewalks on all the thoroughfares are lined by spectators. Well-known men in the ranks are liberally applauded. The queer uniforms of the Old Guard, the buff regimentals of the Continentals, the bearskins and the quaint garb of this and that ancient organization, all receive just as fresh and admiring attention as though Boston were beholding this parade for the first time.

At the State House the Governor and his gilded staff are solemnly attached to the parade and away all wend to church to listen to the anniversary sermon. The chaplain is appointed each April by the commander without regard to religious creed. In the two hundred and sixty-four years of the company's life there have been two hundred and thirty-five sermons. Each year after the services the commissioned officers of the company formally and solemnly wait upon the chaplain and request a copy of the sermon for publication.

One hundred and fifty-four of these sermons have been printed and carefully filed away in the archives, and the Ancients have soberly and officially branded them all as "learned and patriotic discourses." Of course Increase Mather and Cotton Mather and Joseph Sewall and all the other notable preachers officiated in the early days.

The Ancients always issue from church with appetites sharp-set. They generally confess that during the sermon their strict attentiveness lapses once in a while into a gustful speculation as to what is being done down at the armory. During all the forenoon there has been a constant rush of hastening feet up and down the worn stairways of Faneuil Hall. There have been the clang of table-ware and the clash of dishes. Cooks have wrought and waiters have hustled, and when the parade comes marching back down the zigzag streets, there smokes the banquet on tables that fill the hall from side to side. The captain's table is set on the platform and there he takes his seat, flanked by the Governor, the Mayor and the President of Harvard College. All the notables are present by regulation, and it is only some woful botheration that avails to keep them away. The officers preside over other tables. There are thirteen toasts, starting off with the President of the United States.

Then again the wistful Boston multitude gets an opportunity to behold its heroes in the full panoply of war. The most picturesque event of the day is now on the tapis. This is the drumhead election on Boston Common. This grave affair is pulled off with due solemnity at about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the company and its guests, waistcoats distended and belts let out, march back from the banquet table, up the winding streets, under the arching trees, through sun and shade to the parade ground on Boston's most historic plain. The Governor goes along with his resplendent staff, and seventeen guns roar as he steps upon the Common sward.

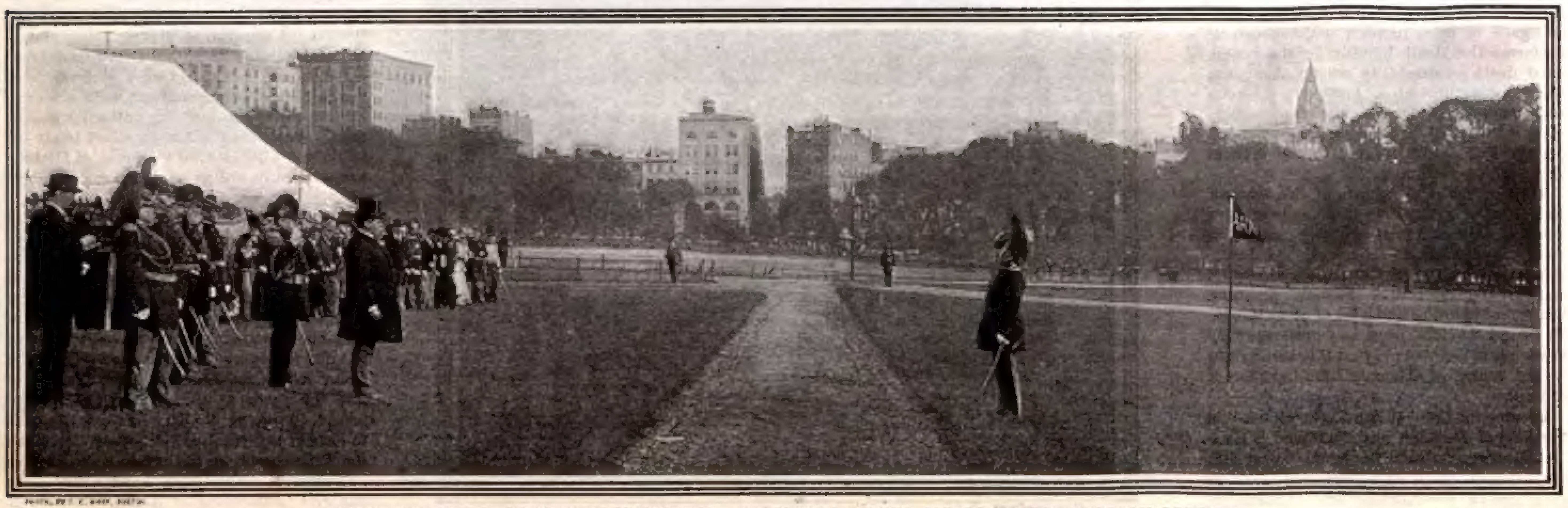
Details of what the company does after that would make tedious reading, for there is marching and counter-marching, and opening ranks and dressing front, and guiding left and right, and aligning and all the other detail of scrumptious military performance. When the ranks are stiff with the buckram of discipline there is a vast amount of presenting arms and saluting and carrying swords, and then more dressing ranks and marching and guiding right, all accompanied by quick-time music from the band. The eager multitude is pressing at the ropes with eyes goggling in pride and admiration.

That comprises the review. Then comes the election.

The company forms into a hollow square of three sides, a big bass drum in the centre, head up. To this each man, whether he be bear-cap, chapeau or helmet, advances with dignity and drops his choice on the drumhead until the sheepskin is heaped high with fluttering papers. The adjutant stands grimly by, and when all have voted he scrabbles the papers together and counts the ballots.

When the captain's election is announced the drummer beats three rolls, the first lieutenant gets two and the second lieutenant receives one. So does the adjutant. Then one by one the retiring officers advance to His Excellency, the Governor, who is standing with his staff at a little distance, salute and surrender their spontoons or badges of office. They stand with uncovered heads while the Governor says kind words to the deposed and cheers the elevated. Then, after more evolutions, on which the populace of Boston gazes with fascinated stare, the Ancients and Honorables tramp back to their ancient armory with all the contentment inspired by good deeds and good food and good discourse and good digestions.

It is difficult to get a Boston citizen to discuss the preparations for the great October banquet without deep emotion. Lucullus will displace the Muses and Symphony Hall will be converted into a banquet room. The entire floor will be covered with a carpet that has been especially designed and woven for the occasion. Over this carpet will be set forth scores of oval tables, each seating eleven persons. Covers will be laid for twelve hundred. The napery has been especially made for the banquet, the table-ware has never been desecrated by civilian viands, the china is reserving its first gloss for the delicate dishes of October. When the Ancients of London and the Ancients of Boston and the mighty of the Commonwealth and city tuck their legs beneath that especially-designed mahogany and set their feet firmly on that especially designed carpet and clinch those especially designed knives and forks in their hands it will be found that every warrior has brought an especially designed appetite. The Ancients never went down before a proposition of that sort.



GOVERNOR BATES ADDRESSING EX-CAPTAIN L. S. CUSHING ON THE PARADE GROUND, BOSTON COMMON

Men and Women of the Hour

George Ade's White-Faced Cows

GEORGE ADE is exceedingly prosperous nowadays, and all of his friends are glad of it, for he is the same George Ade he used to be when he worked on a newspaper in Chicago.

Recently, one of Ade's friends was talking to him on the subject of wealth and asked suddenly:

"George, what do you do with all your money?"

Ade looked for a minute at the ceiling, made a computation on his fingers, and replied:

"Charley, out in Indiana there are one hundred and eighty acres of green grass, surrounded by a fence. I own them. In the middle of that one hundred and eighty acres there is a bunch of calm, solemn, white-faced cows. Now, it doesn't matter what the Money Kings of Wall Street may do to the country, nor does it avail whether we have domestic or international complications to vex us, those cows out there in Indiana will go on eating that grass just the same."

Senator Hanna's Disappointment

"I HAVE one wish I fear will never be fulfilled," said Senator Hanna as he sat in the Senate restaurant at Washington one day last session and ate a very simple luncheon.

"What is it?" asked Senator Kean, of New Jersey.

"I should like to eat everything and then have the work of digestion devolve on some Democrat."

"Out of the Mouth of Babes——"

WHEN the debate was on in Congress on the proposition to put anthracite coal on the free list, and the newspapers were filled with stories of the scarcity of coal, Mrs. Foulke, the wife of William Dudley Foulke, of Indiana, then a member of the Civil Service Commission, took her small grandson up to the Senate in Washington one day to hear the speeches.

Some impassioned orator held the floor. "This question of the scarcity of anthracite coal——" he declaimed.

The small Foulke grandson was listening with all his ears. As the orator rolled out the words "anthracite coal" the little chap leaned over the railing and shouted: "Oh, mister, we've got some!"

A Caddy de Luxe

GEORGE ADE, the writer, went out to a golf club near Chicago one day a few weeks ago in an electric runabout. He found one of his dearest friends raging about the first tee.

"What's the matter?" asked Ade.

"I want to play, and there isn't a caddy to be had," the friend stormed.

"Oh," said Ade, "I can fix that. I'll caddy for you. Give me the clubs."

The bag was put on the automobile and they started away. "It's a great scheme," said Ade, when they came in at the eighteenth hole, "but I regret to say I was unable to take more than two bunkers."

The Horn of Plenty

OLIVER HERFORD, the wit, artist and writer, once took one of his funny animal sketches and a bit of accompanying verse to the editor of a magazine printed in New York. The animal depicted by Mr. Herford was a two-horned rhinoceros.

The editor looked at the sketch, read the verses, laughed immoderately and then said: "How much, Oliver?"

"Fifty dollars," Herford replied.

"Oh, now, see here, Oliver," the editor protested, "that's too much. I'll give you twenty-five."

Herford looked at him a minute and then said, "All right." Then, as if struck by a sudden inspiration, he took the sketch from the editor's hand and inquired, "Have you a penknife?"

The editor had and produced it. Herford carried the sketch to a desk in a corner of the room and began to do something to it.

"Here, Oliver," the editor shouted, "what are you doing?"

"Why," Herford replied, "I am simply scratching out one of these horns. It is all right to sell a one-horned rhinoceros for twenty-five dollars, but a two-horned one, never! That is against all the canons of Art."

When the picture was published the rhinoceros had two horns, and the canons of Art had not been outraged.

The Cradle of Liberty

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the playwright, is a noted political and after-dinner speaker. He is a member of the Lambs' Club, in New York, where he is the recognized orator.

A short time ago there was a movement on in the Lambs' Club that was disapproved by Mr. Thomas. He organized a crusade against it. It was his plan to have a dinner and discuss the matter. He had arranged that all the speakers for the movement should be "horsed," as they were talking, by a set of brilliant fellows which he, himself, organized, and that he should wind up with his speech amid great applause, the whole affair being more for amusement than anything else.

The dinner was held, and the men who had been stationed around the table to interrupt and otherwise badger the preliminary speakers were soon in fine working order. They kept the table in roars.

Finally, it came Thomas' turn to declaim. He started, but to his intense disgust found that the hazers were so elated by their success that they kept on with him.

Thomas made a reference to Faneuil Hall. "What's Faneuil Hall?" asked a man at the end of the table.

"Faneuil Hall," said Mr. Thomas slowly, "is a hall in Boston which was the meeting-place of the patriots before and during the Revolution. It is commonly called the 'Cradle of Liberty'—that liberty which we all enjoy and which you now abuse."

Whereupon Mr. Thomas made his speech as previously arranged.

He Also Ran

A FAMOUS New York character is Michael Clancy, a contractor who has become rich. Recently Mr. Clancy bought a string of race-horses and entered some of them at the latest Saratoga meet.

Clancy races his horses for the fun of it and the purses and rarely bets. One day, toward the close of the meeting, he had a horse entered that seemed to have so excellent a chance that he bet ten dollars on it.

When the horses got away Clancy stood in the grandstand watching them through his field-glasses. Some of his friends, knowing of his ten-dollar bet, crowded about and began to joke him. "Where's your horse now?" Clancy was asked.

Clancy surveyed the field carefully. "I can't quite make out," he replied, "whether he is last in the third race or first in the fourth."

A Distinction with a Difference

"OLLIE" JAMES, the giant from Kentucky, who is now a member of Congress, was making a political speech.

"I want to ask you a question," shouted a man in the rear of the hall.

"Well, my friend," asked Mr. James blandly, "what is it?"

"I want you to tell this gathering what is the difference between Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt?"

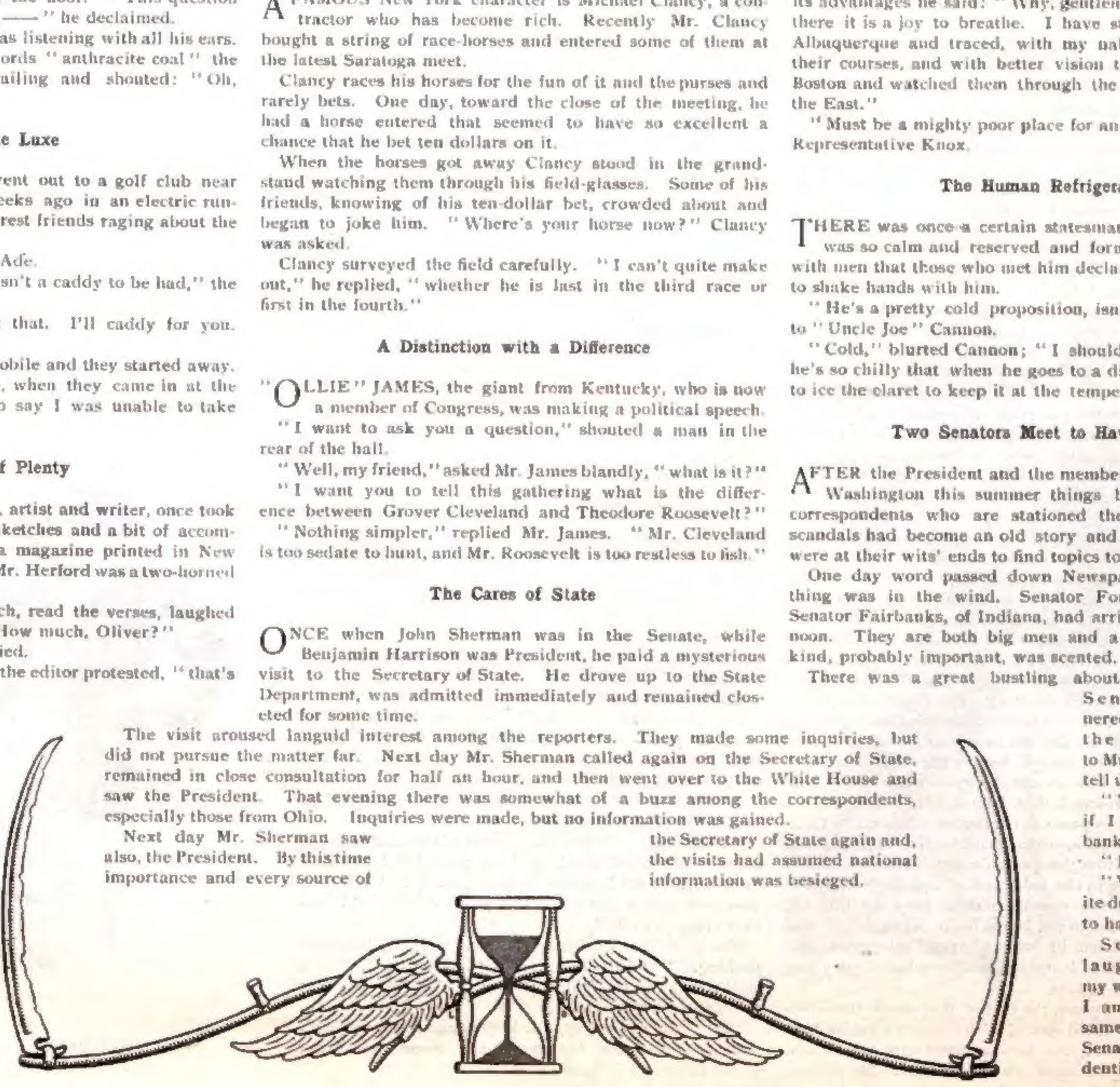
"Nothing simpler," replied Mr. James. "Mr. Cleveland is too sedate to hunt, and Mr. Roosevelt is too restless to fish."

The Cares of State

ONCE when John Sherman was in the Senate, while Benjamin Harrison was President, he paid a mysterious visit to the Secretary of State. He drove up to the State Department, was admitted immediately and remained closeted for some time.

The visit aroused languid interest among the reporters. They made some inquiries, but did not pursue the matter far. Next day Mr. Sherman called again on the Secretary of State, remained in close consultation for half an hour, and then went over to the White House and saw the President. That evening there was somewhat of a buzz among the correspondents, especially those from Ohio. Inquiries were made, but no information was gained.

Next day Mr. Sherman saw the Secretary of State again and, also, the President. By this time the visits had assumed national importance and every source of information was besieged.



Great excitement prevailed—among the correspondents. On the evening of the fourth day, after a series of similar visits by Mr. Sherman, Washington was in a fever. Elijah Halford, the secretary to President Harrison, was silent as the grave. He was bombarded from all sides.

Finally, on the fifth day Mr. Halford sent word he would like to speak to three correspondents, as representatives of the corps. Three men went to the White House.

"Now," said Halford, "I will tell you the exact meaning of Mr. Sherman's visits, provided you will hold the matter in strict confidence, never print a line about it, and get from all other correspondents the same promise."

"We will do the best we can, Mr. Halford," the committee answered, "but, of course, we may not be able to reach all the men in the corps."

"Oh, well," said Halford, "I know the correspondents and your promise is sufficient for me. Do you promise?"

"We do," the committee replied solemnly.

"Well," and Mr. Halford cleared his throat ominously, "the real purport of Senator Sherman's visits to the Secretary of State and the President is this: he is going away for the summer and he wants to have his coachman made a messenger in the State Department until he comes back."

Careless Manhattan

CHAMP CLARK, the eloquent Representative from Missouri, is a staunch champion of his State.

"You people out in Missouri," said a New York man to him, "are all right, but you are too provincial."

"Provincial?" snorted Clark. "Provincial? Why, let me tell you, sir, the shoe is on the other foot. Nobody in New York knows anything about Missouri, but everybody in Missouri knows all about New York."

A Far-Seeing Statesman

DELEGATE RODEY, of New Mexico, was making a plea for the admission of his Territory as a State. In reciting its advantages he said: "Why, gentlemen, the air is so clear there it is a joy to breathe. I have stood on the street of Albuquerque and traced, with my naked eye, the stars in their courses, and with better vision than when I stood in Boston and watched them through the greatest telescope in the East."

"Must be a mighty poor place for an oculist," commented Representative Knox.

The Human Refrigerator

THERE was once a certain statesman at Washington who was so calm and reserved and formal in his intercourse with men that those who met him declared it gave one a cold to shake hands with him.

"He's a pretty cold proposition, isn't he?" said a visitor to "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

"Cold," blurted Cannon; "I should say he was. Why, he's so chilly that when he goes to a dinner party they have to ice the claret to keep it at the temperature of the room."

Two Senators Meet to Have it Out

AFTER the President and the members of the Cabinet left Washington this summer things became dull for the correspondents who are stationed there. The post-office scandals had become an old story and the newspaper men were at their wits' ends to find topics to write about.

One day word passed down Newspaper Row that something was in the wind. Senator Foraker, of Ohio, and Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, had arrived during the afternoon. They are both big men and a conference of some kind, probably important, was scented.

There was a great bustling about. Finally, the two Senators were cornered. "Now, Senator," the inquisitors said to Mr. Fairbanks, "please tell us why you are here."

"You won't believe it if I do," Senator Fairbanks protested.

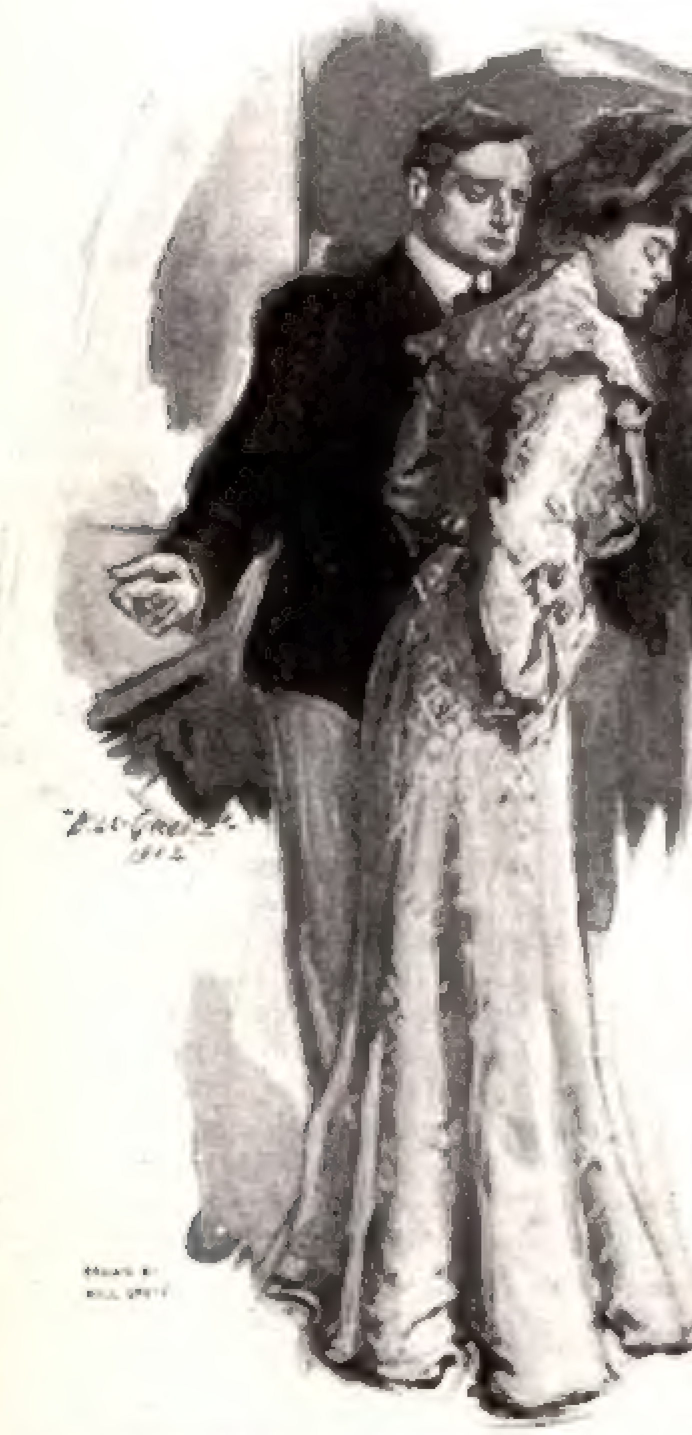
"Indeed, we will."

"Well, I have a favorite dentist here and I came to have a tooth fixed."

Senator Foraker laughed. "I give you my word," he said, "that I am here for the very same reason, and I met Senator Fairbanks in the dentist's office."

Aunt Agatha's Ideal Apartment

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE



"AND YOU WOULD LIKE TO DO SOME DEVELOPING IN HERE, NOW, WOULDN'T YOU?"

AT THAT time Timothy T. Hatch, Jr., was a wise young man without care and with rather more money in his own right than he absolutely needed. He had had his years of college, from which elevated sphere—with the unerring instinct of simplicity—he had thereafter made all haste to get down to earth again. Then had come the school, with blue prints, thumb-tacks and drafting-boards. Now he was entering upon his third year in the New York office. He had handled three suburban railroad stations and was beginning to be noticed by the "Big Indian Chief"—who was an architect such as even Mr. Hatch could revere. Outside that reverence, however, he gamboled with the wild asses. Even his finest raiment smelt vilely of tobacco. He used more slang than Christopher Junior, the office boy, and rivaled him as an authority on the sporting column. He had "lost coin on the gee-gees" till it made him tired. But withal he was still a good deal of a boy; he had a pretty hard head and an uncommonly clean heart. As for women, he regarded them rather less than he did the poetry of the pre-Raphaelites.

The present not unimportant episode in his career had its beginning one morning in October. He had ripped half-way through his mail when suddenly he sent forth a groan of agony so acute as to bring the whole office around upon him with an eye of wonder.

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing!" he said, letting both arms hang straight down over the back of his chair; "merely that my Aunt Agatha has decided to immigrate to this abandoned burg, and little Willie has been awarded the contract of making a preliminary survey of all the apartments on the West Side between Seventieth and One Hundred and Sixtieth Streets. But I needn't hurry: it would be much better if I gave a month or six weeks to it and did it well. Here are a few of the first-draft specifications." He limply dangled a well-covered sheet of foolscap before their hilarious eyes.

But this was un-nephewlike, not to say unchivalrous. And he had that within him which, before the end of another fortnight, drove him into an uptown real-estate emporium. There, however, he learned that Aunt Agatha's commission could not be handled by proxy to the second degree, and there was a further drop in his spiritual stock such as might almost be said to remove it from the quotable list. He was offered all possible assistance in the selection of apartments, but of course anything definite could be done only by himself. Therefore he now began to put in the hours between four and six riding up and down in bronze-latticed elevators, and inventing new epithets of loathing for billous bathroom tiling and *art-nouveau* wall-papers.

But one afternoon toward the end of that week there entered the same onyx-lined portal with himself a young lady who succeeded in doing the very unusual with Mr. Hatch: she at once aroused his most critical interest. He did not look at her, however—he turned away his regard with nonchalance—and thereby observed her to better advantage in the paneled mirror of the inner hall.

She was very well worth observing, too. Her complexion was olive, healthfully dyed. Her expression was of much serenity, independence and humor. She wore her walking-suit of shepherd's plaid with the careless ease of the free spirit; and, as she strode up and down the hall, she displayed an action which, in Mr. Hatch's competent opinion, could have stood any kind of handicapping and won the Suburban in a June Walk. Also, while still awaiting the appearance of the "superintendent"—which is uptown for janitor—she stopped to make remark to the "hall service" that of the two elevators in sight she supposed one went up and the other down.

It was a remark which dazed the H. S. almost as much as it surprised and delighted Timothy T. And the latter followed her toward the elevator that went up with an inward gustation that was only ended by her speaking again. She was telling the superintendent not to show her anything unless the rooms were all light, and ran in a double series; and she could not look at anything lower than the second floor or higher than the fifth!

It was not the starting of the car which made Mr. Hatch feel as if both his knees had been simultaneously "dinked." And when, as he afterward expressed it, he had once more "got his larynx back on the stool behind the pigeonhole," he could only in his turn repeat those "first-draft specifications" just uttered by the young lady in the shepherd's plaid. And it need not be said that now *she* looked at *him* with an answering amazement.

Of necessity, however, they were shown through those seven rooms together. Half a dozen times she quoted from a bill of articles which Timothy knew as he knew the Ten Commandments—or, if the truth is to govern this story even in its minor details, very considerably better. And as often he himself made use of phrases which brought an expression to her face as of another Alice who has, at one paralyzing step, found herself on the other side of the looking-glass.

Two afternoons later the same thing happened again. And the day after saw its third repetition. But by this time Mr. Hatch at least had passed through the staggered stage. "Gadzooks, but this gets to have the nature of a gentle jape!" he said to himself. And he was resolved to make out the meaning of the enigma even though that compelled him first to make the acquaintance of the young lady inscrutably bound up in it. . . . He had been forced to black-list the Boulevard apartment then in question because of the distance between the drawing-room and the fire-escape. And there was that in the damsel's bewildered eyes as they were passing out of the street entrance together which made further holding back ridiculous excess.

"Excuse me," he plunged, "but in the name of all that's mysterious—have you got an Aunt Agatha, too?"

Her laugh was good frank comedy. "No, I can't say that I have."

He waited.

"But I had the pleasure of seeing a good deal of a Miss Agatha Smythson when I spent last May in Ticonderoga, and she has honored me by giving me a little commission to do for her."

"Yes—in Ticonderoga! That's Aunty, all right! I knew there couldn't be two of her!"

They stood a moment, then walked on toward Riverside Drive. He ventured to introduce himself with some apologizing hesitation. She returned the compliment with no hesitation at all. She bore the high cognomen of Stuart.

"And have you got one of these?" he asked, producing his foolscap.

She brought forth its duplicate.

For a time he could only shake his head. "Now what do you—*what* do you think of that? And an aunt I've been brought up to regard as the chief credit to the family, too!"

"Well, it *doesn't* look as if she had the most complete confidence in either of us."

"Confidence! We're the victims of the double brace game to the *n*th degree! For my part, I'll feel like a come-on till I die! Aunty, I pass you up! I herewith give you notice that when this job is done with I forever cross you off!"

She eyed him curiously, laughed a little, but said nothing. "And the question is," he continued, after a well-timed and thoughtful pause: "What are we going to do about it?"

"Oh," she responded, quickly enough then, and with sufficient clearness, "I guess, Mr. Hatch, we're not going to do anything about it!"

They did, however. The hand of Fate attended to that. The afternoon following (it may be said in passing that Mr. Hatch had originally designed to spend it watching the "Giants house-clean the diamond with the Pirates," but he had changed his mind; now that he had started upon Aunt Agatha's business he might as well get through with it)—the afternoon following he met Miss Stuart twice. And twice he carefully allowed her to proceed alone at the next corner. Their routes crossed again the day after. And the next day they encountered, indoors and out, three times within the hour.

For the seventh time he accompanied her to the end of the block. The situation had become somewhat more ridiculous when avoided than it could have been if faced and accepted. And this time Miss Stuart gave up and accepted it.

"I think I can truthfully say, Mr. Hatch," she desperately asseverated, "that I have not been pursuing *you*, and *I* have every reason for believing the same of you. But this is becoming too much for me! It's evident that your Aunt Agatha intends us both to cover the field, and we can't do anything but go ahead—On *my* list I have two for the next street, and I suppose you have the same. If you care to come along and look at them now, why, as far as I'm concerned, I shall be very happy to have your company."

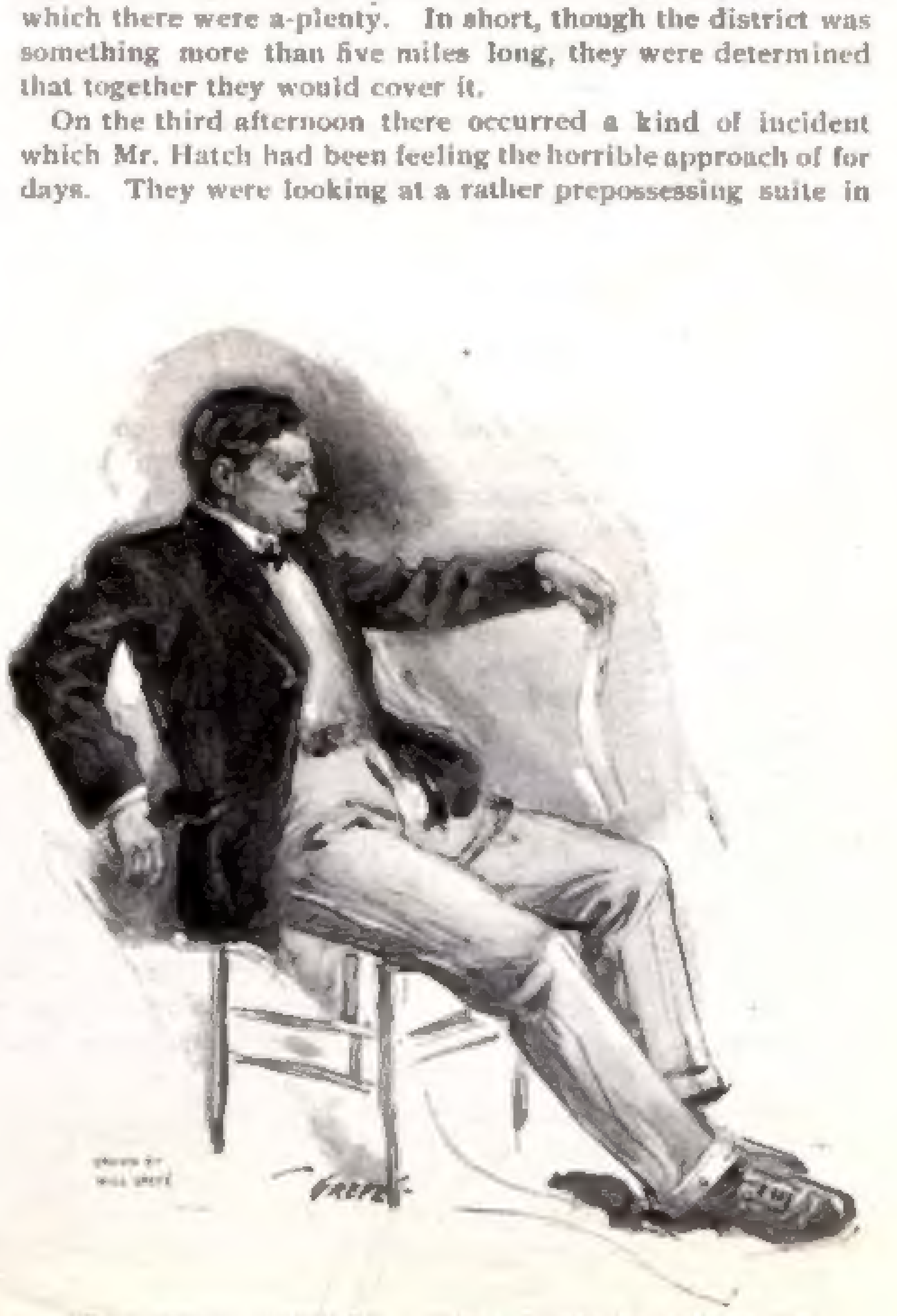
Mr. Hatch went.

II

WHATEVER has been chronicled already was but prefatory. It was then that the search for Aunt Agatha's apartment became real and earnest. It had been launched anew in a manner decidedly novel and unlooked for, but also in a manner calculated to bring results with expedition, thoroughness and certainty.

Mr. Hatch sent a bulletin of progress, which, though unable to record anything of note for the past two weeks, could guarantee everything for the immediate future. Miss Stuart's report, if less enthusiastic, was much in keeping. And if neither made mention of any new condition having entered into the matter, it was solely because it would have been pure folly to risk outraging the old lady's best instincts when no possible good could come of it. Besides, would they not have shown youthful presumption to thrust more of their confidence upon Aunt Agatha than she had offered to accord to them? Enough to say that together they began to go through apartment-houses of red brick and white brick, of brown stone and gray stone, apartment-houses that looked like donjons, like chateaux, like armories and citadels and colonial mansions and bonded warehouses; apartment-houses with the façades of royal castles and the courts of county jails—of which there were a-plenty. In short, though the district was something more than five miles long, they were determined that together they would cover it.

On the third afternoon there occurred a kind of incident which Mr. Hatch had been feeling the horrible approach of for days. They were looking at a rather prepossessing suite in



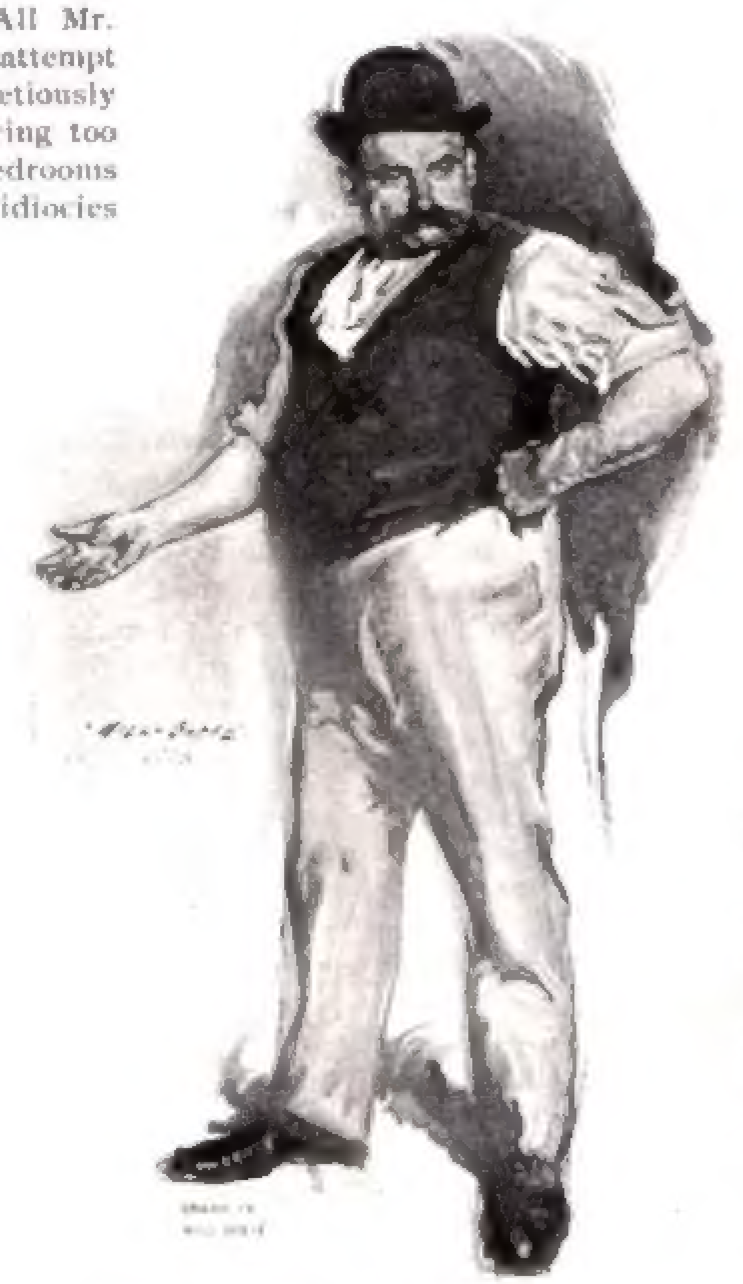
HE LIMPLY DANGLED A WELL-COVERED SHEET OF FOOLSCAP BEFORE THEIR HILARIOUS EYES the Nineties, and Miss Stuart had shown a liking for the kitchen and kitchen passage because of the amount of shelf and cupboard room therein. Timothy T., on the contrary, was of the opinion that unless the tenant was in the "wholesale fence line" there was rather a superfluity of it.

"Now ledt me gif you some goot atvice, mine frient," said the large, wheezy German who was ingratiatingly steering them about. "You yoost leaf all dose tings to her, now und hencefort', and you'll neffer mague no mistagues."

Miss Stuart escaped through the swing-door into the dining-room, into which the Teuton immediately shambled after her. All Mr. Hatch could do was to make a hopeless attempt to lightning-rod the situation by facetiously objecting to the drawing-room as having too much light in the windows and to the bedrooms as being deficient in blue mould—idiocies which did indeed leave the Dutchman in a very asthma of indignation. But what of the girl? Oh, Timotheus T. had no manner of doubt that once outside she would treat him to the whole boundless, icy North!

What Miss Stuart did do, when they were once outside, was to take one twisted glance at his face of misery, and then let herself go in laughter so uncontrollable and so long continued as fairly to incapacitate her for further work that afternoon. Thus one shadowing terror passed from Mr. Hatch's soul. Truly Miss Stuart was a young lady who was all right!

And in the days which followed he learned more of her. He learned that she was a Buffalo girl, that at present she was taking a special course at Barnard, that for some time past she had been teaching in a certain school for girls in the Catskills, that she had been taking care of herself for the last three years, being virtually alone in the world, and, finally, that all these were afflictions which she seemed to take amazingly little to heart!



"YOU YOOST LEAF ALL DOSE TINGS TO HER"

Now here was a species of the feminine tribe wholly new to Mr. Hatch. He had always felt that the prime trouble with the females he had hitherto been unable to avoid was that none of them had ever been good and up against it in that fashion. In fact, what the average silk waist never seemed to be able to understand was that the earning and the spending ends of the matrimonial proposition aren't altogether an even balance; and furthermore, that you're not competent to take charge of the pretty nickel-plated levers and blow the toot-toot of the life automobubble till you've been down on your hunkers behind it, getting hold of the mechanism for yourself, and pumping in the gasoline, and using your fingers as grease distributors. . . .

But however much Miss Stuart's gloves had been acquainted with gasoline, she showed further wisdom by not talking about it. Mr. Hatch now told himself that she was excessively all right, and he'd be a second cousin to her till the last woolly lamb came back from Wall Street.

As for Miss Stuart, herself, she was entirely non-committal, but she was at least tolerating the company of Mr. Hatch with very ladylike good grace.

III

TOO much space, however, is being given in this narrative to the mere personal agency, and too little to the actual object in view. Let it not be thought that there was any relaxing of the search for Aunt Agatha's apartment. Although as yet only one remotely possible possibility had presented itself, if anything the zeal of the two seekers grew constantly greater. Indeed, they were in no little danger of sacrificing themselves to the quest. For daily it was doing more to break down between them that interwalling reticence so natural and so desirable in the young.

To be more explicit: One afternoon when they had come from inspecting an apartment which had at least a very attractive room for a library, they sat down to rest for a moment on the Drive. Within five minutes they had been led, almost insensibly, to give utterance to many of their most intimate opinions upon the whole matter of books. And from books in general they passed to their favorite authors, and thence to the highly dangerous territory of favorite passages!

Just while upon this subject, too, it may be said that Miss Stuart discovered that Mr. Hatch's more than colloquial method of expressing himself was by no means a safe index of the field of his reading. He had, it is true, "passed up" Browning and Meredith, but Thackeray and Balzac "he could rustle to the last page." Also in many directions he had read much more solidly than the young lady of the special course herself. As he told her, with a certain shyness of pride, he could go off with a good husky volume of history or economics like a dog with an ox-bone.

And his views upon the proper fitting up of a domestic temple of Athene were also remarkably sound. His idea—that of a judicious combination of well-padded mission furniture and patent sectional bookcases, with some good warm-colored wall-paper and a thick carpeting of Persian rugs—filled out her private conception of book comfort exactly.

"But I renig at doing everything," he said; "it's up to you now to line the shelves."

"Do you give me *carte blanche?*"

"Regardless! Altogether regardless!"

"Well, honestly now, Mr. Hatch, I shouldn't want to buy regardless. My theory of getting the most out of pleasures is to make them lasters, as we used to do with candy-balls—years and years ago when I was young. Perhaps you've heard of Phil May's little Cockney who could make one 'last hall dye—*horff an' hon'?* Well, I'd just like to make filling my bookshelves last forever—'horff an' hon.' I'd like to burrow through the bookstores till I got to know something about editions. Then I'd begin to pick up my books in twos and threes, and only presenting myself with a whole set when I'd been unusually deserving of it."

"Why, that's just about what I've been doing for the last five years!" said Mr. Hatch, in open admiration. "I can see you've taken your degree all right! Now, what about special bindings? I should say that tree-calf and gold for the novelists would be about the right speed limit?"

She laughed. "Oh, I guess that'd do very well, thank you. I must confess, though, that in addition to being a camera fiend I've been faddist enough to pick up something about bookbinding for myself. I can do the tooling and staining, anyway; I once put in the Christmas holidays designing covers for all my poets."

"Hear, hear, again!" said Timothy: "I like that. I only wish I'd taken it up, too."

She flushed a little, but went on evenly enough: "It's always been my dream to have a book-plate, too."

"Say no more. I'll drop a line for half a dozen from Messrs. Parrish and Leyendecker at once!"

That night as Mr. Hatch sat at dinner in his stamped-leather corner of the big café it occurred to him that Miss Stuart must find her evenings rather lonesome. Of course there were the other girls she was living with, but he had always understood that at the best girls have mighty little capacity for mutual entertainment. As a matter of fact, too, it had really been put up to him to look after her for the time being. Wouldn't it be the right thing, now, for him to ask her to take in one of the theatres before the end of the week? . . . Indeed, he found it rather lonesome himself in his stag quarters that night, and decided to drop into some good musical comedy.

He did. And occupying a seat almost directly across the balcony from his own sat Miss Stuart. Nor was she alone.

The sight worried Mr. Hatch extremely. Not that it was any of his shooting-match, of course; and, if you don't care what you say, Miss Stuart could manage her funeral to suit herself. And he couldn't chalk it up, either, that he knew anything against that particular glad Johnny beside her. . . . But, if you asked *him*, he liked to see a girl going slow and cautious with the man breed in New York; and he'd like to know just a little more about that Johnny. He seemed to be a cool hand, all right, and he wore his smile like one of the pretty boys. But there were a few other cool hands south of the Harlem, and he knew some mighty pretty smiles that had been rapidly removed ere now. . . . Next day it might be advisable to have a little talk with Miss Stuart for the good of all concerned. . . .

The young lady herself saved him the necessity, however. She told him she had seen him—and why hadn't he come over and spoken to them? It was a Mr. McCook she was with, and she was very inadequately taking the place of her girl friend, Miss Johns, who had had one of her dreadful headaches but would not hear of the tickets being sacrificed.

It was an explanation which eased Mr. Hatch's mind of much disturbing sense of responsibility. Also, before the end of the hour Miss Stuart was booked for further theatrical entertainment that week.

Days passed. . . . Mr. Hatch took note of a peculiar phenomenon taking place in Miss Stuart: she was growing steadily better to look at. And Miss Stuart now realized that she conceived a greater respect for Mr. Hatch's opinion upon things in general than she had in the beginning.

IV

BUT all this is by the way. In the matter of the main business—that of Aunt Agatha's little commission—another "possibility" had been located. Half the district had been covered, and every afternoon saw a dozen more apartments gone through with system and conscientiousness.

And perhaps it is not straying too far from the subject to say that the inspection of about the hundredth kitchen led the young people into a philosophic discussion of what part the cooking business ought to play in life.

It was something, too, upon which Miss Stuart had very well-formed opinions. She used a chafing-dish herself, and she felt that the chafing-dish day not only brought cooking into the drawing-room but had made it one of the fine arts. "More than that, too," she said. "A little dinner can be great larks—and I don't mean restauranting, either. There are four of us girls together, and sometimes, when we've all been studying or drawing pretty late, two of us slip out and get some oysters, and the others put on the cocoa and make the table as dainty as we can with what silver and linen we have. And then, all by our lonesomes, with every one else in the house asleep, we have just the jolliest, coziest time you can imagine!"

Mr. Hatch could imagine. And for some moments he paused upon the thought of it. But all the same, there was something rather on the opposite tack that he had always wanted to say. "It's about that old gag forever turning up in the woman's-column, chop-suey—the spiel to the effect that a man never thinks of anything but what he eats—and the way to his heart is through his tummy, you know. Now, that's where they're wrong—and it's a kind of talk that always makes me sour. Men are a lot better stuff than that, you know."

"I've always thought they were, anyway."

"Thanks, awfully. And you're dead right, too. I'm not in the sermonizing business, but you just take my testimonial for it, women could make better target practice almost every time if they aimed to hit a man a whole lot higher. Even when a fellow's not particularly strong on intellect, and the heart element, and 'the flickering flame divine,' he generally knows they're the best that's in him, and it always pulls him up a lot to feel that the *girl* knows they're there, too, all right, all right!"

In his voice was the earnestness of that which is left unspoken. Miss Stuart was silent for a time. Then she said, rather softly: "I like you for saying that, Mr. Hatch. And you know all women wish to be valued for the best that's in them, too." But after another minute she reminded him that they still had something to look at back on the Boulevard.

Timothy T. went home talking monologue. He seemed to be much in joy though he kept making kicks at himself. "It's a pity," he said; "it's a pity, now, little Willie, that when, after about thirty years, you *do* find something to say that

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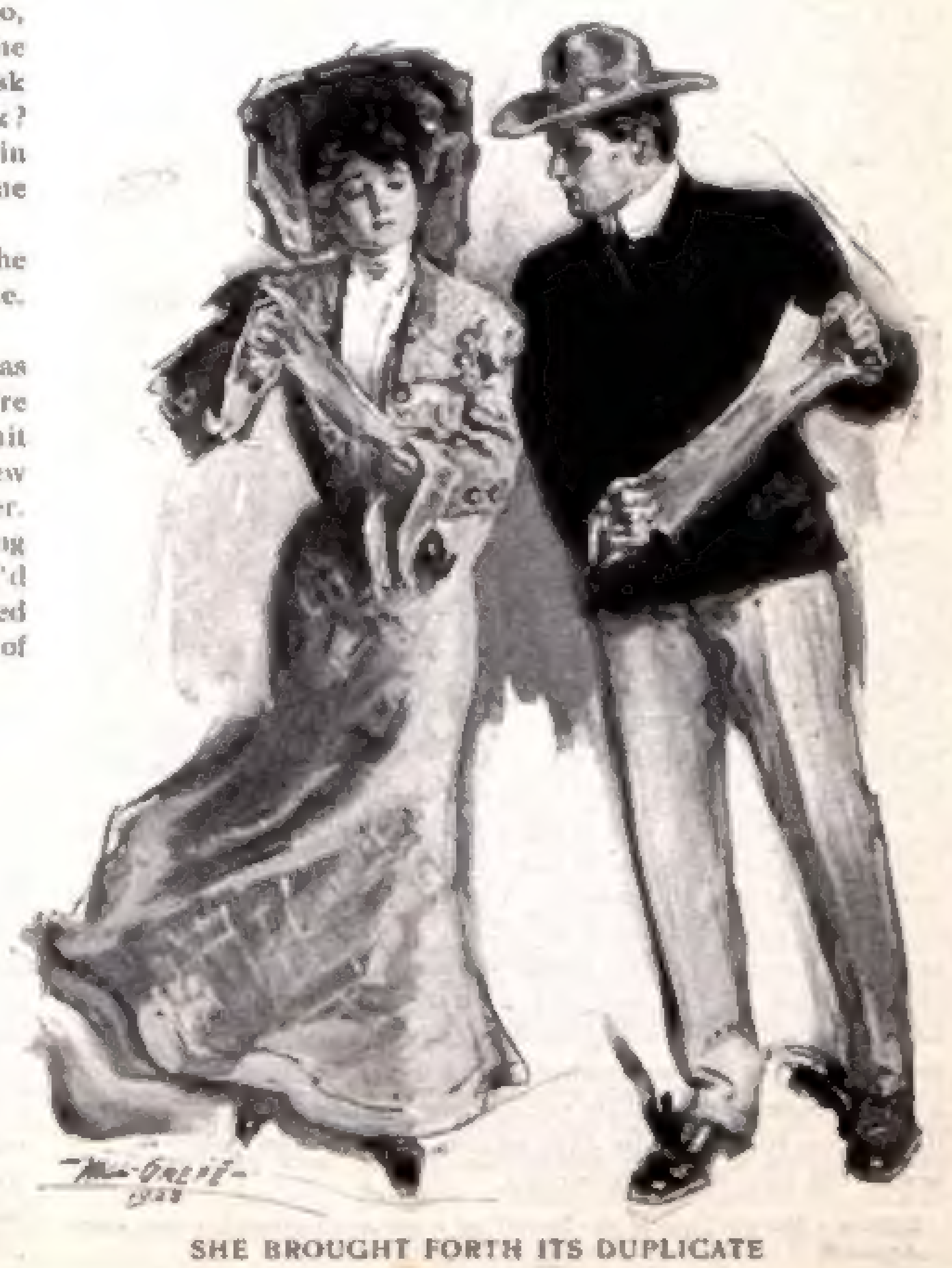
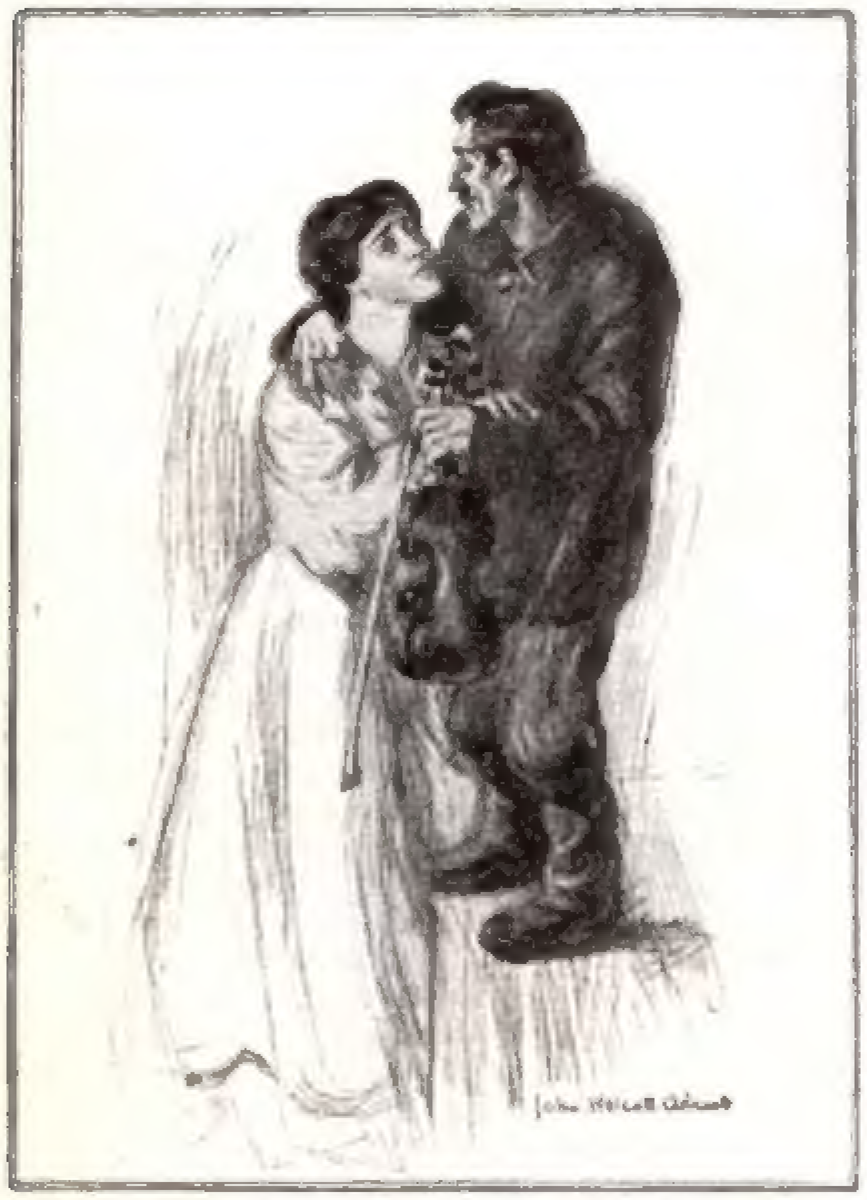


SHE BROUGHT FORTH ITS DUPLICATE

THE CHRONICLES OF REM

BY H. S. CANFIELD

The Dance in Dutch Pete's Shack



"AND HEARD HER WHISPER: 'I WAS DREAMING; I'M AWAKE NOW!' AND HE WHISPERED BACK, 'I KNOW IT IS SO, TONY!'"

THE man who had married a Chippewa squaw and lived just below Rem on the Flambeau came up that night bringing his fiddle. He played old tunes, most of which begun and ended in a single chord—one would start in C natural and continue in C natural and run out in C natural with never a change. It was remarked that a man who accompanied them on the guitar would have an easy time, and the fiddler said surlily that "them tunes weren't made for no guitar; they were fiddle tunes." He went away when he had played himself out, and Rem hung a blanket over the window of the cabin to shut out the candlelight from any possible deer that might want to come browsing in the rutabaga patch and get itself killed. Then he filled a pipe with his blasphemous home-grown tobacco and stretched his big legs in front of the open fire.

"I'm getting old," he said. "Time was when that 'Logger's Joy' would have made me git up and spin around on one toe like a gal in a show, but these days I can go to sleep listening to it. The ile gits out of a man's j'ints so's he creaks when he walks, and all he wants then is a fat jug and a fire and somebody to wake him up when dinner's ready."

Tom, the big yellow cat, leaped to his master's knee and rubbed his whiskers sympathetically against the grizzled whiskers of Rem. In the full prime of cathood, his stomach crammed with little birds and field mice, and nothing to do save to think up fresh slaughter, Tom was mentally unfitted to understand the plaint of a man growing old, but he did his best.

"That fiddle," Rem said reflectively, picking up a live coal in his horny fingers and placing it on the bowl of his pipe, "snatches me back twenty-five year to Holy Hank's camp, up on Wool River. They called him 'Holy' by reason of his j'ining the church so frequent. Everybody what had any religion was Methodists them days, and they were down on booze and dancing and such like. They had a tote-road straight to Heaven and a sign up every half-mile: 'Anything you want to do you mustn't; anything you want you can't have.' I see three men whipped onst 'bout buying a fifty-dollar melojun to put in the gospel-shack, and the preacher—Fighting Parson Potter were *his* name—done the work for two of 'em. He said the music in his church were going to be by word of mouth straight from the neck without any new-fangled devil-fixings from Chicaggy; and that went.

"Hank he'd go to a revival and get religion from his top shirt-button clear down to his caulks, and stagger up to the mourners' bench and weep. The sisters gathered round him and cried over him and he stood it like a man, while the brothers hung back and counted up the times he'd got religion afore. Rest of the meeting he'd be in a front seat with a holiness smile and two hymn-books in his pants. But just as soon as he got out somewheres and heard the feet scraping on a board floor and a fiddle squeaking he'd be a goner and have the whole thing to do over again. Hank had grace in his heart, but his legs were wrong.

"Wool River country was a great pine country—pine and tamarack with a sprinkling of hardwood. It's been cut out now like all the rest of it, but it was great. Anybody could make money that could git a contrack to log. You didn't have to have a cent to git rich. You went to some folks that owned a lot of timber land and offered 'em so much for the stumpage. They were glad to take it. Then you went to a banker and said you had the stumpage and he give you the money to run camp. It was as easy as stripping birch-bark. I don't know now why I ain't running a automobile up and down these roads killing half-breeds and porkypines.

"Near a hundred of us went into camp with Hank. He'd lost his church-membership just afore we hit the woods and were pretty decent to work for. We built the sleep-shack of Norway pine logs, sixty feet from butt to top-cut every one of 'em and as straight as a rule; cook-shack same way; barn same way; you never see such timber. Why, a camp-boss now would faint if you talked 'bout putting that kind of stuff into camp-shacks; crooked hemlock is too good. We waded into the pines; it was all first-growth timber, every foot of it; and it was a month before we could let day into enough of it to make it worth noticing. Them was woods where trees three foot through grew clost enough to lock their branches; and there weren't no underbrush—not a sprig of it. The ground was as clean as a floor, with a carpet of needles six inches deep; no hazel, just moss on the hillsides where the needles would let the green of it come through, making the slopes green and brown, and when the sunlight shifted over it a man could hardly keep his eyes off it. That was in early October before the snow come; afterward everything was white and you saw no green except where a deer had nosed through the snow, showing a foot or two of moss, and you could see it a hundred yards away shining against the white like an Irish barkeep's shirtpin. Life was good in the woods them days when a man was strong and soople, and with two drinks under his Mackinaw could shoulder down a pine.

"We got a invite to a dance on Christmas Eve. Even lumberjacks don't work on Christmas. Dutch Pete sent it. The Graball Lumber Company had a holding north of us and went into the hands of a receiver; all the directors had jawing matches and the men was paid off. Dutch Pete was hired as camp watchman and stayed there all the winter. He got his board and house rent and forty dollars a month and hadn't nothing to do except watch the woods. He did his own cooking and sleeping, but he got so rich before his job broke off that he wanted to hire somebody to do 'em for him. The receiver paid him, but Pete was doing the receiving. He thought a big blowout would cheer him up and made arrangements according.

"Eight of us went over, eight miles through the woods on snowshoes in the bright moonlight. The hemlocks and pines were loaded with snow, ice was on the branches and it shone like acres of diamonds. If you never saw the winter woods in moonlight you've got something coming to you, like a man what never heard the song about before the battle, mother. It'd make a lynx cry. The moon on the snow and ice hurts the eyes, and you've got to throw up your mitt now and then and wipe away the tears to keep the lashes from freezing. We went through the woods over the hard snow and it sounded under the shoes like sandpaper on a pine board. If you travel far on the shoes you get that sound in your ears and hear it the day after. Six mile an hour we made, jumping logs on the run and going down the hollows whooping to skeer the wolves, and when we struck a little lake that was snow-free we slipped on the skates and buzzed across like pa'tridges.

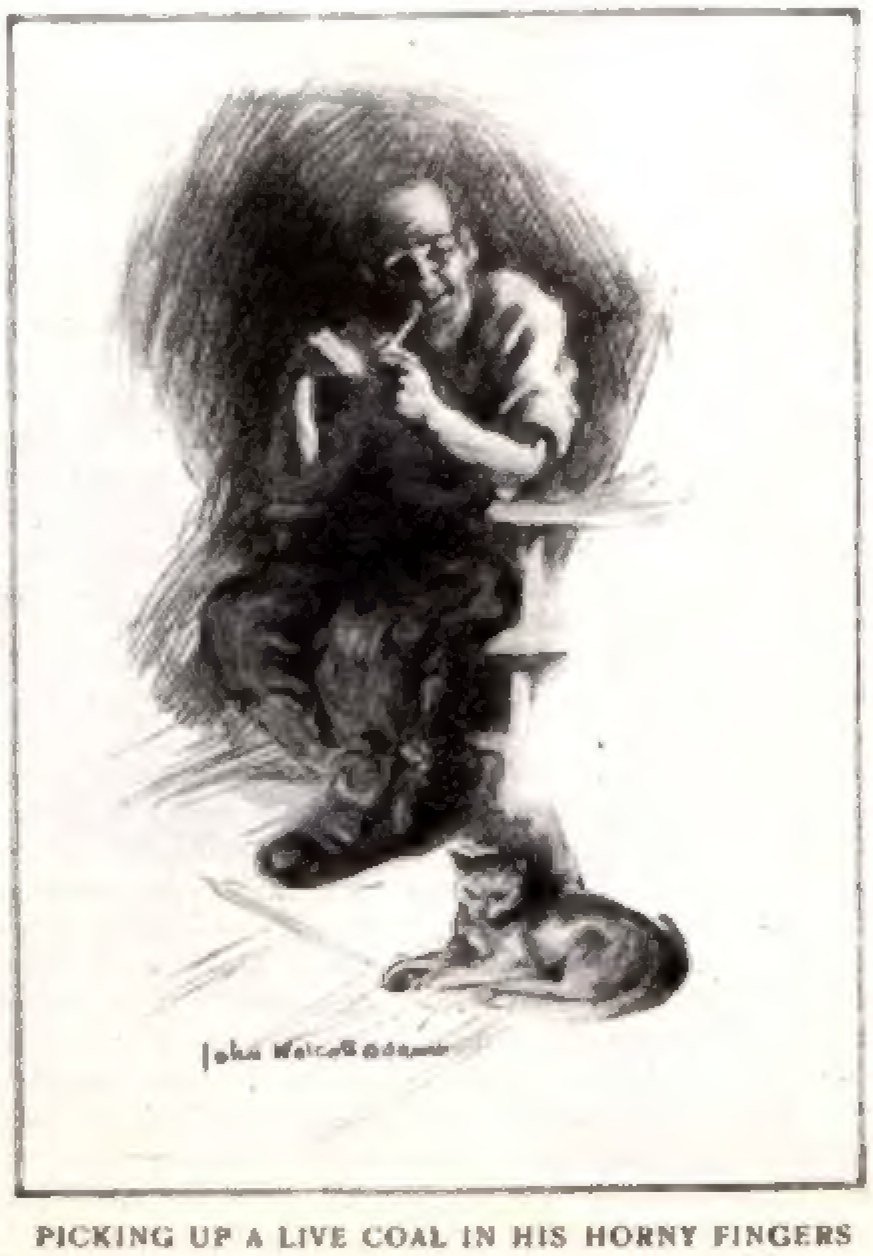
"It was the young men of the camp that went, boys that thought there was nothing in the world but music and gals. Them was my beliefs, too, and I'm sorry I had to change 'em. Looking back now, I wonder how I happened to have so much sense.

"It's funny how little things stick to a man. I've seen folks killed and half forgot it. I've seen fires and drownings and trees smashing men and it's dim to me, but I remember the single blink of a woman's eye that I got on the levee in St. Louis thirty year ago, and that spin through the woods is like it happened last night. We went Injun fashion, o' course, and head of the line, going over the logs and making the lakes spin from under him, was Rick Hawes. You couldn't beat him on the shoes or the skates; it was hard to beat him with the ax and saw or on the drive; when he was lumber telephone he'd do sixty miles a day atween camps, day in and out; and most surely you couldn't beat him with the women. You never saw anything like him. Rick was a tall, slender man, with big shoulders and chest, and he moved as light as a catamount edging along a log with a rabbit at the other end. His eyes was long and gray, half-shut by nature; he had thick lips, as red as maple in the fall; his hair, yellow as gold, curled close to his head, and his skin was as white as a gal's. We called him Pretty Rick, but it wasn't his prettiness that made the women come to him whether they wanted to or not. I don't know what it was, but he'd look at one and maybe say a word or two and laugh onst or twicet, and then she begin to foller him around with her eyes. I've heerd of other men like him, but he's the only one I ever saw, and he hadn't no more right thinking 'bout a woman than a buck.

"When we run on to the clearing of the Graball camp Dutch Pete was out on the snow and he swung his arm around and give a whoop. Three dozen jacks from other camps whooped with him. There was three sleighloads of gals from along the railroad. The one I wanted worked in a hotel, but I never got her. I trailed her for three seasons, sometimes on a big tote-road smooth as glass and sometimes in tamarack mud up to my neck, and when the last come to the last she said she didn't love whiskers.

"The dance-hall was in the sleep-shack. The bunks was around the walls, but there was space thirty by fifty feet in the centre. Some of the boards was loose at the ends, and, when the folk danced in the middle, they flopped up and down and sounded like shingles slapped together, but that didn't hurt none. Pete had cooked the grub and it was a good layout—venison and pa'tridges, and he'd got some beef somewheres—lumberjacks just hanker for beef—and bread and potatoes and pie. A three-gallon coffee-pot was singing on the stove, and setting on two boards laid acrost chairs at the far end of the room was a washtub full of half-'n-half alcohol and river water with five pound of sugar in it. There was dippers and every man could help himself. That was Pete's scheme to keep everybody sober, and it was a good one, for if you tell a lumberjack that he sha'n't have licker he'll fight to git it and if you make it free to him he's apt to be decent. If you're at a dance and take a tin-cup full of alcohol at the end of one dance and a cup of coffee at the end of another and eat a little atween whiles and take more alcohol and coffee you won't get sleepy. There wasn't but one man drunk that night and that was Pete, and he was paying for it all and thought he had a right to be. He didn't bother nobody except by going around and telling 'em that he wanted 'em to come back the next night and the next and all through the winter. He had an idee that the sleep-shack was going to be a dance-hall for ever and he was to keep putting up for it.

"The music was made by a little French fiddler named Benoit Duval. He come from Les Marais village and that's a week below Quebec, and he was a wonder. He had a humpback and his face was as yellow as a gourd, but tunes come out of the ends of his fingers so fast you couldn't count 'em. He had the face that belongs to all humpbacks, if you know



PICKING UP A LIVE COAL IN HIS HORNY FINGERS

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of short stories, each independent in itself, under the same general title.

what I mean—sorter thin and peaked and mournful. His eyes was big and black and his hands long and thin, and he looked like if you hit him he'd cry fust and then die with the shame of it. He taught music for a living in Jacktown on the Soo road and he'd brought his gal with him. He was going to marry her and he was so jealous he wouldn't let her out of his sight. This gal come from his place in Canada and was down in Jacktown with her mother. Her name was Tony Brossard and I can see her this minute, for she was the kind to get into a man's head and stay there—dark and springy as a young ash, quick-tempered and proud, carrying her head well back and hitting the ground like a mad doe. Her hair was black as a burned slashing and her eyes was black as her hair, and when she laughed there was a flash of snow across her face. She was one of the dark women that allers have red in their cheeks, and she looked like she'd love you to death for a hour and then reef a knife into you.

"It was along early in the night that somebody asked her to sing, and she stood by the little fiddler and sung a French song while he played soft on the strings. I could catch enough of it to know that it were 'bout a man that went down a river with the logs and never come back to his wife, and it were pretty. Her voice was like a deep bell as you hear it sometimes booming over the snow up in her country. Everybody was still when she quit and didn't have a word to say, and then the humpback started into a jig tune and we all began again.

"I see Rick walk clear acrost the room to her—he'd been standing with his head down lissening—and speak to her. She sorter hung back and looked down, and then looked up at him and then at the fiddler, but the fiddler didn't say nothing and he led her out. It was a reel and I don't know what the tune was, up to then, but when Rick and Tony went down the middle Benoit jerked into that 'Logger's Joy' you heerd a while ago, and he played it so's to make the hemlocks break their roots and go hopping through the woods.

"The gal was laughing and Rick was laughing and the sperret of the music got into us, and we was all laughing and pounding the loose boards till you'd thought there was a windfall going outside.

"That was the beginning of it. A while afterward along come a waltz and that was the middle of it. I'm not a go-round man, never had the patience to learn, and I leaned again the shack and watched 'em, and she seemed to melt into his arms. She'd tried to get away from him onst or twicet but hadn't made the riffle, and now it were plain to see that his spell were on her. Before that her eyes went after him whether she wanted 'em to or not and when she was in his arms her eyes was closed and she went swimming by me, half-smiling. Nobody can say what's the charm of a man like that, but she couldn't help herself any more'n she could help breathing. In a little time all of the men what knowed him was watching, too, and some of 'em looked ugly. The fiddler's face was white and his mouth twitched, but he kept sawing away and didn't say a word.

"After midnight we had first a quadrille and then a waltz, then a reel and then a waltz, then a quadrille and then a waltz, and so on. Rick danced the waltzes with Tony, and when he was at the tub and didn't ask her she laid off. Them times she didn't stand by the fiddler, but was at the other end of the shack with her shoulder turned to him; she never went near him after the first waltz, and, though her head was still up, if he looked at her her chin dropped and she seemed to sorter shrink.

"Pete Rolls, a big chap with a red beard, went up to Benoit and says:

"'This is pretty hard on you, Frenchy, and after all it's your gal. You say the word and we'll stop it.'

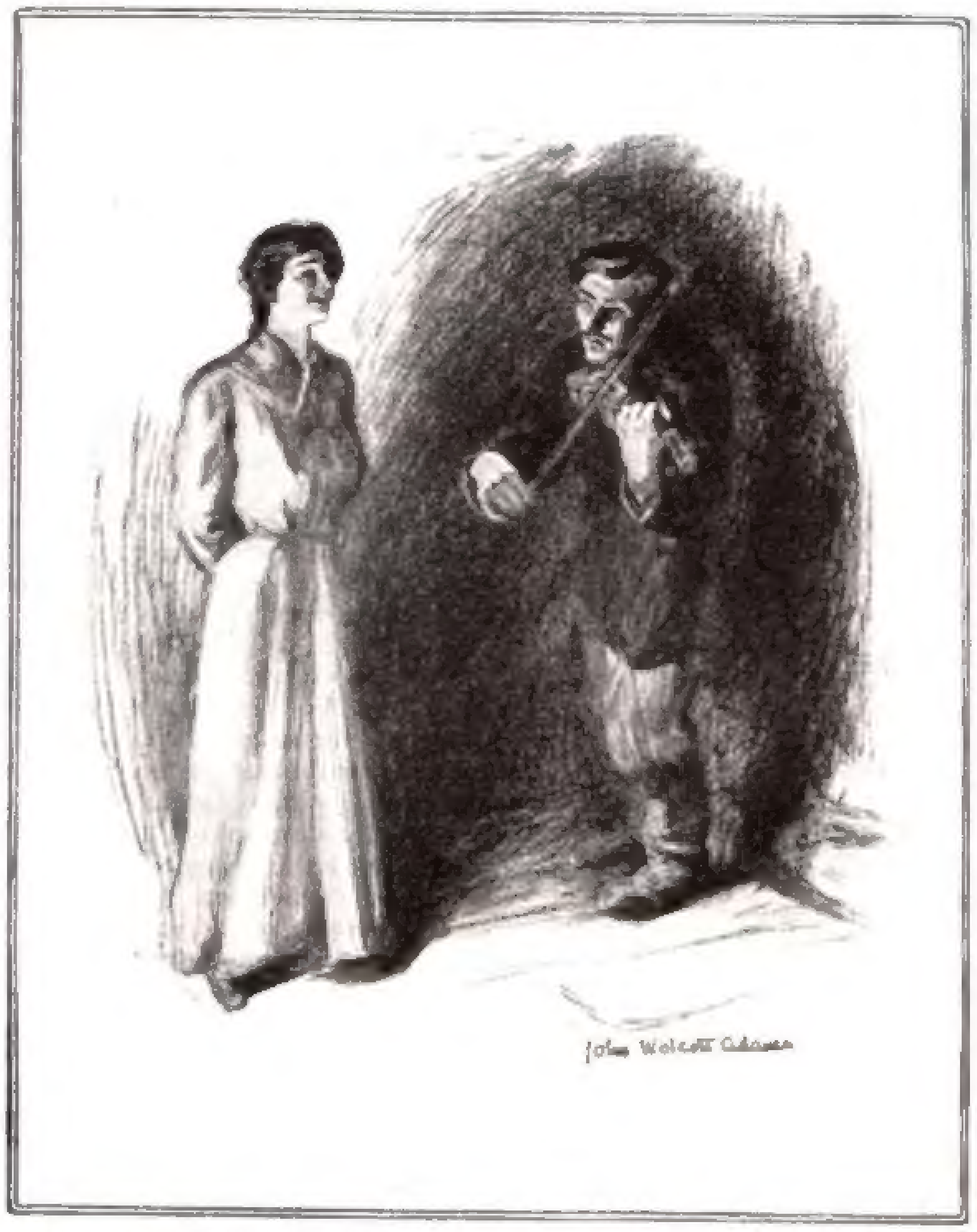
"The fiddler turned whiter and made us if he'd started to say, 'All right!' but then he shook his head and said:

"'She is the engaged of me; she is good; it is well,' and went on playing.

"Pete come to me and says: 'She's good, mebbe, but she hain't more'n half sense, and I hate to see a big buck spike a little one.'

"I said: 'Fall timber on your own land, Pete!' and he went away.

"Then that fiddler seemed to pour himself into his fiddle. His hurt got into his bow. He sat with his face run forrerd and his teeth clinched and his long fingers flickered up and down the strings. He made the fiddle talk to us and we could hear it, every word. It said he was sick and lonely and death would be sweet to him, because all his friends were gone and he was poor and in a strange land, but before he went over the rapids himself he wanted to cut one throat deep and see the blood on the snow. The fiddle said he'd been decent and worked hard and loved his woman true and there was no right in his misfortune, and it said he loved the gal so he couldn't wish her any harm, but he'd like to dig out Rick's heart.



"SHE STOOD BY THE LITTLE FIDDLER AND SUNG A FRENCH SONG"

"It was a reel. He played the Soldier's Dream and then he ripped into French Mary. I don't know where that tune come from; it were born in Canada two hundred year ago, but it went into us and through us and the dust come up so the candles burned dim. It were as bad for the women as for the men and they gripped our hands like they couldn't never afford to turn loose, and we was going down Wool River dancing on logs and the current thirty miles an hour, with half-acre patches of red foam over the rocks. All through that reel my two feet were as high as my waist and I didn't put 'em down at all; I just shook 'em and traveled on the air. Rick and Tony didn't dance; they stood in a corner so clost that his yellow head touched her black one and onst I saw his mustache brush her cheek.

"Winter nights are long up in the woods; it's good that a man can sleep, but that was a short one, and we thought there was something wrong when somebody opened the door to let out the dust and the white light come in. Two gals went around blowing out the candles and the dance was over. They hustled into wraps and shoepacks for the sleighs come jingling to the door. Most of 'em had a long drive ahead and in ten minutes they was gone; a high laugh come back to us over the snow and it was mighty few of them folks I ever see again. There was just the Holy Hankers and a near-by woman or two left in the room outside of Rick and Tony and the humpback. She stood all the length of the shack from her sweetheart. Her hand was on Rick's arm and she looking up at him in a praying sort of way. He was away above her, smiling down, and he started to steal his arm 'bout her waist.

"The fiddler rose from his platform and stood up, weak and crooked. He laid the bow on the strings and the fiddle cooed a little, like a wood-dove in spring. Then he looked straight down the long shack and he smiled at the gal—smiled as sweet as a man's mother smiles—and he sang *Ma Jolie Claire*. You take a French logger wild with rum, his knife out and all the camp his en'mies, and sing him two lines of that song and he'll stop and lissen till all the mad goes out of him and then he'll do anything you say. They been singing it along the St. Lawrence and about the Rest'gouche and the Sag'nay waters since Hector was a pup. It come over from France and it's like France to 'em, and it wakes up the French sun that's still in their blood in spite of three hundred years of ice. 'My pretty Claire,' it says, 'I love you so! Your breath is like new clover, your eyes like soft stars on spring nights, and when you talk to me your voice is like the sound of bees' wings. I love you so, and I know that you are true to me because you are so good you must be true, for the Holy Mary stood at your cradle when you were born, my pretty Claire!'

"Tony's hand fell and she half-turned torrerd him. She hung for a moment and made a step; she was looking at him hard; her face was pale and I could see her bosom rise and fall. The fiddle was so sweet, so low and light, and his voice was high and honey-sweet and it trembled. He looked at her with his black eyes and there was blood in his cheeks. She made another step and then she went to him slow, with her head bent down and her eyelashes down. Her hands were stretched out to him. Rick tried to follow, but she waved him back. When she got to the fiddler she stood looking up at him and she was crying, but I don't believe she knew it.

"The song stopped and he took his bow in his left hand and put his right arm about her neck. I was clost by and heard her whisper:

"'I was dreaming; I'm awake now!' and he whispered back: 'I know it is so, Tony!' Then he said to us all, but looking at Rick:

"'It is my betrothed, Messieurs; she is the engaged of me; we will marry New Year's night.'

"Then Rick went out of the door, his red Mackinaw showing like blood agen the snow, and he led the line to Holy Hank's as he led us going out. Not a man turned his head."

Beyond the Red

THE tough and rugged "hard sense" which has made "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who is slated for the Speakership of the next House of Representatives, famous, was aptly illustrated recently when a Washington correspondent approached him concerning certain reports which were being circulated about Professor Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and inventor of the aerodrome. These reports had it that the Government was not receiving full value on appropriations made to the Institution and intrusted to Professor Langley. It was not then known that they had been put into circulation by a discharged employee with malicious intent to injure the Professor's reputation. As they involved the funds of the Institution, Mr. Cannon, as chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, was appealed to. The newspaper man explained the object of his visit. Then "Uncle Joe," throwing a familiar arm about his shoulder and dragging him along in his tramp, said, after a brief and thoughtful silence:

"Young man, 'way back in my schooldays we used to study the spectrum. You know, the yellows, blues, oranges and all the other colors refracted by the sun's rays passed through a prism. I got mightily interested in it all. But the mere spectrum that I saw, and all the other scholars with me in my school saw, didn't complete that brilliant exhibit of what the sun can do. I now know that what we couldn't see, along with a whole lot of other equally unseeable things, are well known to scientists. Well, this science of the unseeable is commonly called astrophysical.

"Now, to get back to the spectrum. Several years ago a scientist—I'm not mentioning names—in the Government employ obtained an appropriation of $18,000 for the study of astrophysical science. I asked him what he meant by astrophysical. And what do you think he told me? 'The study of the sun's rays beyond the red.' Think of it—$18,000 of the Government's good hard money for the study of the sun's rays beyond the red! What a campaign argument for spendthriftlessness!

"'What are "the sun's rays beyond the red"?' I asked.

"'Why, the colors of the spectrum outside of the red,' the man of science replied.

"'Can you see 'em?' I asked.

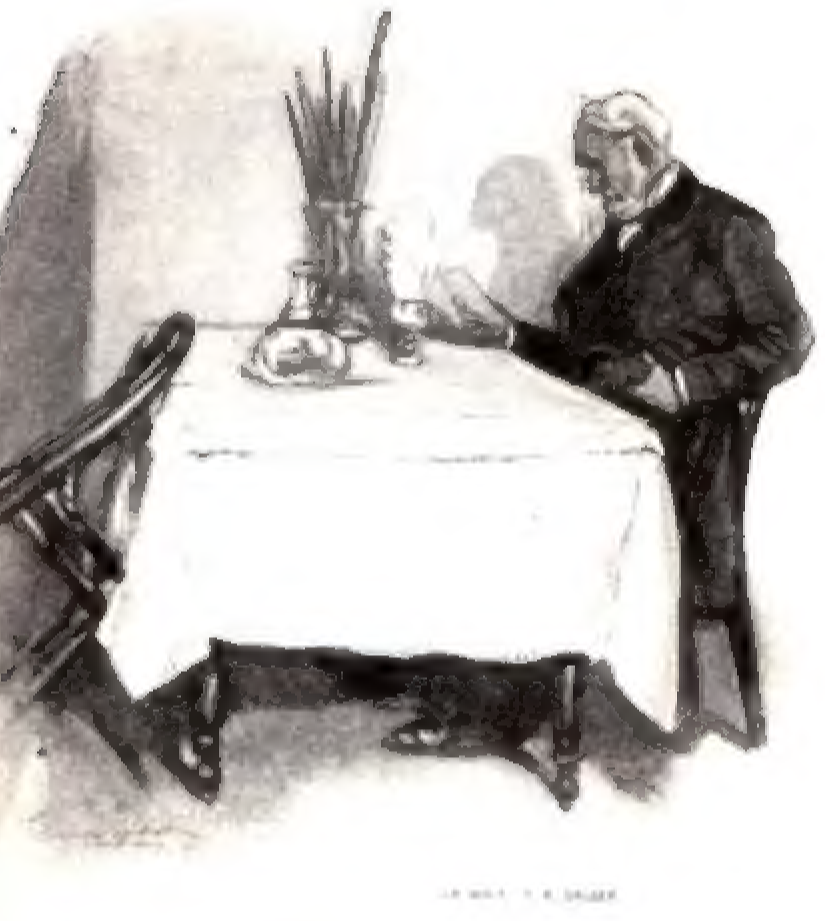
"'No,' he said, 'but I think I could if I had the $18,000.' He got the money.

"And there have been several more appropriations like it. I don't know whether the scientist has been able to see those colors beyond the red any clearer for the money, but what I do know, young man, is this: That every now and then some of these selfsame scientists who are forever looking for the sun's rays beyond the red make a discovery which may be a boon to humanity, may change the world's commerce, or may, I sometimes think, even affect the political map. So much for looking for the sun's rays beyond the red and for something we cannot see. That $18,000 in good hard revenues may be wasted, and perhaps, for all I know, it is; but in my own mind it is an investment which promises to pay far more to the nation than a good many others which on their face appear a thousand times more logical.

"Professor Langley's work may not appear to be bringing in the benefits which your informant seems to think it should, and perhaps your informant thinks money is being wasted. I know Langley. He's too much of a scientist to care for money for himself; and as to its investment in his hands, that's like the sun's rays beyond the red."

THE CHICAGO MAN

BY OPIE READ



HIS SWIFT NOON-TIME LUNCHEON IS GRAVE

One hundred years ago, where Chicago now stands, a fort was erected, a few cabins were built; and thus was set a new pace in the affairs of man.

I DO NOT here essay to write the history of a city which to the distant world first raised its banner, a flame-flag in the black sky of an October night; I shall give not even a hint of its startling progress, nor boast as we her adopted children are wont to do, but in free-hand and doubtless an erroneous way speak what I conceive to be characteristic of her typical business man. The wise have said that the most "natural" critic of literature is one who has failed as a creator; and this gives to me a sort of inherent right and makes me bold to talk of the business man of Chicago. Perhaps I do not make myself plain enough, and therefore let me say that I know nothing about the methods of successful business. As one of the envious failures I ascribe success largely to luck and opportunity. Opportunity may come to every one, in some form or other; but luck, which is the ability to recognize opportunity, is as often the god-favor of the ignorant as of the wise.

Getting at the typical business man of Chicago is about like attempting to catch the typical fish of the sea. He is of all nations and of all methods, but no matter what his present line may be, he is almost sure to have failed in some other branch of trade. "Do you know anything about the grocery business?" was asked of a man who had applied for a position and his answer obtained for him the place: "I ought to; I failed in dry goods."

In New York it is the complacent belief that business will come. In Chicago the merchant knows that he must go after it, and thus, like an animal that breaks its way through stubborn bushes, he is well muscled. He holds religion in a sort of busy esteem, and when into his office comes his wife's preacher, he says, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" Of course he does not recognize the minister and therefore means, "What can you do for me?" Breathing the air of an adventurous and speculative city he is gambler enough to place not too high a value upon his money, but his time and his business talk are sacred. About the walls of his adversaries he blows the ram's horn of boast, and if the walls should be jarred down he is willing, upon good collateral, to lend money to his enemy. Education, acquaintance with the nice methods of the classics in business is often conducive to a slow-motioned exactness of detail, and therefore he regards a college as an adornment rather than a necessity—the tail of the peacock rather than the spurs of the rooster. In his house there are books, a bright array in gilt; but he is too busy to read them during the week and on Sunday he is too anxious for Monday to come. His wife reads them and talks them when she has company and he is proud of the fact. He believes that what she does not know *he* does. In this broad land there is no better husband. Art criticises, business accepts, and to him marriage is more or less of a business. And he is generally a stranger in the divorce court until prosperity has made him æsthetic. His success rather than his poverty makes marriage a failure.

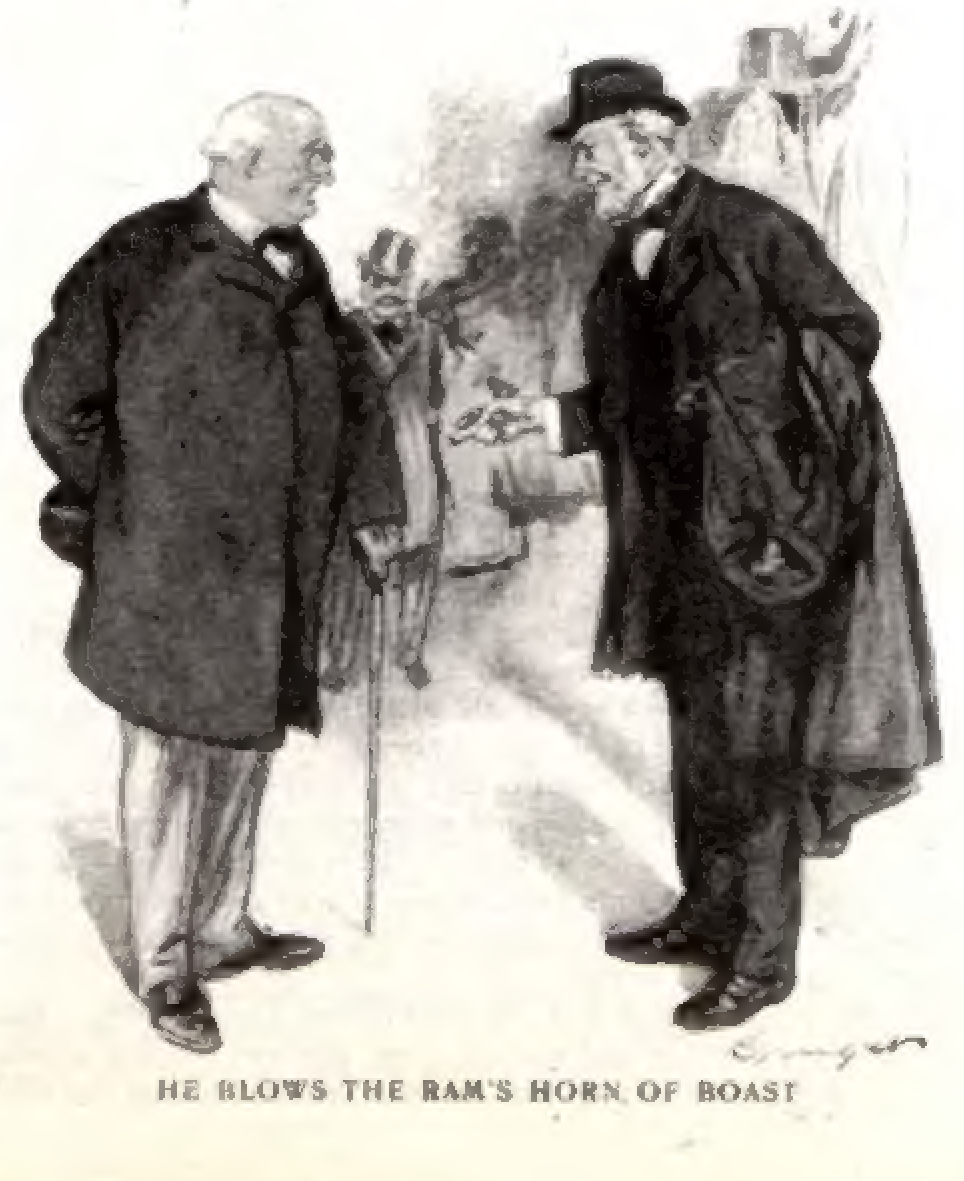
During business hours no man could be more serious. His swift noon-time luncheon is grave; the road to the quick service counter is a sort of war-path. He groans, not at the expense of coffee and pie, but at the fact that gulping it has cost him six minutes. His watch is his commercial prayer-book. But when with many a twinge and sore pang he has turned from the city for an outing he is a capital companion. His stories are quick and to the point. His sense of humor is as keen as a pain. The nerve of his jollity is exposed. Fishing or hunting he works like a Trojan. He has no book in which to enter expenses. Doubtless he feels that somebody is going to pay for his fun. Somebody does, usually. When his mind is made up to return to town he begins to grow nervous. No train is fast enough. He regrets the time lost, feeling that no one but himself can run his business, and for the most part he is right, since experience has proved that it begins to lag as soon as the engine of his great vitality is wanting.

As the years pass the average business man of Chicago is becoming gentler in his methods, but seems to deplore the fact. He regards cultivation as the old age of the mind, though he has outlived the paragrapher's slander:

Chicago Wife (to husband)—My dear, are you ready for dinner?

Husband—Will be as soon as I take off my coat.

When this was first printed he did not laugh at it. He simply said, "What's that fool trying to get at?" At home he eats with more deliberation than of yore, but with the coming of each summer he continues to offend Mr. Astor by sitting on the front steps, in the twilight, while a street organ gives to him broken reminders of a time when, to please his wife, he sat through the lingering tortures of grand opera. His "seminaried" daughter, coming from a walk, hints that it is not the proper thing to sit out in public view, on a strip of flaming carpet, and he turns to her with an air that says, "Who built this town?" If you tell him that his city is corrupt, he may reply that it is not worse than other cities; but if you say that his municipality is the most corrupt of all the cities of the earth, the chances are that he will agree with you. His is a town of superlatives. Sometimes, having been too busy to vote, he swears because incompetent men get office. He snorts for a "business administration," and when it seems that he is about to get it, votes the other way. He is a man of strong prejudices and that accounts for much of his mental vigor. With Bailey he unconsciously believes that "the mind is like the fire-fly: it only shines when on the wing. When once we rest we darken." He does not darken, for his mind is a workshop whose fires are not put out. He dreams of trade. And when he fails he begins again, like a spider whose web has been broken. In Chicago there is a larger percentage of recuperation after bankruptcy than in any other city. It is because a Chicago man does not realize that he is too old to climb again. On the Board of Trade an old man who had domineered the pit failed for more than a million, and a few days afterward he opened a tobacco shop. "Why did you do this?" an acquaintance inquired. "You have friends enough to take care of you." And the old man replied: "Take care of me? I haven't time to be taken care of; I expect to put up a twelve-story building." Death lent him a kindly hand and saved him the worry of labor troubles, but he had the true Chicago spirit.



HE BLOWS THE RAM'S HORN OF BOAST

The successful business man in the Western metropolis rarely becomes a snob. Snobbery means retirement from trade, and he does not intend to retire. With much truth in his philosophy he believes that to quit work means an early death. Aim in life keeps men alive. The determination to be avenged upon an enemy has lifted many a man from the bed whose sheets had begun to gather the dews of death.

His Newspapers the Cleanest and Best

SOCIETY resents the rude manners of the boy that has grown too fast. In the swift upbuilding of Chicago there has been an ungroomed strength, a sort of mighty awkwardness; and this the country seems to have looked upon with a jeer and a frown. All of the sprawling giant's attempts at art were laughed at, first in old cities and then in new villages. Chicago's painting was the "Sign of the Big Butcher"; its music was the squeal of the pig; its literature the vealy low of the yearling calf. Occasionally some defunct novelist of the East would get down off his stiff-jointed high horse to pat the calf on the back and in return for this kindliness to have his hand rough-tongued; the thin-breasted Eastern wet-nurse of Western rhyme, though not addressing herself to trade, has had an effect upon the Chicago business man. Revering the East, on whose flinty hillsides his grandfather thanked a kind Providence that he was permitted to eat pie for breakfast, he looks to New England for his opinion, which the Blue-lawed land freely gives, importing her own opinion from London. He has been influenced to the extent of declaring that a magazine cannot be published successfully from Chicago, and his firm conviction has made a fact of his declaration. He knows that his newspapers are among the cleanest and best in the world, but newspapers are not literature; and besides, the East has agreed that they may be printed. He does not realize that the Sunday editions of these newspapers are largely literary, very often printing as good stories and poems as the very best of the magazines are offering. To him nothing is literature that does not bear the Eastern stamp. Tell him that great poems have been written in obscurity and printed on a hand-press and he may reply: "Yes, but they didn't become literature till Boston said so." In nearly everything save business he is lacking in self-confidence. He heard some one say that the statues in Lincoln Park were poor and he began at once to regard them as paupers. Then, coming to think upon it, he had often noticed how unsightly they had always appeared, and he declared that they ought to be thrown out. But when the word of high authority pronounced some of them to be the finest in America, he made complete amends by remarking: "Well, why didn't you say so before?" In business he is skeptical of any man's honor; in art he accepts any foreign opinion. With the drama, however, it is different. New York's favor does not always mean his approval. The play is an appeal to his immediate senses. The stage is largely a matter addressing itself to the eye, and no man has keener observation. He is not afraid to say that Shakespeare, unless played by a genius, is too ponderous for him. He demands action. There may be words, but they must come forth like sparks. He has no time for a continuous glow. He is patient of long waits between curtains, for then he can figure on a deal that he has in mind. Above all, he is fond of musical comedies, full of "gags" and flashing with color. Through his eye his brain is rested. And his favorable judgment of such a show means its success throughout the country. At the close of each season the grand opera manager from the East swears that never again will he set up great stars for him, that in Chicago music of the noblest sort knocks vainly at the door of the soul; but this is not true. The fact is that the average business man of Chicago, while he may not care for Wagner, is willing to pay his money when the real stars are to appear, but "thinly peoples the house" when the mediocre fat man comes forth to bray.

The One-Hoss Shay of Business

YE WHO are your brother's keeper may in this man see nothing but faults, a bullish aggressiveness in business and in society the gestures not unknown to the prize ring; but his heart is enormous, and his ear, which at the opera may seem dull, is ever keen to the cry of real distress. The survivor of a great calamity, he knows what it is to be homeless. Having fought his way to success, he is ever ready to speak an encouraging word to struggling youth. He is inclined to look upon

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Editor's Note — This is the fourth of Mr. Read's papers on Types of American Business Men.

energy as capital Starting in life as a borrower, he is not slow to lend Above all, he prides himself upon being an American. American commercial conquest abroad is a flattery to him, for he feels that it was his method that gave to this country a new and a mighty impetus. In technical training he is not a firm believer. The public school is the cradle of national prosperity, experience is the university "Are you going to put your son to a profession?" was asked of an old man who had seen the great fire "No, I believe not. I'd a little rather he'd make a living

A profession is a plaything that may possibly turn out to be an investment, but it is risky. It is like sitting down to whittle out a toy—the product as an invention may become valuable but the chances are against it. In a plain business scheme he is not overready to invest, but a mystery catches his speculative fancy. "Didn't you know you had bought a gold brick?" said one acquaintance to another. "Well, come to think of it, I ought to have known it. I made it."

With him poverty is an evil out of which every man ought to struggle. If in scrambling he must crack heads and mash fingers—get out. If good and evil are set before you for choice and you have not the time to choose, take both and throw away the evil at your leisure. Laziness is the unpardonable sin He boasts that he has done the third of a day's work before the New York man gets down to his office With him haste does not mean waste. It means accomplishment. Out West they were hanging a man The rope became tangled and the sheriff set about deliberately to straighten it "Hurry up," said the victim, "I can't wait here all day You must remember I'm from Chicago."

"Speaking of surgeons," said a South Water Street man, "there was old Doc Jackson."

"But nearly all of his patients died," some one spoke up

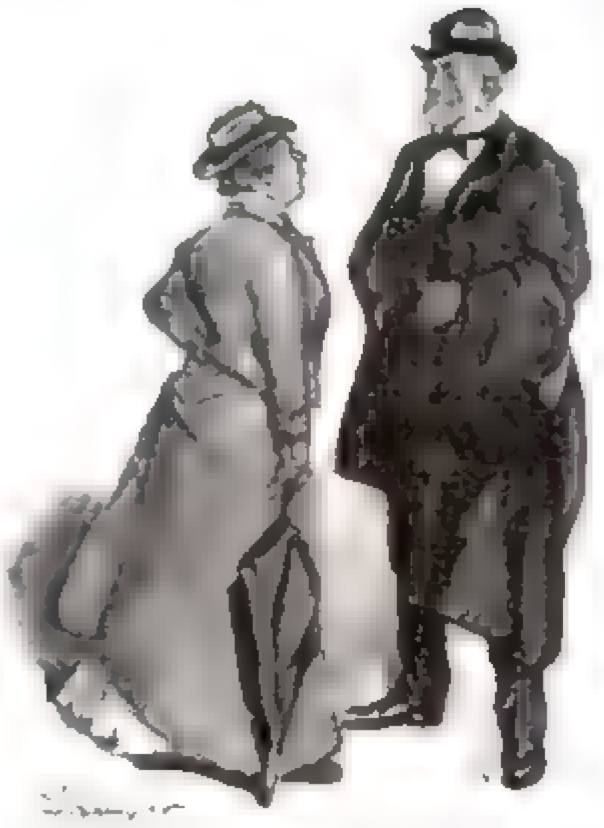
"That may be true, but Doc was quick."

Statistics say that he defies death longer than almost any other man in the country. He is the One-Hoss Shay of commerce, and when he goes, he goes all at once

Chicago has developed types, but the "characters" can be traced back to older communities. In aggressive industry there is not much of character Chicago is a great melodrama; it is not a character play. It has action rather than whims. The most of the real "characters" have drifted from Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio and Illinois, with the exception of the southern part, are almost "characterless." In these States there are striking individuals, it is true, but you can trace them back to older communities, of the South or the East. Indiana has a real "character," a product of the soil, and this is the secret of her vigorous literature

The Exponent of Motion and Force

INDIANA is the only State that has annually a convention of authors Of course they are laughed at by people who would not smile at a cattle convention. In the farmhouses these literary pilgrims have stimulated a love for books, not written by themselves, but classics which the critics may have sneered at a hundred years ago but which now of necessity must be praised Many of the verses read at these conventions are never printed, for which the writers, in this day of bustle, receive no credit. Is it not something to write and not to print? The paragrapher has impelled the Chicago business man to make fun of the conventicle of scribes. He sees them cartooned and he roars He does not know that he is included in the cartoon. His lack of literary self-judgment has made the caricatures marketable. Eugene Field, in his delightful playfulness, made sport of Chicago culture, and he did it with such slyness that his readers took him seriously. But it was not the earnest, humble worker that he gibed It was the rich pretenders who, having handled "prints" in the great dry goods establishments, fancied themselves literary And when the poet was dead these hoarse singers scrambled to get near the coffin that held his "melodious dust" And now the business man loves the memory of a man of whom he had scarcely heard. He tells of the time when he met him fishing, or watched him when he bought an old book



HE BELIEVES THAT WHAT SHE DOES NOT KNOW HE DOES

When Walter Besant was in Chicago he remarked "Your business man has to me a startling intelligence You no more than hint before he knows what you are going to say, and if you show the least hesitancy, such as halting to choose the right word, he will help you out But he cares nothing for our literary congress I spoke to one on this subject and he replied: 'What's the use of such a congress. It can't pass any laws' If a picture tickles his peculiar admiration he will buy it almost regardless of price—but not until some one has told him that it is fine. Physically, I think he is about the most wonderful man I ever met. He will race up and down his place of business without showing weariness, but if he is to go a block he takes a street car. His mental equipment is unflagging. He thinks like an electric machine. And out of his atmosphere one day there must come great literary expression. In poetry his grandson may evince the same vitality and his granddaughter may startle the world with a Jane Eyre"

That may all be true The fact is, I know but little of posterity. And I do not pretend to know the present—his mind; but during many years I have studied *at* him. He is as different from other men as Chicago is unlike other towns. His muscles are work and his mind is enterprise. Too restless to be spiritual, he is the exponent of motion and of force

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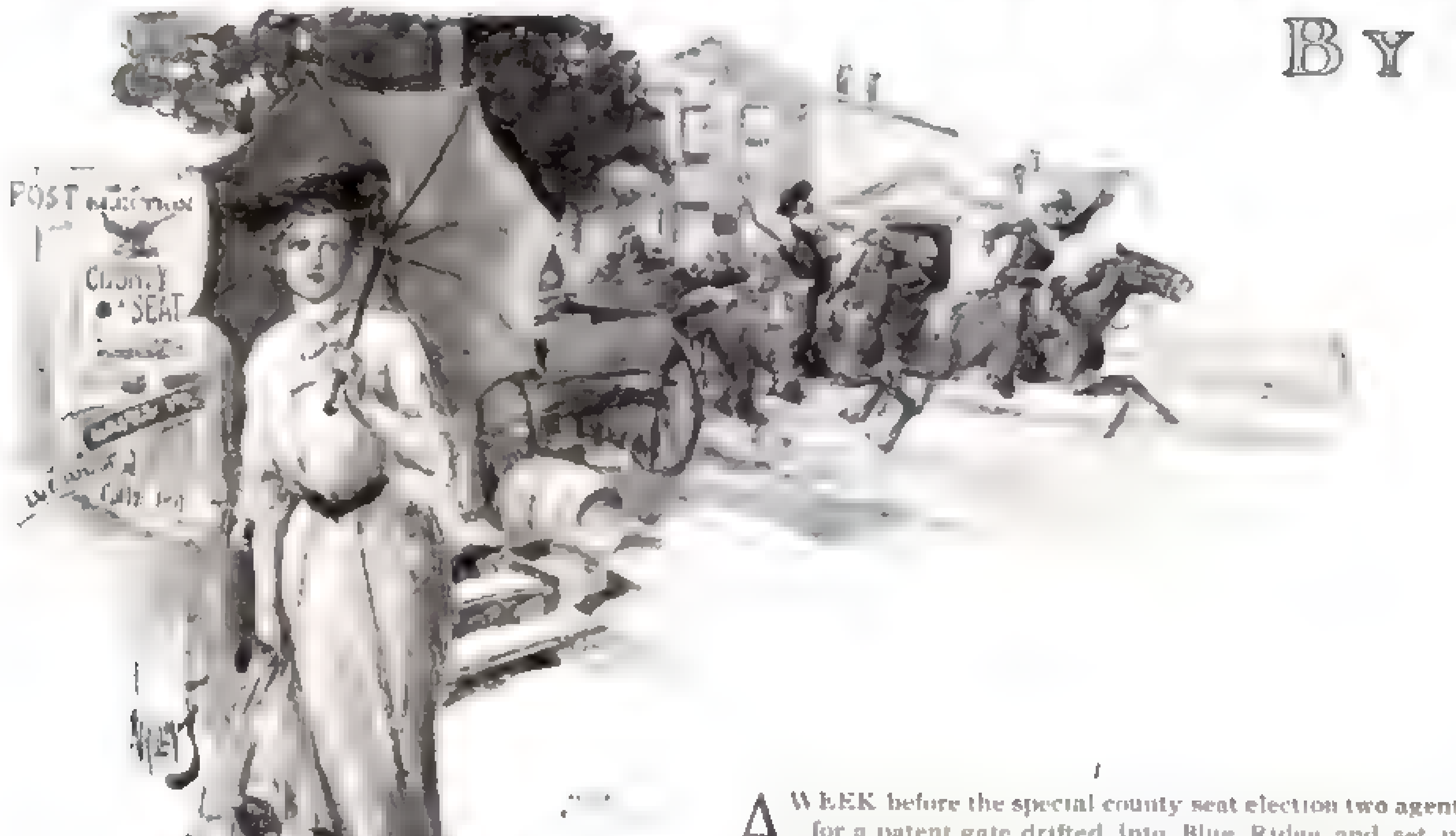
Sutton and Hynes, Bankers

BY WILL PAYNE



ALREADY THERE WERE SOME LOOSE STEPS AND LOOSE WORDS ON THE THRONGED SIDEWALKS

SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT—A packet of $5000 in bills is missing from the Blue Ridge Bank. The packet came at 5 35 Saturday night by the Overland Limited from Omaha and was put into the safe unopened to wait for Monday's business. But when the seals are broken Monday morning nothing is found but a bundle of paper sheets clipped to the size of banknotes. The Omaha Bank is nonplussed the express company has detectives watching the bank, and Sutton, the senior partner, privately accuses Hynes, the junior partner, of the theft He must, Sutton tells him, have come back to the bank after hours and effected the substitution of a dummy. Meanwhile Janet Hynes, the junior partner's daughter, knowing nothing of Sutton's accusation working independently, has stumbled upon proofs of her father's guilt Hynes is a man of austere character and blameless life It is a time of financial depression and, on account of a prolonged drought, of great gloom throughout the farming lands

I

A WEEK before the special county seat election two agents for a patent gate drifted into Blue Ridge and set up their contrivance, which was unpleasantly suggestive of a gallows, in the vacant lot beside Little's dry-goods store, opposite the Blue Ridge Bank

The seedy agent with a red mustache was usually to be seen loafing around the model explaining the merits of the device to such farmers as he could get to listen. His wiry, lantern-jawed partner was more active, running around town, making acquaintances, frequently visiting the saloons, whence he sometimes brought prospective buyers

The gate business, however, was not flourishing. There was no relief from the drought. Everybody was discouraged And the county-seat election monopolized attention. The western end of the county would vote for Warrensville. The southern tier of townships would go for Circletown. Blue Ridge would pull the eastern end. The outcome was doubtful. Every able bodied politician—and that included nearly every male between eighteen and eighty, and many females—was on continual duty as in a hard-pressed town during a siege. They were driving over the country, electioneering, devising campaign plans, extending their picket lines into the debatable territory. Sam Sutton was one of the leaders of the Blue Ridge forces

District Court was to open for the fall term the day after the election. The assistant district attorney had taken up quarters in the Blue Ridge House. On the morning of election day he looked from the window and saw some clouds in the hot sky; but the intolerable drought wind still swept the great floor of parched prairie. Dust powdered the window sill. The big iron-stone wash bowl to which Terhune turned held a gritty deposit which he flicked out with the towel before turning in the water from the iron stone pitcher. A sprinkling of dust rested on top of the water; but one couldn't keep it all out

Terhune was polishing his face with the towel when the door opened quickly. The patent-gate agents slid in and shut the door behind them. Terhune sat on his trunk and the agents sat on the bed, the one rickety chair being piled with clothing

"It's a cinch," said the man with the red mustache. "The money's planted there in the bank. We could get a judgment against the bank for the money right now. But the company wants to convict the thief You know how it is with a big corporation prosecuting a beloved fellow-citizen—we've got to have the evidence so straight that the jury simply can't get away from it. Smith is bound we shall take the man with the money on him Five thousand dollars in five and ten dollar bills makes a good-sized bundle. A man couldn't put it in his pocket or under his coat without its showing. We've kept the cases on the bank all right, so far. I'm guessing if this county-seat election goes against the town there'll be developments within two days—maybe to-day. If I'm right somebody will be going out of the bank pretty soon with a bundle under his arm or a gripsack in his hand. We propose to mix up with that man until we get a look at what he's carrying. What we want is that you should be ready. There'll be a good deal of red liquor and excitement around here to-day with the election. Two lone gate agents might get into serious trouble for molesting a well-known citizen. We want you to be ready, so we can chuck it into your hands quick if anything gets started."

"I will be ready, Williams," said Terhune gravely. "I'll be at the hotel or courthouse or on the street all day and evening. You can count on me"

As it happened, Sam Sutton, who lodged at the Blue Ridge House, was standing at the end of the hall looking out of the window when the gate agents came from Terhune's room. The lantern-jawed man had already attempted to sell Mr. Sutton one of the valuable patent gates. He nodded amiably now. Mr. Sutton nodded also, and as the agents went down the stairs he thoughtfully scratched his stubby beard with his knuckles.

The forenoon passed quietly. The polls opened and the townsmen went to vote at once. It was very sociable in Sullivan's and in Lafe's Place, where they had made an extension of the bar by laying a pine plank along the heads of three empty barrels. Besides Lafe himself and his elegant son there was an extra bartender, impressed from the amateur talent of Blue Ridge. The campaign committee had made a liberal appropriation for free drinks. Presently Dewstrow and his friends, having voted early in the first ward and sojourned to Lafe's, felt enthusiastic enough to go over in a body and vote in the second ward.

Soon after noon the country began to come in for the holiday. Farmers' wagons lined up along Main Street and around Court House Square. Saddled broncos were tied to posts. There were knots of men here and there in the hitherto empty sidewalks. By three o'clock the popular stores were crowded. It was Blue Ridge's treat to the country. They came steadily. The heavy feet of work horses and the livelier hoofs of broncos kept a perpetual cloud of dust astir.

These men and women came in from the scorched prairie where their crops were blasted, from forlorn shacks and sod houses standing out alone, one by one, like occasional blisters raised by the sun on the floor of the plains. Their skins and beards were gritty with dust. "Neighbors" met for the first time in weeks; and Blue Ridge set up the drinks. Lafe's Place and Sullivan's were packed like town meetings. They talked of the election and of their ruined crops. "It's sort of cloudy," one observed; "any other time I'd say it might rain before morning," and another exclaimed with disgust: "Rain! Might as well talk about rain down below!"

And as the drinking went on, so went the voting. Countrymen who had already done their duty by Blue Ridge at the home precinct went over and voted in town, just to show they were good fellows. At four o'clock Dewstrow and his friends were voting by handfuls. The town looked like a county fair. The sidewalks were full and men walked in the dusty street. At Lafe's the crowd was so thick along the bar that drinks were handed over the shoulders of the first rank to those behind. The bartenders ran with perspiration. Everything was splashed with beer. But there was no disorder. Peter Johnson's hired man had licked somebody in Little's store, making a momentary panic among the women. Nobody knew who it was that had been licked. The hired man himself was uncertain on that point. But his friends acclaimed him until, swollen with valor, he pushed Little Billy, the deputy town marshal, off the sidewalk and got thumped over the head with the deputy marshal's slungshot and locked up. Old man Jennings, overcome with beer, dropped a match in the livery stable and started a blaze, and he was locked up. Otherwise the marshal and his deputy had a sinecure. When the polls closed at five o'clock it was agreed that the election had passed off in a most orderly and creditable manner, and that Blue Ridge, with not more than eight hundred inhabitants of whatever sex and age, had polled not less than a thousand votes. Naturally so remarkable an achievement was to be duly celebrated. At Lafe's Place and Sullivan's business increased.

At this time Janet Hynes sat in the parlor, looking steadily from the window, waiting for the return of her father. The little key was still under the carpet. But her tense nerves drank in the feeling of a climacteric quality in this riotous day. She had ventured downtown as far as the post-office earlier in the afternoon and had seen the crowd of men. Already there were some loose steps and loose words on the thronged sidewalks. She had hastened back home. Now, three young men galloped by the house, whooping and swinging their hats. One of them discharged a revolver. A cloud of dust enveloped them. It seemed to her that pandemonium had been let loose, that the whole town was on a drunk.

One man, at least, was completely sober. That was Sam Sutton. He stood in the office of the Blue Ridge House at five o'clock with a telegram in his hand.

The wire was from his man at Warrensville. It said, in cipher, that Warrensville had been throwing its vote for Circletown all day. Sutton had heard of this earlier. Three or four other men among the sober leaders at Blue Ridge had an intimation of it. This wire left no doubt. Warrensville had thrown its vote for Circletown, which meant that Blue Ridge was nowhere in the fight. So, while most of the male population was celebrating the thousand votes—two-thirds illegal—Sam Sutton was going up to his room in the Blue Ridge House in a casual sort of way and throwing a few things into a small brown bag, which he put behind the hotel desk when he came down. Not more than five minutes later he found Little Billy—who stood six feet two—in the crowd before Lafe's Place. The Senator winked and gave a jerk of his head and Little Billy walked aside with him.

"See those two fellows down there on the steps of the bank, Billy—been here a week selling a patent gate?"

"Um-hum," said Billy.

"I notice they've been sticking pretty close to Terhune to-day; were in his room early this morning. Of course Terhune's down here on court business; but he's a Warrensville man and I don't believe he's buying any gates. Nobody seems to be buying any gates, although those fellows have stayed here a week. And they've been mighty interested in this election to-day. We'd rather not have any tallies going back to Warrensville, Billy."

Billy turned his long, impassive face toward the strangers who sat on the bank steps. "They look mighty disorderly to me," he observed.

"Might be carrying concealed weapons, requiring to be searched," Sutton suggested. "But if they're detectives they're probably ready."

"I reckon I can find a boy or two that's kind of ready himself," said Billy.

Sutton returned to the hotel. When he next appeared he was carrying a brown leather bag and the strangers had disappeared from the steps of the bank, which was closed, as the day was a legal holiday.

Twenty minutes later the booming whistle of the westbound Overland Limited sounded in Lafe's Place, where the crowd was beginning to take on a different character, where some voices were pitched high, some eyes were dull or bloodshot, and Lafe and his son, serving whisky, kept nervously a-watch for drawn weapons.

Mr. Hynes came home for supper soon after the polls closed, but went downtown again at half-past six for news. In an hour he returned. It was then dark and the lamp was lighted in the sitting-room back of the parlor.

On rare occasions Mrs. Hynes could be perfectly silent, and this was one of the times—as though the imminent spirit of tragedy silenced her, as a hen stills before an approaching storm. She went on placidly with her embroidery, but did not speak. Janet saw the lamplight shining against her father's great yellow beard. As the banker's large hand, with strong and too skillful fingers, moved with slow, automaton-like regularity in stroking the beard, she noticed, close to his cheek, a nest of white threads in the yellow mass. She was sure that the gray hairs had not been there a month before. Twice or thrice, in his preoccupation, he varied the stroking of his beard by twisting over a strand of it to his mouth and her sensitive ears heard his strong teeth grinding at it.

"Has the election gone well, do you think, father?" she asked at length.

Without looking up, quite mechanically, he answered, "We have lost the election. Warrensville threw her vote for Circletown."

At once she said to herself, "It will be to-night." The veiled figure of the climax rushed up before her.

Mrs. Hynes did not even ask a question, but went on placidly with her embroidery, stilled by the oncoming storm without realizing it.

Janet heard the moan of the wind by the corner of the house. Now and then a riotous sound—the howl of a human voice, the rush and clatter of a wagon driven recklessly—came in from the outside world.

The clock struck ten. Hynes stood up; for a moment looked down at the carpet; then went upstairs.

Janet heard every board creak under his heavy feet. When the footsteps ceased she seemed to hear his hand groping under the carpet. The stairs creaked under his tread again, and he went out the front door.

She felt an immense fear as though she were going to her execution. When she arose her limbs were heavy under her. She ran upstairs and felt under the carpet. The key was gone. She hurried down, caught up her hat in the hall and stepped out of the door.

The night had turned completely dark, and she noticed at once that the wind had died down. The oppressive air scarcely stirred. This ceasing of the wind as though its work of destruction were accomplished, this thick, still blackness struck upon her soul with terror. It seemed unnatural and sinister. The sound of brawling from the town came to her ear. A horseman galloping by in the dark greeted the suddenly lighted doorway with a drunken whoop. She closed the door, stepped from the porch and ran forward.

IV

ABOUT seven o'clock Bob Terhune learned that the political leaders at Warrensville had given up the fight for themselves, thrown the vote to Circletown and defeated Blue Ridge.

He had thought it prudent to keep in his office at the courthouse during the afternoon and in the hotel after supper. He was known as a Warrensville man now, and above all, he wished to avoid a stupid row that might disable him for the action which he feared to be preparing. On his way to supper a couple of intoxicated patriots had jocularly pushed him off the sidewalk, but he had taken the pleasantry patiently.

When it became dark he grew more uneasy. He had seen nothing of the detectives for several hours. Finally he set out to find them, and ventured into Lafe's Place.

"Why, hello! Here's a man from Warrensville come to take a drink with us!" some one sang out with exaggerated cordiality.

"Let's give him the third degree," another suggested cheerfully and thumped Terhune on the back.

This was like the frolicking of a tiger that may bite the next instant. The air was as explosive as gunpowder. Bob took the beer that they insisted upon and got out without a row. Evidently he must keep out of sight if he could.

His alarm increased. He felt that something was wrong. The two detectives seemed to have mysteriously disappeared.

There was a passage two feet wide between the bank and the restaurant. He stepped in there and waited an hour, every moment expecting something to happen. There was a window in the south wall of the bank, and although the shade was down he could see that the interior was dark and still. He reasoned that it would be best to return to the hotel where the detectives would surely look for him if anything happened, where even now they might be waiting for him. But the reasoning was not enough. The bank held his mind like a lodestone. It was here, if anywhere, that something would happen. So he waited, minute after minute. Then, all at once, he, too, felt that the wind had ceased and seemed to leave a great sinister void.

He had noticed the woodshed back of the restaurant, and it had occurred to him that one or both of the detectives might be hiding in there, watching. He argued with himself fitfully that the detectives must be on guard somewhere, that there was no reason why he should hang around. He might go to bed calmly, and they would call him if they wanted him. The argument looked fair enough, but it did not move him. However he argued, the bank, with its secret, was on his hands this strange night; and in spite of the plausibility of the thing he felt that the detectives were not in the woodshed. At length he went to the shed and pushed open the door, standing still in the doorway, ready for a man to emerge, a signal to be given. But the dark interior was perfectly silent, and he felt its emptiness.

He turned around, anxious, perplexed. Then his nerves leapt, for a tall figure passed him, striding rapidly to the back door of the bank—Hynes.

At once it became an affair of action, and Bob's energy moved to its work like an engine that is started up. There was nothing like faltering. He simply waited a moment, straining into the blackness, to see whether another figure—that of one of the detectives—would start into the play.

The other figure did not appear, and Terhune stepped out from the shadow of the shed with a movement which brought him face to face with Janet, and at once he caught her firmly by the arm, without a motion of his brain, as though he were a trap which she had sprung.

She leapt aside and both her hands clutched at his wrist—the purely mechanical leap and struggle of the animal that feels the sudden jaws of the trap. His big hand held like a vise. The arrest was rude and sure. Her fierce, futile little struggle ceased; and after the mere mechanical action each swiftly dawned forth to the consciousness of the other, although they could scarcely see each other's faces. His rude hand dropped from her arm. She was vaguely aware that the gripped flesh still ached. His large figure stood formidably in her path.

"Let me go, Bob! Let me go!" she pleaded with a kind of breathless terror. "It's father. I've followed him."

"Others may be watching," he replied.

That was what she feared. "Yes," she said in that quick breathlessness. "Let me go." A faint glow of light appeared against the drawn blue shade of the bank window. Hynes, inside, had struck a light. It quickened her terror like a touch of the sword's edge. She clasped her hands and raised them toward him. "Bob, let me go! Let me go!" her voice said in the dark.

Terhune reached out, took her clasped hands between his palms and stooped over her so that in the rush of fear which possessed her mind she was compelled to pause, to hold herself quietly, to take a full comprehension of him.

"See here, little girl, nothing must be taken out of that bank to-night," he said.

It came to her that she held his honesty full in her hands. She loosened one hand, reached up and touched his face. "No; nothing shall be taken out of the bank to-night, Bob," she said; and it was a kind of new betrothal between them.

"Go in, then, and nobody shall disturb you," said Terhune.

Thus she stepped into the bank almost coolly. The drama which had whirled solely about the figure within the bank now strangely expanded to include Terhune, and this seemed to reduce its chaos to order, to give it space and repose.

Terhune, by the back door, felt around and picked up a piece of scantling which he set against the wall. Then he waited. Hurried steps sounded on the narrow walk between the bank and the restaurant. "They're coming," he thought, "and they're likely to have the time of their lives if they prove unreasonable." But it was only a couple of boys who ran off across the back lots. They had hardly passed before Janet came to the door, saying, "Come in, Bob."

In the bank Hynes sat on a desk behind the counter, both hands at his beard, staring vacantly into the vault, the door of which was open. He glanced up at Terhune, seemingly with no surprise, and his dazed eyes returned to the vault.

Janet also looked into the vault. "Mr. Sutton has been here," she said quietly, as though it were the most ordinary announcement.

When Terhune looked into the vault he saw that the safe stood open and that a neatly lacquered tin box about two feet square lay on the floor, its cover roughly wrenched off with a stove poker, the box itself battered out of shape in burglarious haste and its contents spilled. He saw some books, pictures and knickknacks.

"Sutton has been here," were the words Hynes had spoken to his daughter when she appeared. She had looked into the vault and comprehended in a flash that an abler mind than hers had been at work upon the problem and had solved it to its own satisfaction.

Terhune looked from one to the other at a loss. "Why — you can get a warrant for Sutton if you wish," he suggested, though he dimly felt the suggestion to be mere stupidity.

Hynes dropped his hands to his lap and looked at the young man a moment with a calm survey. "Can you arrest Satan?" he asked. "Can you serve a writ in Hell?"

Janet put her hand on his arm. "We may as well go, father," she said in a low voice.

Her glance and Terhune's met swiftly, and he experienced a revelation. There was still much that was dim, but he did not try to understand that. He did not wish to understand it. That belonged to her. What he did understand fully was the man's wrenched mind and the girl's guardianship.

"I think it would be best to go," he said to Hynes gravely.

The banker submitted docilely. Terhune put out the light and locked the door behind them with the key Hynes gave them. They stepped off into the still blackness, going across lots as Hynes and Janet had come. It was so oppressive that Terhune felt a slight perspiration on his hands.

The back door of Lafe's Place opened. A knot of men came into the patch of light. Without being able to see Terhune felt that one of the men was coming in their direction. After a moment he knew that a man was walking close behind them. Then a voice which he recognized as Dave Trimble's spoke: "Is that you, Hynes?"

They stopped. "Yes," said the banker.

"Well, I was just coming up to your house," said the elevator man, and now that he was before them they could dimly make him out. "You know the election's lost?"

"Yes."

"But what's this I hear —" the voice became menacing — "that Sam Sutton's skipped out?"

"Sutton has gone."

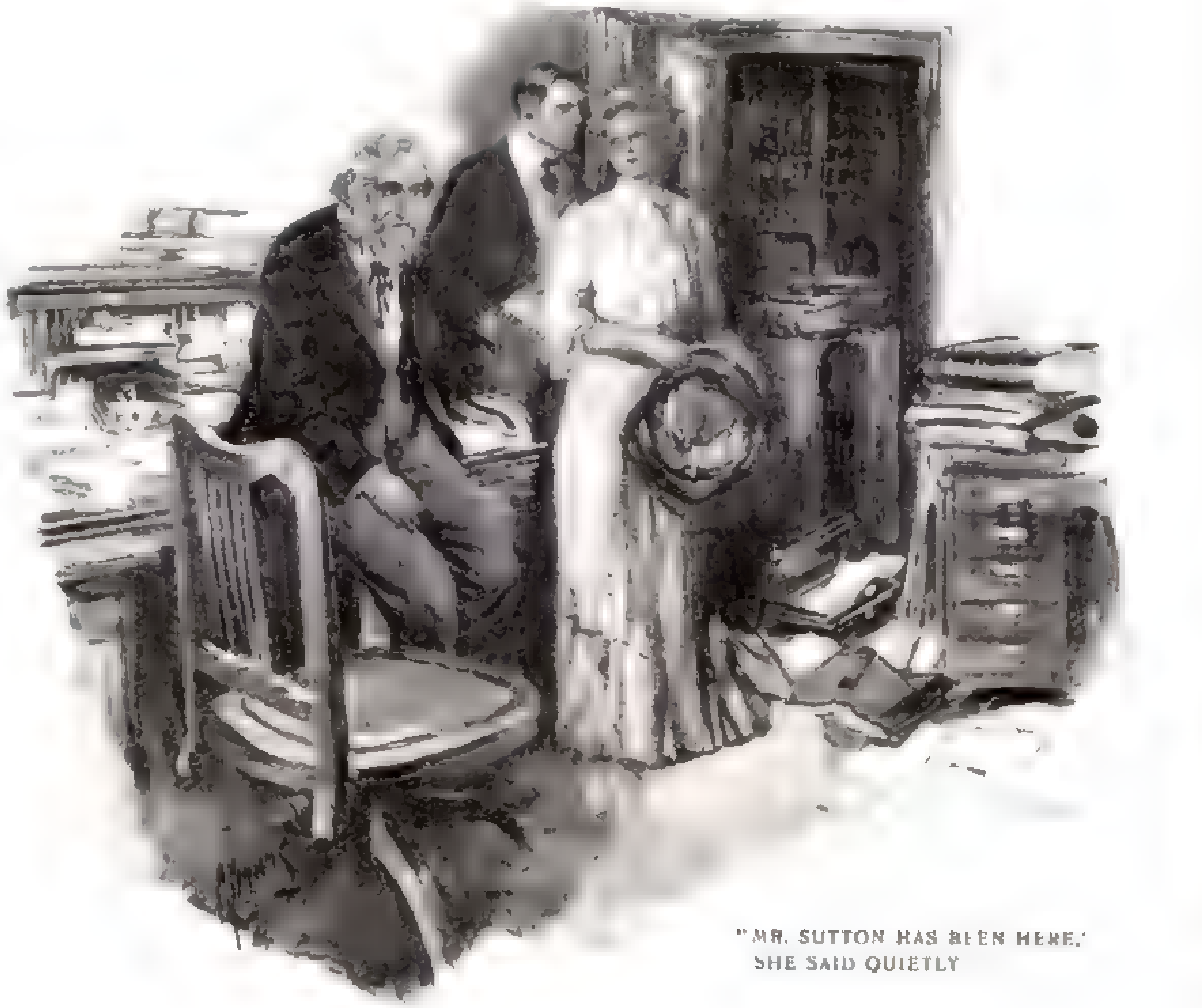
"How's your bank, then?" It was a threat and a demand.

"The bank will not open to-morrow."

"Oh, it won't, won't it?"

Terhune stepped a little forward so as to be recognized. "I am going with Mr. Hynes to arrange an assignment," he said.

"Good-by," said the threatening voice; and Trimble slipped into the dark — on his way, they supposed, to Lafe's with the news. It was not a pleasant crowd in Lafe's to be told that on top of the lost election the bank was insolvent.



"MR. SUTTON HAS BEEN HERE," SHE SAID QUIETLY

The three walked on. In a moment Hynes spoke. "As you said, Mr. Terhune, it would be best for you to go at once and prepare assignment papers. I'll come to the hotel presently and sign them."

"Very well," said Bob.

"It should be done at once," the banker insisted.

"I agree with you," Bob acquiesced. "It will not take long." He explained the legal steps. "Now, whom would you suggest for assignee?"

"No matter," said Hynes. "Abraham was commanded to sacrifice his well-loved son."

For the space of a minute no one spoke. Then Janet and Bob on either side of Hynes heard his voice again: "David was an unjust man and yielded to temptation, and the Lord kept him. Nevertheless others may be abandoned. The desert was always the place of sorest trial."

They were at the gate of the banker's lot. He put his hand on the latch as by instinct, swung the gate and walked through; then, halting, he spoke to Terhune as though he had all along been perfectly conscious of his presence.

"You are wasting time, Mr. Terhune. I wish you to prepare the papers at once. I will come down and sign them."

"Yes, sir," said Terhune, and took a backward step.

Then he felt Janet's swift, nervous, groping hand in the dark catch at his sleeve. The hand pulled him and he bent his head. Her voice trembled in his ear, "I am afraid, Bob."

He took her in his arms, lifted her bodily from the ground and held her against his breast. He whispered his one boast: "Little girl, you might as well have been afraid in your cradle as now with me here."

It was over in an instant. He had put her down and was saying, persuasively, as he walked forward, "Of course there's a point or two I want to get before I draw up the papers. Now, as to the condition of the bank——"

Hynes was already on the porch. "There's nothing left in the bank," he said. "Sutton has taken it all. He lost it all through folly and dishonesty. Sutton was the principle of evil. I knew that some time ago. He was always working upon me. It is inconceivable how ingenious he was, and persevering. But it was only in this drought that he obtained real power. This last thing — Sutton suggested it to me after he had involved the bank in his wheat speculation. I rejected it; but he was given the power to lodge it within my mind. And there was my pride for my daughter and my wife."

He paused abruptly. Terhune was so near that he perceived that both the banker's hands went up and gripped his great beard as though in a mysterious way he found that a sort of stay and anchor for his drifting mind. When he spoke again it was with a dry quietness. "But the bank is insolvent. That is all you need to know. Go now."

Terhune put his hand on the banker's arm. "You may have unwelcome callers soon," he said.

"Yes; the drunken mob at Lafe's. Let them come!"

"Hark!" Janet's low, tense voice spoke.

They listened and heard a faint, mysterious rustling in the yard, a strange, uncanny sound in the void dark as of feet softly stirring the dry grass. On the instant they expected forms to emerge, a forward rush, a shout. Terhune, moving swiftly, put himself in front of them at the top of the steps. He felt Janet's hand touch his.

The faint rustling increased in volume, spread wider, rose and became a vast, low, drumming sound; and Bob felt the drip of water on his outward hand.

"What! What!" he cried out with a kind of wildness, feeling into the dark with upturned palm. "It's rain!"

The drumming sound swelled up in a great roar. Without violence but without stop the warm, gracious rain flooded down, laying the dust, pouring into the parched earth, washing millions of dying roots. The rapidly cooled air struck sweetly upon their faces.

Men in Lafe's Place and in Sullivan's were running into the street, holding out their hands, upturning their faces to the water, shouting like boys released from school. In a moment half a dozen men who might have been leading the mob were throwing mud balls at each other, hatless, dripping with rain, roaring with laughter. The cool, wet air and the drinking earth already smelled of harvests to be.

Hynes held out his hand to the rain and stood like a man stunned.

The front door was flung open and Mrs. Hynes appeared. "What! Is it raining? Is it raining?" she cried.

The banker stepped over to her and put his hand on her shoulder. "It is raining, Martha," he said with a solemn joy. He walked from the porch and stood in the patch of light from the door, the rain drenching him and glistening in his great beard. He lifted his hands. "His mercy endureth forever," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Hynes had stepped inside, hand in hand. Terhune did not mind their forgetting him. He felt a kind of happy embarrassment in witnessing what an outsider should not have seen. Janet was about to follow them, and in his happiness he did not so much mind that, either. But she only shut the door after her father and mother, turned swiftly and threw herself into his arms.

"Will you forgive me, dear?" she said. "I have never been good to you. I have made you bear much and have never been worthy of you. If you will take me now I will study to make you happy — if you will?"

He stoops over her. "Well, what do you think about it?" he asked.

* * *

A Soldier Naturalist

DR. WM. L. RALPH, oologist at the United States National Museum, is engaged on a publication designed to complete the great work undertaken by the late Major Charles Bendire, of the Army. The two quarto volumes on North American birds issued by Major Bendire, which are already regarded as classics in ornithology, represent the life work of a brave officer who found time while in charge of Western garrisons to carry on valuable scientific studies.

Major Bendire had many exciting adventures both as naturalist and soldier. One of the most remarkable of these occurred one day when, riding horseback up the Rillito Creek, he saw, circling above, a zone-tailed hawk. As the nesting habits of this bird were not then known, Major Bendire watched carefully, and when it started up the channel of the stream he followed. When it finally lighted on a dead limb of a large cottonwood tree near the entrance to Sahuaritto Pass the officer was alone, five miles from his military camp, and in a region bristling with bands of hostile Apaches.

He was prompted at first to shoot the hawk in order to make certain of his specimen. Just as he was about to fire he changed his mind, placed his rifle on the ground and proceeded to climb the tree. It was a providential manœuvre, for as he reached the nest he chanced to glance across the ravine and saw crouching at the edge of an escarpment a band of Apaches, fully armed. They had been watching him as he had come up the cañon and were waiting to get a dead aim.

To descend, secure his rifle and attempt to get away as quickly as possible, but without sign of haste, was the officer's chief concern. Imminent though his peril was, it could not overcome his ardor as a naturalist, and so before sliding down he secured the one egg in the nest, which by its bluish-white tint and general appearance he identified, even in that moment of excitement, as belonging to the species *Buteo abbreviatus*, which he had followed. That he might not injure the egg he placed it in his mouth. Glancing out of the corner of his eye, he saw the Indians craftily peeping over the rim of the ravine, their rifles cocked.

The soldier-naturalist reached the ground, picked up his rifle, and stepping so that large trees screened him from the Apaches, he regained his horse and started toward camp.

Once on high ground Major Bendire spurred his horse to full gallop. Then the war-cry of the Apaches sounded, and leaping on their horses they gave chase. In all that exciting ride the soldier-scientist preserved safely in his mouth the precious egg of the zone-tailed hawk. By the time he reached the garrison, where he was safe from pursuit, he found that his jaws had set in such a way that the services of the surgeon had to be invoked to extricate the egg without breaking it. The operation was painful, and Major Bendire could have escaped the ordeal had he chosen even then to let the egg be crushed. This he would not under any circumstances agree to. Finally the egg was removed, and now forms a part of an exhibit in Washington, but with no legend to explain the unique and thrilling story of how it was secured.

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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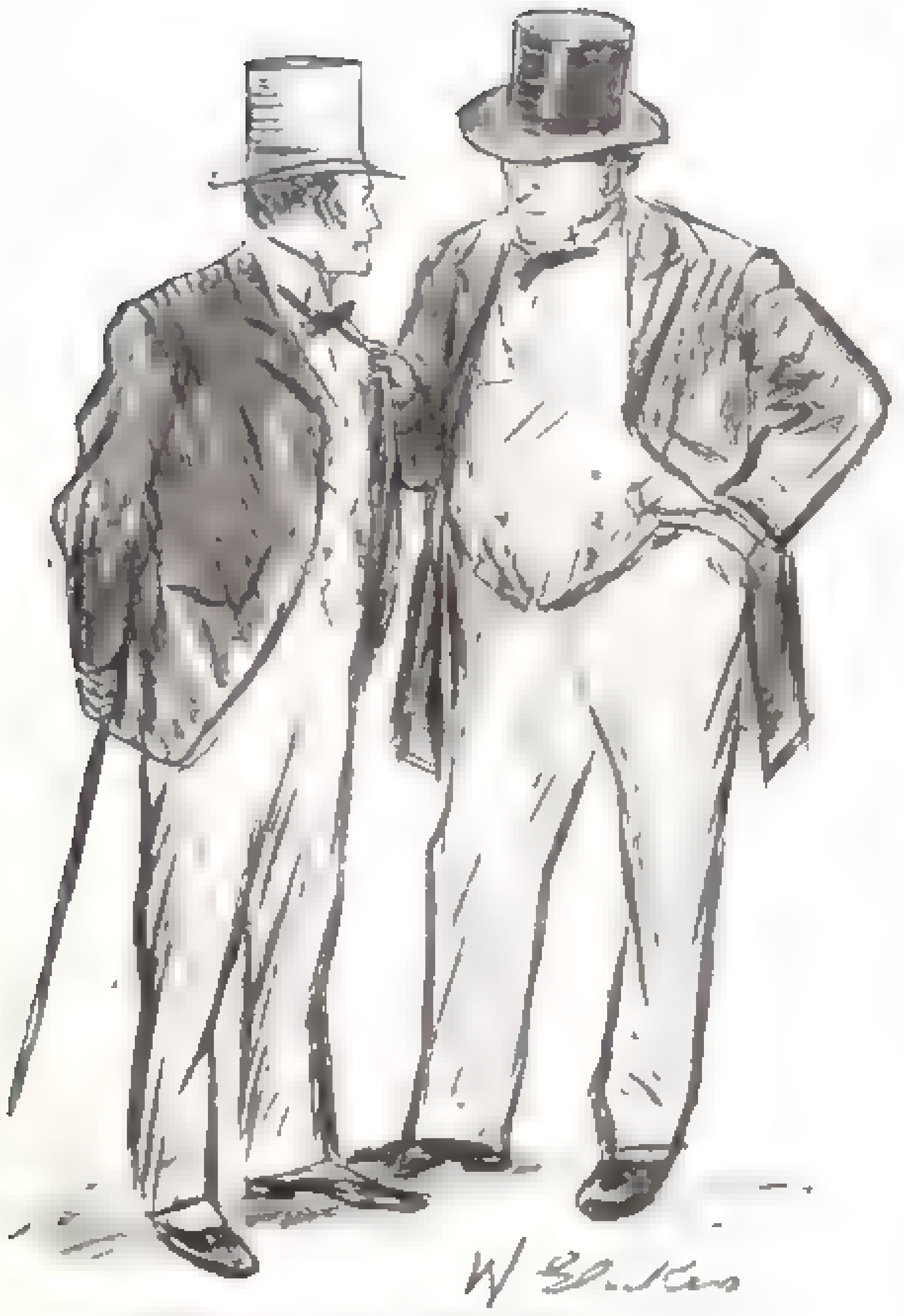


"WHEN YOU GET A WAD, BURY IT LIKE A DOG DOES A BONE"

CHAPTER XII

FOXY Billy Cassidy made but slow work of obtaining those papers asked for to overthrow our enemy the Chief. He copied reams on reams of contracts and vouchers and accounts, but those wholly to match the crushing purposes of Big Kennedy were not within his touch. The documents which would set the public in a blaze were held in a safe of which none save one most trusted by the Chief, and deep in both his plans and their perils, possessed the secret.

"That's how the game stands," explained Big Kennedy. "Foxy Billy's up ag'inst it. The cards we need are in th' safe an' Billy ain't got th' combination, d'ye see."

"Can anything be done with the one who has?" I asked.

"Nothin'," replied Big Kennedy. "No, there's no gettin' next to th' party with th' combination. Billy did try to pal in with this duck; an' say! he turned sore in a second."

"Then you've no hope?" I asked.

"Not exactly that," returned Big Kennedy, as though revolving some proposal in his mind. "I'll hit on a way. When it comes to a finish, I don't think there's a safe in New York I couldn't turn inside out. But I've got to have time to think."

There stood strong argument for exertion on Big Kennedy's part. Both of us were fighting literally for liberty and for life. Our sole hope of safety lay in the overthrow of the Chief; we must destroy or be destroyed. Big Kennedy was alive to the situation. He said as much when, following that verdict of "Not guilty!" I thanked him as one who had worked most for my defense.

"There's no thanks comin'," said Big Kennedy in his bluff way. "I had to break th' Chief of that judge-an'-jury habit at th' go-off. He'd have nailed me next."

Big Kennedy and I, so to phrase it, were as prisoners of politics. Our feud with the Chief, as the days went by, widened and deepened to open war. Its political effect was to confine us to our own territory, and we undertook no enterprise which ran beyond our proper boundaries. It was as though our ward were a walled town. Outside, all was peril; inside, we were secure. Against the Chief and the utmost of his power we could keep our realm, and did. His word lost force when once it crossed our frontiers, and his mandates fell to the ground.

Still, while I have described Big Kennedy and myself as in a kind of captivity, we lived sumptuously enough on our small domain. Big Kennedy turned to the farming of his narrow acres with an agriculture deeper than ever. No enterprise that either invaded or found root in our region was permitted to go free, but one and all paid tribute. From street railways to push-carts, from wholesale stores to hand-organs, they must meet our levy or see their interests pine. And thus we thrived.

However, for all the rich fatness of our fortunes, Big Kennedy's designs against the Chief never cooled. On our enemy's side we had daily proof that he, in his planning, was equally sleepless. If it had not been for that seat in the Board of Aldermen which I still retained, and our local rule of the police which was its fruit, the machine might have broken us down. As it was, we sustained ourselves and the sun shone for our ward haymaking, if good weather went with us no farther.

One afternoon, Big Kennedy suddenly struck the table with his open palm.

"I have it!" he cried. "I know the man who will show us every paper in that safe."

"Who is he?" said I.

"I'll bring him to you to-morrow night. He's got a country place up th' river an' never leaves it. He hasn't been out of th' house for almost five years, but I think I can get him to come." Big Kennedy grinned as though the situation concealed a jest. "But I can't stand here talkin'; I've got to scatter for th' Grand Central."

Who should this gifted individual be? Who was he who could come in from a country house which he had not quitted for five years and hand us those private papers now locked and fast asleep within the Comptroller's safe? The situation was turning mysterious and my patience would be on a stretch until the mystery was laid bare. The sure enthusiasm of Big Kennedy gave an impression of comfort. Big Kennedy was no harebrained optimist, nor one to count his chickens before they were hatched.

When Big Kennedy came into the sanctum on the following evening the grasp he gave me was the grasp of victory.

"It's all over but th' yellin'!" said he, "we've got those papers in a corner."

Big Kennedy presented me to a shy, retiring person who bore him company, and who took my hand reluctantly. He was not ill-looking, this stranger; but he had a furtive, roving eye, like the eye of a trapped animal. His skin, too, was of a yellow, pasty color like bad pie crust, and there abode a damp, chill atmosphere about him that smelled of caves and caverns. After I had greeted him he walked away in a manner strangely unsocial, and, finding a chair, sat himself down alone in a corner. He acted as might one detained against his will and who was not the master of himself. Also, there was something professional in it all, as though the purpose of his presence were one of business. I mentioned in a whisper the queer sallowness of the stranger.

"Sure!" said Big Kennedy. "It's th' prison pallor on him. I've got to let him lay dead for a week or ten days to give him time to cover it with a beard, as well as show a better haircut."

"Who is he?" I demanded, my amazement beginning to stir.

"He's a gopher," returned Big Kennedy, surveying the stranger with complacency. "Yes, indeed, he can go through a safe like a knife through butter."

"Is he a burglar?"

"Burglar, no!" said Big Kennedy disgustedly; "he's an artist. Any hodcarrier would go in with drills an' spreaders an' pullers an' wedges an' bust a box. But this party does it by ear; just sets down before a safe an' fumbles an' fools with it ten minutes an' swings her open. He knows th' insides of a safe like a doctor knows th' insides of a patient."

"Where was he?" I asked. "Where did you pick him up?" And here I took a second survey of the talented stranger, who dropped his eyes to the floor.

"The pen," said Big Kennedy. "The warden an' me are old side-partners an' I borrowed him. I knew where he was, d'ye see! He's doin' a stretch of five years for a drop trick he turned in an Albany bank. That's what comes of goin' outside your specialty; he'd ought to have stuck to safes."

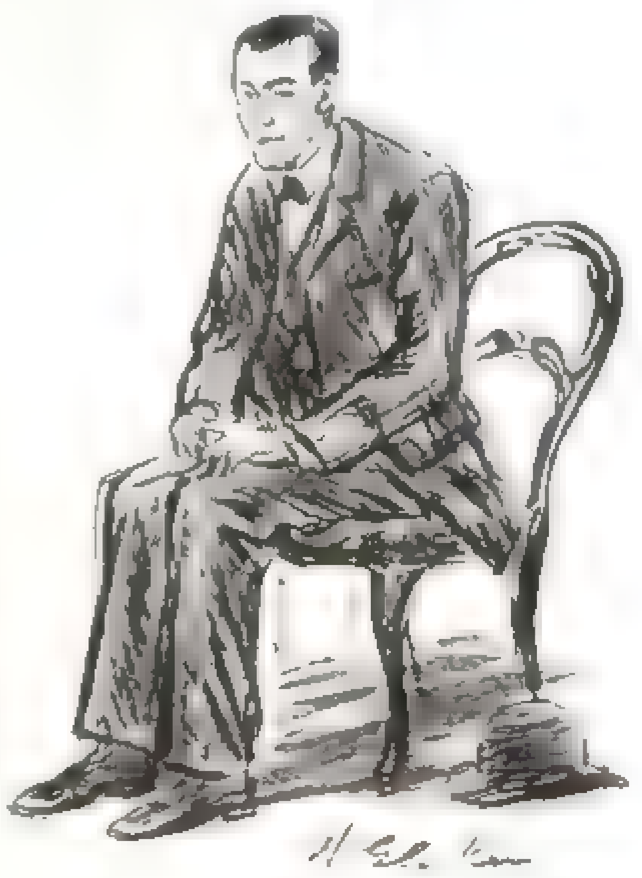
"Aren't you afraid he'll run?" I said. "You can't watch him night and day, and he'll give you the slip."

"No fear of his side-steppin'," replied Big Kennedy confidently. "He's only got six weeks more to go, an' it wouldn't pay to slip his collar for a little pinch of time like that. Besides, I've promised him five hundred dollars for this job, an' left it in th' right hands."

"What's his name?" I inquired.

"Darby the Goph."

Big Kennedy now unfolded his plan for making Darby the Goph useful in our destinies. Foxy Billy would allow himself to get behind in his labors over the city books. In a spasm of industry he would arrange with his superiors to work nights until he was again abreast of his duties. Foxy Billy night after night would thus be left alone in the Comptroller's office. The safe that baffled us for those priceless documents would be unguarded. Nothing would be thought by janitors and night watchmen of the presence of Darby the Goph. He would be with Foxy Billy in the rôle of a friend who meant no more than to kindly cheer his lonely labors. Darby the Goph would lounge and kill time while Foxy Billy toiled.



SAT HIMSELF DOWN ALONE IN A CORNER

"There's the scheme to put Darby inside," said Big Kennedy in conclusion. "Once they're alone he'll tear th' packin' out o' that safe. When Billy has copied the papers, th' game's as simple as suckin' eggs. We'll spring 'em an' make th' Chief look like a dress suit at a gasfitters' ball."

Big Kennedy's program was worked from beginning to end by Foxy Billy and Darby the Goph, and never jar nor jolt nor any least friction. It ran out as smoothly as two and two make four. In the end, Big Kennedy held in his fingers every evidence required to uproot the Chief. The ear and the hand of Darby the Goph had in no sort lost their cunning.

"An' now," said Big Kennedy, when dismissing Darby the Goph, "you go back where you belong and you'll get that bit of dough. I've sent also for a copper to put you on th' train. I don't want to take chances on you stayin' over a day. You might disgrace yourself with th' warden."

The police officer arrived, and Big Kennedy told him to see Darby the Goph aboard the train.

"Don't make no mistake," said Big Kennedy, by way of warning. "He must get back without fail to-night. Stay by th' train till it pulls out."

"How about th' bristles?" said the officer, pointing to the two weeks' growth of beard that stubbled the chin of the visitor. "Shall I have him scraped?"

"No, they'll fix his face up there," said Big Kennedy. "Th' warden don't care what he looks like, only so he gets his clamps on him ag'in."

"Here's th' documents," said Big Kennedy, when Darby the Goph and his escort had departed. "The question now is, how to give th' Chief th' gaff, an' gaff him deep an' good. He's th' party who was goin' to leave me on both sides of th' street." This last with an exultant sneer.

It was in my thoughts that the hand to hurl the thunderbolt we had been forging was that of the reputable old gentleman. The blow would fall more smitingly if dealt by him; his was a name superior for this duty to either Big Kennedy's or my own. With this argument Big Kennedy declared himself in full accord.

"It'll look more like th' real thing," said he, "to have th' kick come from th' outside. Besides, if I went to th' fore it might get in my way hereafter."

The reputable old gentleman moved with becoming conservatism, not to say dignity. He took the documents, furnished by the ingenuity of Darby the Goph and the oil-burning industry of Foxy Billy, and pored over them for a day. Then he sent for Big Kennedy and me.

"The evidence you furnish me," said he, "seems absolutely conclusive. It betrays a corruption not paralleled in modern times, with the head of the machine as the hub of the villainy. The town has been plundered of millions," concluded the reputable old gentleman with a fine oratorical flourish, "and it is my duty, as one of the people's representatives, to lay bare this crime in all its enormity."

"An' a taxpayer," added Big Kennedy with a wink.

"Sir, my duty as a representative," retorted the reputable old gentleman severely, "has precedence over my privileges as a taxpayer." Then, as though the question offered difficulties: "The first step should be the publication of these documents in a paper of repute."

The reputable old gentleman had grounds for hesitation. Our enemy, the Chief, was not without his allies among the dailies of that hour. The Chief was popular in certain hungry circles. He still held to those characteristics of a ready laughing, generous recklessness that marked him in a younger day when, as head of a fire company, with trousers tucked in boots, red shirt, fire helmet, and white coat thrown over arm he led the ropes and cheered his men. But what were excellent traits in a fireman became fatal under conditions where secrecy and a policy of no noise were required for his safety. He was headlong, careless; and, indifferent to discovery, since he believed himself secure, the trail of his wrongdoing was as widely obvious, not to say as unclean, as Broadway.

"Yes," said the reputable old gentleman, "the great thing is to pitch upon a proper paper."

"There's the Daily Tory?" suggested Big Kennedy.

"It's a very honest sheet," said the reputable old gentleman approvingly.

"Also," said Big Kennedy, "the Chief has just cut it out of th' city advertisin', d'ye see, an' it's as warm as a wolf."

For these double reasons of probity and wrath the Daily Tory was agreed to. The reputable old gentleman would put himself in touch with the Daily Tory without delay.

"Who is this Chief of Tammany?" asked the reputable old gentleman toward the close of the conference. "Personally, I know but little about him."

"He'd be all right," said Big Kennedy, "but he was spoiled in th' bringin' up. He was raised with th' fire companies, an' he made th' mistake of luggin' his speakin' trumpet into politics."

"But is he a deep, forceful man?"

"No," returned Big Kennedy with a contemptuous shake of the head. "If he was, you wouldn't have been elected to Congress. He makes a brash appearance, but there's nothin' behind. You open his front door an' you're in his back yard."

The reputable old gentleman was bowing us out of his library when Big Kennedy gave him a parting word.

"Now, remember: My name isn't to show at all."

"But the honor!" exclaimed the reputable old gentleman. "The honor of this mighty reform will be rightfully yours. You ought to have it."

"I'd rather have Tammany Hall," responded Big Kennedy with a laugh, "an' if I get to be too much of a reformer it might queer me. No, you go in an' do up th' Chief. When he's rubbed out I intend to be Chief in his place. I'd rather be Chief than have th' honor you talk of. There's more money in it."

"Do you prefer money to honor?" snorted the reputable old gentleman, somewhat scandalized.

"I'll take th' money for mine every time," responded Big Kennedy. "Honor ought to have a bank account. The man who hasn't anything but honor gets pitied when he doesn't get laughed at, an' for my part I'm out for th' dust."

Four days later the Daily Tory published the first of its articles; it fell upon our enemy with the force of a trip hammer. From that hour the assaults on the Chief gained neither let nor stay. The battle staggered on for months. The public, hating him for his insolence, joined in hunting him. One by one those papers so lately his adorers showed him their backs.

"Papers sail only with the wind," commented Big Kennedy sagely.

In the midst of the war Old Mike began to sicken for his end. He was dying of old age, and the stream of his life was sinking into his years like water into the sand. Big Kennedy gave up politics to sit by the bedside of the dying old man. One day Old Mike seemed greatly to revive.

"Jawn," he said, "you'll be Chief of Tammany. The Chief, now fightin' for his life, will lose. The mishtake he made was in robbin' honest people. Jawn, he should have robbed th' crim'nals an' th' lawbreakers. The rogues can't fight back an' th' honest people can. An' remember this: The public don't care for what it hears; only for what it sees. Never interfere with people's beer. Give 'em clean streets an' double th' number of lamp-posts — th' public's like a fly, it's crazy over lamps — an' have bands playin' in every par-rk. Then kape th' streets free of ba-ad people, tinhorn min an' such. You don't have to drive 'em out o' town, only off th' streets; th' public don't object to dirt, only it wants it kept in th' back alleys. Jawn, if you'll follow what I tell ye, you can do what else ye plaze. Th' public will go with ye loike a drunkard to th' openin' of a new s'loon."

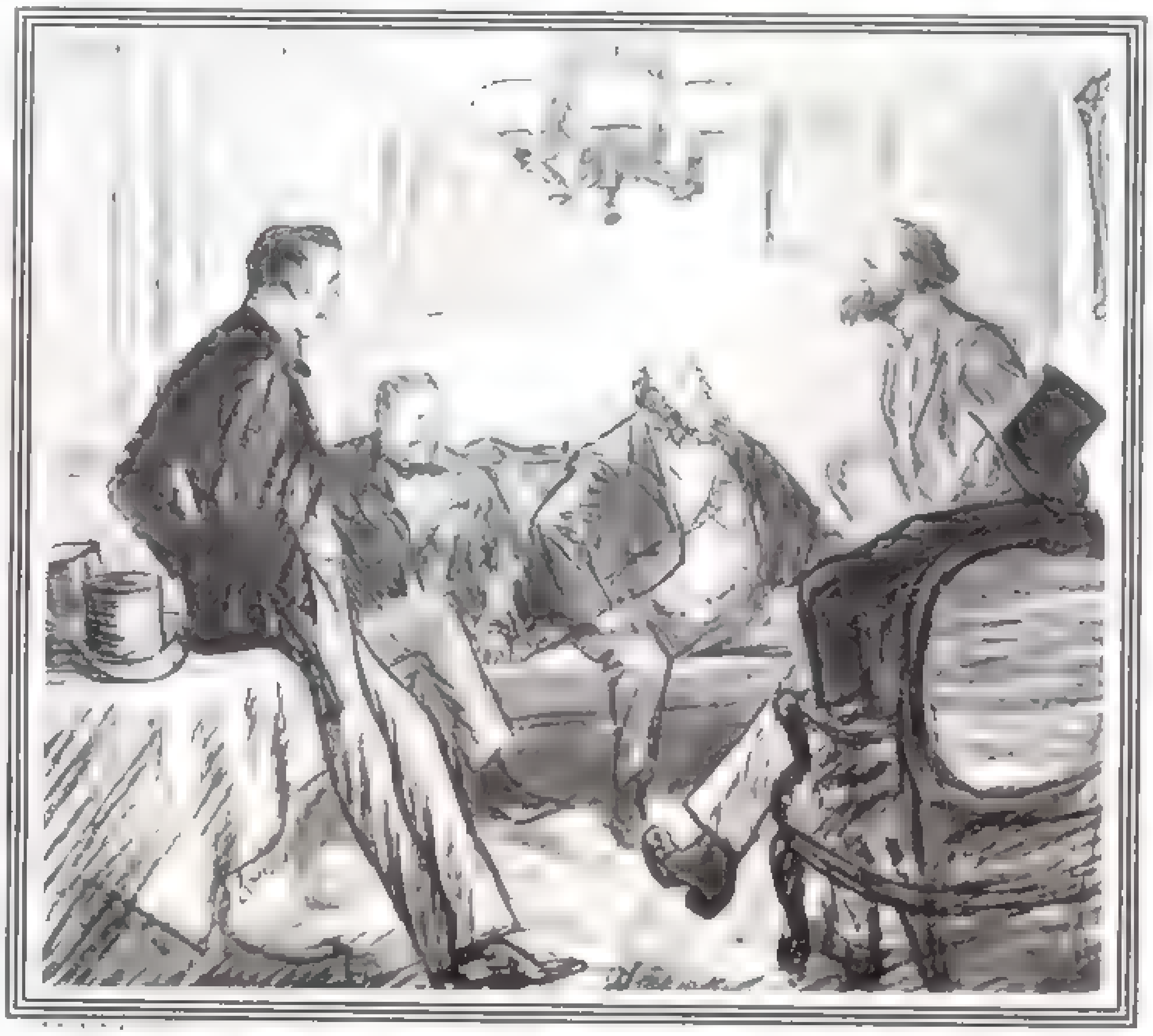
"What you must do, father," said Big Kennedy cheerfully, "is get well an' see that I run things straight."

"Jawn," returned Old Mike, smiling faintly, "this is Chewsday. By Saturday night I'll be dead an' under th' daisies."

Old Mike's funeral was a creeping, snail-like, reluctant thing of miles, with woe-breathing bands to mark the sorrowful march. Big Kennedy never forgot; and to the last of his power the question uppermost in his mind, though never in his mouth, was whether or no that one who sought his favor had followed Old Mike to the grave. The day of Old Mike's funeral saw, also, the destruction of our enemy. He fell with the crash of a tree. He fled, a hunted thing, and then was brought back to perish in a prison. And so came the end of him by the wit of Big Kennedy and the furtive, sleighty genius of Darby the Goph.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN the old Chief was gone, Big Kennedy succeeded to his place as the ruling spirit of the organization. For myself, I moved upward to become a figure of power only a



"WHY DON'T YOU COME SQUARELY OUT LIKE A MAN?"

what less imposing, for I stepped forth as leader of the ward while in the general councils of Tammany I was recognized as Big Kennedy's adviser and lieutenant.

To the outside eye, unskilled of politics in practice, everything of Tammany sort would have seemed in desperate plight. The efforts required for the overthrow of the old Chief and Big Kennedy's bolt in favor of the forces of reform — ever the blood enemy of Tammany — had torn the organization to fragments. A firstfruit of this dismemberment was the formation of a rival organization meant to dominate the local democracy. This rival coterie was not without its reasons of strength, since it was upheld as much as might be by the State machine. The situation was one which for a space would compel Big Kennedy to tolerate the company of his reform friends and affect, even though he privately opposed them, some appearance of sympathy with their plans for the purification of the town.

"But," observed Big Kennedy, when we considered the business between ourselves, "I think I can set these guys by th' ears. There ain't many men in New York who, directly, or 'round th' corner, ain't makin' money through a broken law an' these mugwumps ain't any exception. I've invited three of 'em to see me, an' I'll make a side bet they get tired before I do."

In deference to the invitation of Big Kennedy there came to call upon him a trio of civic excellence, each a personage of place. Leading the three was our long-time friend, the reputable old gentleman. Of the others, one was a man whose many millions were invested in real estate, the rentals whereof ran into the hundreds of thousands, while the other throve as a wholesale grocer, a feature of whose business was a rich trade in strong drink. Big Kennedy met the triumvirate with brows of sanctimony and was a moral match for the purest.

When mutual congratulations over virtue's late successes at the ballot-box and the consequent dawn of whiter days for the town were ended, Big Kennedy, whose statecraft was of the blunt, positive kind, brought to the discussional centre the purpose of the meeting.

"We're not only goin' to clean up th' town, gents," said Big Kennedy unctuously, "but Tammany Hall as well. There's to be no more corruption; no more blackmail; every man an' every act must show as clean as a dog's tooth. I s'pose now, since we've got th' mayor, th' alderman an' the police, our first duty is to jump in an' straighten up th' village?" Here Big Kennedy scanned the others with a virtuous eye.

"Precisely," observed the reputable old gentleman. "And since the most glaring evils ought to claim our earliest attention, we should compel the police without delay to go about the elimination of the disorderly elements — the gambling dens and other vice sinks. What do you say, Austin?" and the reputable old gentleman turned with a quick air to him of the giant rent rolls.

"Now, on those points," responded the man of real estate, dubiously, "I should say that we ought to proceed slowly. You can't rid the community of vice; history shows it to be impossible. There exist, however, evils not morally bad, perhaps, that after all, are violations of law and get much more in the way of citizens than gambling or any of its sister iniquities." Then, wheeling spitefully on the reputable old gentleman: "There's the sidewalk and street ordinances. You know the European Express Company, Morton? I understand you are the heaviest stockholder in it. I went by that corner the other day, and I couldn't get through for the jam of horses and trucks that choked the street. There they stood, sixty horses, thirty trucks, and the side street fairly impassable. I scratched one side of my brougham to the point of ruin — scratched off my coat-of-arms, in fact, on the pole of one of the trucks. I think to enforce the law meant to keep the street free of obstructions is quite as important as driving out gamblers who, after all, get in nobody's way, who, if one would find them one must hunt for them."

The great real-estate owner was red in the face when he had finished this harangue. He wiped his brow and looked resentfully at the reputable old gentleman. That latter purist was now in a state of mighty personal heat.

"Those sixty express horses were being fed, sir," said he. "The barn is more than a mile distant; there's no time to go there and back during the [illegible] hour. You can't have the barn [illegible] Broadway, you know. That would [illegible] against the law, even if the value of Broadway property didn't put it out of reach."

"Still it's against the law to obstruct the streets with those trucks and teams," declared the real estate gentleman savagely, "just as much as it's against the law to gamble. And they are more of a public nuisance."

"I suppose," responded the reputable old gentleman, "if my express horses paid somebody a double rent, paid it to you, Austin, for instance, they wouldn't be found so much in the way." Then, as one exasperated to frankness: "Why don't you come squarely out like a man and say that to drive the disorderly characters from the town would drive a cipher or two off your rents?"

"If I or any other real-estate owner," responded the baited one indignantly, "should rent certain tenements, not otherwise to be let, to disorderly characters, whose fault is it? I can't control the town for either its morals or its business. The town grows up about my property and conditions are made to occur that practically condemn it. Good people won't live there and the property is unfit for stores or warehouses. What is an owner to do? The neighborhood becomes such that the best people won't make it a spot of residence. It's either no rent or a tenant who lives somewhat in the shade. Real estate owners, I suppose, are to be left with millions of unrentable property on their hands, but you, on your side, are not to lose half an hour in taking your horses to a place where they may lawfully be fed? What do you say, Snaffles?" and the outraged real-estate prince turned to the wholesale grocer as one who seeks an ally.

"I'm inclined, friend Austin," returned the wholesale grocer suavely, "I'm inclined to think, with you, that it will be difficult to deal with the town as though it were a camp meeting. Puritanism is offensive to the urban taste." Here the wholesale grocer cleared his throat impressively.

"And so," cried the reputable old gentleman, "you call the suppression of vice Puritanism? Snaffles, I'm surprised!"

The wholesale grocer looked nettled, but held his peace. There came a moment of silence. Big Kennedy, who had listened without interference, maintaining the while an inflexible morality, took advantage of the pause.

"One thing," said he, "about which I think you will all agree, is that every gin-mill open after hours or on Sunday

(Continued on Page 22)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Prophecy is safe business provided you don't invest in it

¶ Automobilists go in pairs. Automobiles go in for repairs.

¶ Few men are as lucky as they seem, or as unlucky as they think they are

¶ The friend in need sometimes ceases to be a friend when he tells his need

¶ Big fish swallow little fish—but they don't call it benevolent assimilation.

¶ Truth and politics do not often sleep in the same bed because politics wants all the covering

¶ Undoubtedly the rich have their troubles, but the poor have both their troubles and their poverty

¶ A lawyer will secure a fee of $50,000 for telling how to evade laws made by legislators who were paid $600 a year

¶ On the honeymoon there is a fine disregard of price and the number of dishes, but afterward one order is served for two.

¶ German papers call the American wife of the German statesman a new form of the American peril. Of course they mean pearl

¶ The ridicule the air-ship man meets is the same kind of ridicule that hooted at Fulton, Stephenson, Morse, Bell and Marconi

¶ Some men get so far away from the romance of youth that when they revisit the old swimming-hole they want to turn on the warm-water faucet

Smashing World's Records

IN A YEAR of extraordinary interest nothing has better shown the spirit of progress than the feats of speed.

Jules Verne taxed credulity when he took his hero around the earth in eighty days. Henry Frederick, of New York, recently completed the circle of the globe in fifty-four days, seven hours and twenty minutes, beating by two hours an Oregon journalist who declared that he would have made the trip in six days less if he had not missed an important connection in the far East. So, practically, we are nearing a fifty-day record for a trip around the mundane circumference.

For generations there have been dreams of a horse that would trot a mile in two minutes. Every second toward that goal has become more or less of a national event and the animal which reduced the record has enjoyed a fame which a statesman might envy. This year the long expected really happened when Lou Dillon trotted a mile in two minutes flat—Lou Dillon, a horse which a few years ago could not find a sale at $150, but whose owner now scorns an offer of $50,000. Truly, from the humble the heroes come!

Germany has snatched the Atlantic record from Great Britain and there is new life and excitement in British shipyards. Our own Kearsarge by a splendid dash across the Atlantic made the best performance in the history of battleships. The automobile has beaten a mile a minute and is now striving for a hundred miles per hour. Everywhere and among all classes the effort is for speed, speed, speed—and yet more speed

We find in the recent yacht races a remarkably pertinent illustration of the use of science and skill in the utilization of every fact and circumstance that will secure greater velocity. In seventeen years of yacht racing the cup boat has been decreased twenty-five per cent, while at the same time her sail-carrying ability has been increased seventy-five per cent. This was the most extraordinary fact about the wonderful Reliance, and the effect of it was seen in the almost incredible performance of a boat sailing in a ten-mile breeze and making practically ten miles an hour; in other words, actually going as fast as the wind itself.

It is an old story about splitting the hours into minutes. We are splitting the minutes into seconds. And the fractions of seconds already familiar in the records of speed have passed from halves and quarters to eighths and tenths, and nobody knows where it will all end.

The City Beautiful

IN CARRYING out those extensive plans for making the city of Washington one of the wonders of the world, the initial error in the rejuvenating of the White House should not be persisted in and expanded, but carefully avoided

The worthy rejuvenators forgot that they were working upon the public house of the democratic republic and turned to imperial palaces for their models. The result is ludicrous, whatever small minor merit there may be to the work. Of course it is not easy to carry the democratic idea into architecture and furnishing. It requires originality. It forbids cribbing from the most accessible sources of architectural ideas. But the thing can be done. And until the man or men can be found who can make Washington look like the splendid Capital of a democracy and not like an imitation of an emperor's seat, there should be mighty little money spent by the Congress in expanding Washington. There is no way of preventing plutocrats from putting up their amusing imitations of ducal and princely residences in Europe. But the Administration need not try to make the country ridiculous

Good Jobs for Good Men

THERE will be one bill in the new Congress which ought to enlist the active support of every one and which would undoubtedly meet with no opposition whatever were it not for politicians seeking jobs and Congressmen guarding berths for their supporters.

For many years our consular service has been a most unhappy reflection upon the common-sense of republican institutions. For no reason in the world, except political service or relationship to a Congressman, men have been appointed to foreign positions for which they have no qualifications whatever. They knew nothing of the trade, habits or language of the people to whom they were sent as the commercial representatives of this country. American travelers have time and again reported their indignation and shame over some of the consular representatives whom they met. There are, of course, a number of exceptions, but they proved the rule that has caused many smiles and much contempt at the expense of the United States.

Thousands of columns have been written, hundreds of resolutions have been adopted, scores of speeches have been made, but thus far the politicians have won.

Recently, however, the matter has gotten into stronger hands. The National Business League, which is entirely non-partisan in its character and which numbers the best business men of the country in its membership, is back of what is known as the Lodge bill, which was reported favorably to the Senate in the last Congress and which will be promptly reintroduced in the Fifty-eighth Congress.

There is every reason to believe that it will pass and if it becomes a law we shall at last have the reorganization of the consular service with fixed salaries instead of fees and with the merit system in full force, thus removing the consular bureau entirely beyond political influence. We are permitted to quote the following from a letter written by Mr Austin A. Burnham, of Chicago, the general secretary of the National Business League: "Under the provisions of this bill, an appointee must have a general knowledge of the trade conditions, resources and requirements of this country, as well as the country to which he is accredited; also must speak either the French, German or Spanish language, as well as the English language, fluently, and in every other way be qualified to serve and promote the manufacturing and commercial interests of the United States

In addition to giving the United States a finer representation in every part of the world this reform will open up a desirable career for educated young men. To belong to the consular service under the new conditions will be high honor, and the opportunity for promotion will make the rewards of merit substantial and sure

Let Us Dangle the Cup

IN THE matter of the America's Cup, America should now be both graceful and magnanimous. We should, for one race, be willing to send a yacht across the ocean to defend the Cup upon the other side. In no other way can interest in it be kept up. And to keep up interest is much to be desired, for the sake of the sport itself and for the sake of increased international cordiality

By the letter of the agreement we are priv'leged to hold the Cup here indefinitely—that is, until the British shall send a yacht that can capture it But the possibility of the British ever doing so grows more and more remote. Plucky Sir Thomas has tried three times, and thrice have his colors gone down in defeat. The case has now reached a stage at which the British, disheartened by the difficulties and expense of supporting a challenge, will probably make no new efforts.

But should we send a yacht across the Atlantic the enthusiasm upon both sides would be unprecedented. With the prize dangled temptingly in front of them, the British would put forth mighty efforts.

There are two objections to this course, and two only. One is, that the agreement specifies that the challenging yacht must be the one to cross the ocean; the other, that we should run some risk of losing the trophy.

As to the first objection, it need only be said that where both parties to an agreement have the will, there is sure to be a way. The racing agreement is not as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Indeed, radical changes were made some sixteen years ago.

As to the second point: surely the fear that we may lose shall not be allowed to operate! America would far rather lose than hold the Cup through insistence upon a technical right. If the British can really win it back, if raced for around the Isle of Wight, let them have it for a while!

The challenger has each time been at a disadvantage. The British yachts have had to be such as could cross the ocean, and their navigators have had to sail them under unfamiliar conditions. Let us for once assume the disadvantage.

We do not urge this merely from courtesy, or merely as a graceful thing to do. We urge it on behalf of the continuance of a noble sport. It is better to race and lose, than never more to race internationally at all. Fox used to say of his favorite game, that the joy, next to winning, was losing. So it is with yachting—until half a century of defeat rather dulls the edge of a joy

To reawaken the enthusiasm of the past, let us express to the British our readiness to waive our right. They will undoubtedly accept the concession with gladness. There will then be an outpouring of social and national amenities for the next race. And a noble sport will be revivified

The Traitor to Himself

BENEDICT ARNOLD was undoubtedly hardly used by his country before he betrayed it. But does that make him any the less a traitor?

In like manner, many men—statesmen, writers, philanthropists, benevolent-minded employers of labor—have been hardly used by those they sought to serve. But if ingratitude or failure to be appreciated turns them from the right course, what must we call them?

A man must do right because the nobility of his nature or of his ideals or of both compels him to do so. If he ceases from any such reason as lack of expected reward, he thereby proves that he was a shallow fellow, undeserving, and that he is the basest of all traitors—the traitor who betrays and slays his better self

The Times Not Out of Joint

IF AMERICAN history were truthfully written and conscientiously taught, we should hear less ignorant lamenting over the degeneracy of the present and the dreadful outlook for the future. The melancholy but cheering truth is that our ancestors, with all their good points, had many failings. Lynching, tar and feathering, disheartening miscarriages of justice, unworthy public conduct of all kinds, were painfully near to characteristic of us in all our past.

The journey to the lofty goal of self-government and profound reverence for one's neighbor's rights is long and steep and full of dips and twists. But we are headed in the right direction, and, eighty millions strong, we march more rapidly than we did when we were but two or three million "revolutionary heroes."

A Millionaire Mechanic

BY PAUL LATZKE

ON THE brow of the high ridge that overlooks Homestead, Pennsylvania, where the largest of the Carnegie mills are located stands a big yellow brick house known officially as the "General Superintendent's." It lies close neighbor to the Carnegie Institute and in coloring and general effect matches the larger building. Together they make an imposing architectural picture. From the trolley cars that wind in and out across the hills on the other side of the Monongahela toward Pittsburg, and from the railroads on either side of the river, these two buildings may be seen for miles sharp and clear against the brown background

It is a fine house, the "General Superintendent's," inside as well as out. A flight of steps leads to a sweeping piazza that shades an imposing doorway and great bay windows on either side. The entrance is into an enormous square hall that occupies fully one-half of the floor area. This hall is furnished as a reception-room, and has a wealth of big settles, easy chairs and other things that invite to rest and comfort. The floor is covered with rich rugs and in the centre is a huge library table with books and magazines. At one side is a fireplace big enough almost to roast an ox

Here there was grouped on a raw, blustery May night a small company of people, guests of the General Superintendent. They had enjoyed a comfortable family dinner, and were now resting and smoking and talking idly in the glow of the roaring blaze that danced up the chimney-place. By and by the conversation lagged and the General Superintendent moved over toward one of the big windows that look down upon the Homestead Works. In the light that came out of the fireplace his figure was clearly lined. Rather undersized but perfectly developed; stocky, broad-shouldered, a round, firm head, stocky waist, and legs made to stand on with firmness Not a pretty figure by any manner of means, but one made for working purposes and developed by work The face was turned away from the guests There was absolute silence in the room. By and by one of the company moved to the side of the host, who was drawing deeply on a cigar and gazing big-eyed on the picture that lay down in the valley

"A fine sight, Alva," remarked the visitor, who was a relative

"The most inspiring in the world," was the answer in a low voice. Then the cigar came out of the General Superintendent's mouth, and using it as a pointer he went on "Could anything as magnificent be presented on any stage on earth? Look at it"

Homestead by Night

IT JUSTIFIED enthusiasm. The Homestead Works, seen as they were that night, active from end to end, make a night picture that is unrivaled. For a mile and a quarter they stretch along the Monongahela, building piled on building, all vomiting fire and smoke and showing great burning spots of white and red heat where thousands of tons of glowing metal are being chewed and eaten by roaring, untiring machines. One could trace the course of the great slabs and ingots distinctly. Into the rolls here, out at the other end and in again, passing back and forth with the most mathematical precision, and with a thunder that reverberated even here, half a mile from the scene The black figures of the attendants were silhouetted clear and clean cut as though they were only in the next room. Everywhere tiny locomotives were darting through the yards and buildings carrying in their train a score or more of flaming metal masses. These were the steel ingots, fresh out of the molds and hurrying across the yards that they might be led to the heating pits and later to the rolls without once cooling down Now and again there came out of the picture a flash and a roar as of a hundred cannon, and a shower of sparks that rose almost to the heavens. Freight trains whistled and bumped and rumbled along at both ends of the huge works on the one side bringing in the raw material, on the other carrying away the finished products for the markets of the world

"I'd sooner be here in charge of that work than hold any other position in the world." The General Superintendent and his guest had been standing silently for some time watching this picture, when the former suddenly broke in with this remark

"Any position?" echoed the guest with a smile at the other's enthusiasm

"Yes, sir, any position Do you know what it means to be in touch with this great producing machine? to control the wheels and the levers, and to feel that it is yours to say that they shall move and turn? At that end we receive constantly day and night a steady stream of crude raw material useless in its present state to any man We pass it through the works and it comes out here at the other end to make the ships of the nation, and its railroads, its bridges and its viaducts; its hives of commerce and its palaces; to enter into its most intimate concerns. Every day we send out of those yards two hundred cars of finished material, five train loads and the process is continuous. Isn't that enough to make a man feel that he is of some account in the world when he has to do with it all?"

I had entered the room a few minutes before having come to see the General Superintendent in connection with an article on the industrial situation at Homestead. As he went on, his tone tense with feeling, and oblivious evidently to those about him, I came to an understanding of a question that had puzzled me a long time back. I had seen this man originally fifteen months before in the offices of the Carnegie Steel Company, at Pittsburg. I had seen him put through a process in a few moments that shunted him from the path of the ordinary worker into the broad road of the millionaire It was just before the organization of the United States Steel Corporation In a measure his was one of the pivotal figures around which the coming of this huge billion-dollar concern revolved, though the world knew nothing of him at that time

The Man with the Blue-Prints

THE National Tube Company, and some of the other big concerns controlled by J. Pierpont Morgan, had announced some time before that they were going to manufacture raw steel on their own account, instead of drawing their supply as heretofore, from the Carnegie Company. This had led to a sharp movement of retaliation The Carnegie Company, through its President, Charles M Schwab, announced that if the National Tube Company and its allied concerns would no longer consume the raw steel produced by the Carnegie plants, then the Carnegie Company would consume the steel on its own account by going into the manufacture of tubes A huge tract of ground was purchased at Conneaut, Ohio, and plans were drawn for the erection there of the largest tube works on earth. The enterprise involved ten million dollars at the outset, but it was gone at as simply and directly and expeditiously as though it involved merely the erection of an ordinary office building. The preliminaries were put in charge of "one of the assistants at Homestead," it was announced. On the very day I was in the Pittsburg offices of the Carnegie Company, in February, 1901, it happened that this "assistant," having given so good an account of himself in the preliminary work, was formally put in absolute control of the entire enterprise, and admitted as a partner to the Carnegie firm.

It had been my privilege to congratulate him shortly afterward

This was the man whom I met now as General Superintendent of Homestead, master of the greatest steel plant in the world. When I had been introduced to him in the Pittsburg offices the previous year he was in his working garb, with his plans and blue prints under his arm, ready to submit them to President Schwab. His appearance was so little impressive that I had tried in vain to account for the forces that had led to his appointment to this enormous responsibility. The key came this night in the General Superintendent's house, when I got my first insight into the man's enthusiasm and power of imagination. For these are the qualities that make men great in the industrial world. Without them the workers stand still. With them they forge ahead and become masters. It happened that the Conneaut enterprise never came to a head. Mr Morgan and his associates, brought face to face with threatened competition, smoothed the way by the consolidation that resulted in the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Schwab some time before had pointed out the good results that could be brought about by consolidation, and when this Conneaut proposition loomed on the horizon in practical shape the Wall Street financiers hurried along the other tack. Thus this workman was deprived of his great opportunity for the time being. But it was only for the time being. Mr. Schwab moved to New York as President of the billion-dollar combination; Mr. Corey, then the General Superintendent at Homestead, was moved along to Pittsburg as President of the Carnegie Steel Company, and the workman, Alva C. Dinkey, whom I had seen with his plans and blue prints, was put at the head of the Homestead Works, and moved from his modest dwelling to the great house of the "General Superintendent." The reason for this lay in the things that he had done

The Young Telegrapher

HE STARTED very humbly. In his sixteenth year he finished his education in the public schools of Braddock, Pennsylvania. Here are the Edgar Thompson rail mills founded by the Carnegie Company and built up by Captain Jones, famous in the steel industry as one of its greatest men. In the town of Braddock in those days Captain Jones was the king The whole place was dependent upon him, practically, for existence, as the industry of which he was the head furnished about the only medium of employment for the inhabitants that made up the town of Braddock. Young Dinkey naturally looked to the mills as the future place for employment, but just before he finished school his attention became diverted to other channels. The science of telegraphy enjoyed at that time a phenomenal boom. Telegraphers were in great demand at large salaries, and the newspapers were full of stories concerning young men who had gone into the business and succeeded on a large scale. The result was that thousands flocked to the various schools that were opened to teach telegraphy and the operators in country towns were besieged by applicants who desired to enroll themselves as volunteer apprentices. The boy Dinkey caught the fever and in the spring of 1882 induced the operator at the Baltimore and Ohio depot in Braddock to give him a chance He developed a natural aptitude for the business, so much so that when school was dismissed for the summer vacation he was taken on at the depot, without pay, but with the promise of substitution in case an opening offered. Not long afterward it happened that Captain Jones was in need of another telegraph operator at the rail mills. He sent over to the first available place, which happened to be the Baltimore and Ohio depot, and they sent the only hand they could spare, young Dinkey. Despite his inexperience, the boy served so well that his prospect for advancement and good pay seemed excellent. But he had other plans for himself. He had determined to become a machinist. He continued with Captain Jones through the winter, but when spring came he gave notice that he was going to quit and asked the Captain for a letter to the Pittsburg Locomotive Works, where he desired to enroll himself as an apprentice in the machine shops. The Captain, who needed a telegraph

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operator much worse than the locomotive works needed an apprentice, was anything but pleased with the young man's determination and refused point blank to give him the letter.

"I guess," he said, "you can rustle for yourself. If you want to get there as badly as all that and won't need a recommendation from me."

Dinkey was disappointed but undaunted. He presented himself next day at Pittsburg and during the week was put on as apprentice. He remained there for three years until he was twenty. He was doing the work of a journeyman machinist and doing it better than ninety-nine out of a hundred. But at the end of three years he was still getting apprentice pay, a dollar and a half a day. The journeyman made from three and a half to four and a half. Dinkey pointed out several times to the foreman that since he was doing as much and as valuable work as any man in the shop he ought to get a man's pay. The foreman told him the rules of the institution forbade anything of the kind. They required that an apprentice must work four years before he was entitled to journeyman pay. After listening to this excuse a dozen times or more Dinkey finally gave notice that he was going to quit. Thereupon the foreman used language.

Dinkey simply packed up his few tools, rolled up his working clothes and quit his job, serene in the belief that he could find another outside that would pay him better. Nor was he long out of work.

A Talent for Electricity

A firm of Pittsburg electricians were perfecting a motor and needed an expert machinist. One of them had been a telegrapher and Dinkey's telegraphic affiliation, which had never been quite lost, led him across the electricians' path. They came to an understanding and for two years Dinkey worked for the firm as an expert machinist at expert pay. Here he developed the talent that subsequently led to his great rise. He took to electrical machinery like a duck to water, and by the time the motor was perfected there was no phase of this branch of the trade of which he was not complete master. About that time L. C. Potter, then the General Superintendent of the Homestead Works, determined that matters would move more smoothly if the confidential clerk in his office were a man skilled in mechanics. Questions were coming up constantly that required expert figuring and expert knowledge which was ordinarily beyond the powers of the average lay clerk. In looking around he fixed upon young Dinkey. The latter was at first disinclined to take up this line of work. His whole heart was set on mechanics, and he saw a much brighter future through the shop than through the counting room. But Mr. Potter convinced him that if he showed the aptitude that they all expected, his advancement would probably be more rapid by way of the office than it would be in any other way. Dinkey yielded to this reasoning and went to work. For two years he stuck steadily to his desk. Then there came a transition period in the development of steel-working machinery that landed him back in the works. It was the beginning of that era which subsequently made the Homestead Works and the other Carnegie plants the greatest institutions of their kind on earth. Through the genius of Dinkey there were developed all manner of electrical appliances by means of which it was possible for one or two men to handle masses of metal which formerly required from eight to a dozen, and to do it in much less time. An electrical department was formally created and Dinkey was installed as its head, or foreman. Any one who has watched the processes employed at Homestead for handling metal in the red-hot state through the rolls, who has seen the huge electric cranes there lift thirty and forty tons of red-hot steel as easily as a man would lift a feather duster, who has seen the traveling arms that feed the furnaces and pits, and the hundred and one other devices that move in and out like lightning, simply by the twist of a lever or the pressing of a button, and who has seen this same work performed in other mills by the old fashioned method, can appreciate what the advent of the foreman of the electrical department meant. When Dinkey took hold the only thing electrical in and about the works were the telephones and a few arc lights. He had to build and devise and adapt everything. It was not long, naturally, before the electrical department was the most important at the works. Unfortunately, just as this

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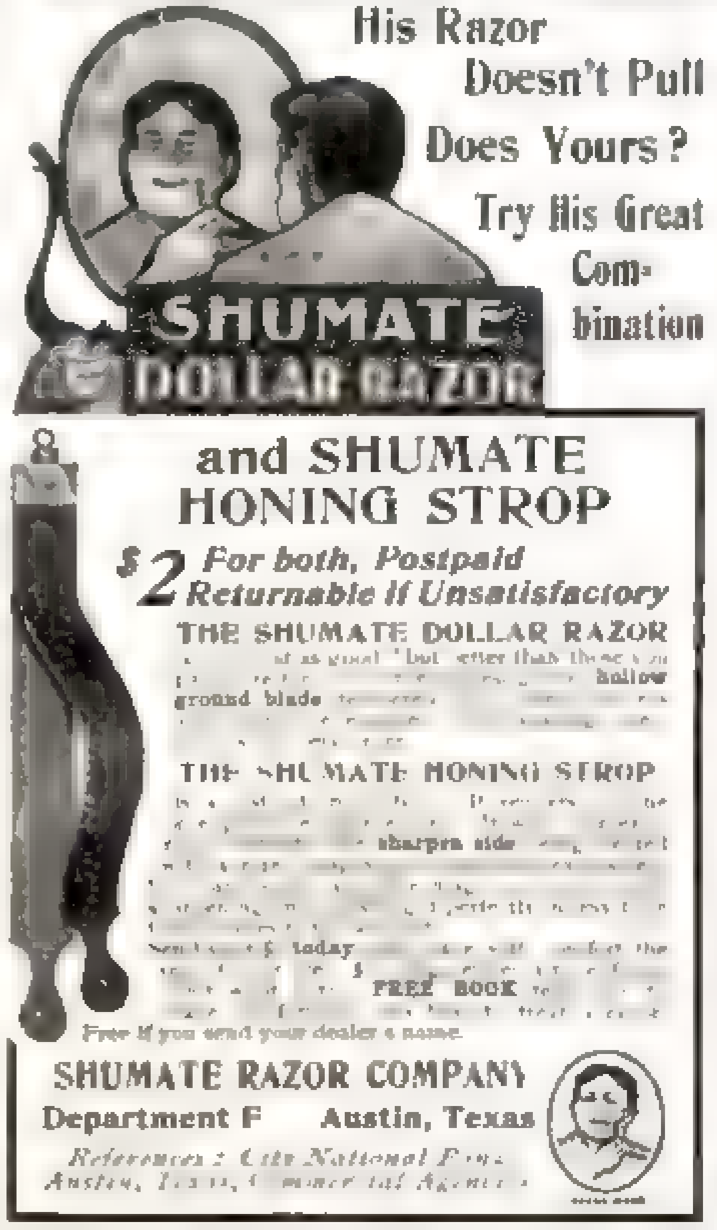

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was being recognized there came an incident that temporarily blocked the young electrician's rapid upward course. The great Homestead strike caused the removal, as is well known, of Mr. Potter, and the appointment of Charles M. Schwab as General Superintendent. It happened that Mr. Schwab and Mr. Dinkey were brothers-in-law, Mr. Schwab having married Mr. Dinkey's sister.

In most corporations such a relationship would have been beneficial. In the Carnegie Company it was the reverse.

There were so many partners directly connected with the administration of the works that anything savoring of nepotism was very much frowned down on. Mr. Schwab himself had most stringent ideas on the subject and the other partners one and all kept a most eager lookout. This made it exceedingly difficult, if not practically impossible, for a relative of one of the partners to find employment in the works. And if perchance, as in Dinkey's case, such a relative did find employment through independent channels, his position was a very trying and uncomfortable one if he fell under the direct supervision of his relation. It was this condition that had induced C. M. Schwab's younger brother, Joseph E., to leave the employ of the Carnegie Company some years before. He had gone to a rival company, and it was not until he had made such a phenomenal record with this company as manager that he returned to the Carnegie concern at the unanimous invitation of all the partners. It may be imagined therefore that Mr. Schwab's coming as head of the Homestead Works made Mr. Dinkey's position decidedly uncomfortable. But he solved the problem by attending strictly to his own business, working harder than he had ever worked before, which is saying a good deal, and keeping away from headquarters as much as possible. Of course there were numerous questions that he and the General Superintendent had of necessity to consult on, but these consultations were always strictly formal and limited in time as closely as was consistent with their importance. In this way Dinkey got along where some other men less gifted with silence and dogged perseverance might have failed. But there was a halt to his forward course. While the value of his great services was appreciated, he was not moved along until another change occurred.

Mr. Schwab and His Successor

Mr. Schwab had made such a complete success of the settling of the strike and the reorganization of the Homestead Works, which had been fearfully demoralized by the labor troubles, that he was elected President of the Carnegie Company upon the resignation of H. C. Frick. W. E. Corey, Mr. Schwab's successor as General Superintendent at Homestead, and he later selected Mr. Dinkey as his chief aid. They had gone up together in the works, though Mr. Corey had entered them some years before Mr. Dinkey. Now that Mr. Dinkey has succeeded Mr. Corey at Pittsburg it is prophesied by some of the newspapers that in due course he will probably follow as head of the billion-dollar company in New York. This is a most likely prophecy. The burden that is carried by the President of the United States Steel Corporation is a fearful one. Such a position, even with the highest organization and the greatest talent in the land, must wear on any man's nerves at a rate unknown in any other position on earth. It broke Mr. Schwab down in less than two years, though of course there fell on his shoulders the entire burden of organizing this colossal undertaking as well as its administration. But even now that it is organized and working smoothly in all its branches, thanks to the executive genius of its creator, and notwithstanding the fact that some of the onerous duties that Mr. Schwab had to carry have been lifted from his successor, there still remains a tremendous volume of work and such a burden of responsibility that even so robust a man as Mr. Corey will probably be very glad to get from under in a few years. Then, if precedent is followed, and the prophets are correct, the man whom I first saw a few years ago with his shabby old overcoat and his weather-beaten hat, with dust-stained shoes and baggy trousers hugging the Conneaut blueprints to his bosom, will be at the head of the greatest business institution in all the world. And those who know him, who have watched his career and have seen what he has done, all feel that the affairs of this institution, vast as they are, will be in very safe hands.

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This is not a difficult thing for us to do, much easier than when we first changed our method. Now being established with thousands of customers, we know that we can increase our [illegible] these [illegible] advertising is evidence [illegible] of good faith.

We could not continue the expense of advertising unless we received permanent results, as naturally this expense, together with the expense of small packages and shipping, constitutes about double what we receive for any ordinary [illegible] order. We save you time and trouble, we guarantee to you absolute and complete uniformity and

A Saving of 50% of Ordinary Retail Prices

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A trial, if it does not suit you, costs you nothing. If it does, it means [illegible] and one who [illegible] for saving [illegible] for you. To test [illegible] than you daily pay over the counter for your [illegible]

We will at first send [illegible] 10 [illegible] 35 [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] cigars, showing 15 ten-cent [illegible] five-cent cigars, for $1.25 [illegible] three five-quarter [illegible] four to six cents each, others from two to three cents each. ALL TRANSPORTATION CHARGES PREPAID, or let us send you our free illustrated booklet, "ROLLED REVERIES."

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"I will say your goods [illegible] gave me better satisfaction than anything I have found at anything like the price

[illegible] VALENTINE

JOHN B. ROGERS & CO.
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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

The One Woman

AS NOTHING can be more irritating in real life than human nature run riot, so in fiction a man drawn with the fidelity of the leading man in Thomas Dixon's second novel—one cannot call him a hero—must prove likewise exasperating. The author has made one of the unworthiest men I ever met in a novel have the love of a sublimely good woman, and keep it in spite of everything that his ingenuity of selfishness and weakness could do to trample it in the mud, crush and kill it. It sounds like people we know! A cad, a coward, an egoist, a man of shallow brain and gigantic conceit, deceiving himself with sophistry and blindly following his passions, no matter who is sacrificed by so doing, this man the Reverend Frank Gordon, dominates the lives of two women, until one, his counterpart in beauty and brutality, pays him in his own coin. I regret two things. One is that the one-eyed banker did not break Frank Gordon's back instead of vice versa and the other is that the Governor's train did not break down permanently and let the electric chair get the man predestined to sit in its lap from his birth

The style of this book is breathless. Its action is too rapid, its tragedy too intense

One cannot help thinking that the one woman was a good deal of a fool to be so blindly in love with such a poor stick, but again—isn't it always the way? Kate Ransom as the other woman is a beautiful tiger cat and thoroughly acts out her part. The wife is a true, loving, devoted, loyal woman, who nobly rises above her petty jealousy into acts of sublime self abnegation and deserves much better in the end than to get her husband back

The one-eyed banker is the strongest character in the book and I beg to thank the author for his wisdom in not telling us how he lost his eye. It piques my curiosity to such an extent that I would go to much trouble to find out, and for that reason I shall remember him long after I have forgotten the one woman and the other woman and the caddish leading man

That, after all is the way to write books, if you want them to sell. And this book will

— *Lilian Bell*

The Well-Trained Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN has not yet occupied the house at Tarrytown which he purchased a year and a half ago—the one the astute village tax-collectors assessed at three times what he paid for it—but he runs up from Riverdale occasionally to look at it and see that no local Huck Finn has broken out the windows

There were no cabs at the station one hot day recently when he arrived, so he essayed to walk up the Main Street hill. The Tarrytown hill is exceeded in steepness by the Newburgh hill alone. When half way up he sat down on a stone carriage-block to rest, holding his hat in one hand. A street piano man struck up a tune in his immediate neighborhood, but the humorist sat unmoved. An elderly lady happening along conceived him to be the musician's helper, and dropped a penny in his hat. Mr. Twain rose and bowed solemnly, with a stately "Thank you." The lady took a backward step, apparently vaguely suspicious that she had made a mistake

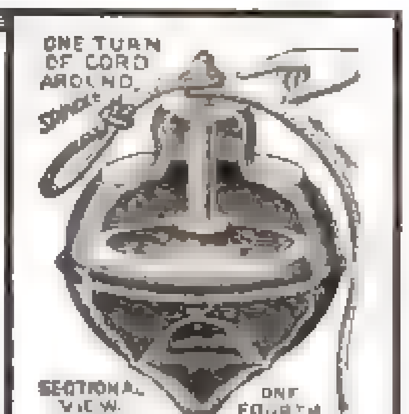
"Don't be frightened, Madam," went on Mark. "It's true the man doesn't keep a string on me, but I'm very well trained—very well trained—perfectly safe."

Mr. Bangs' Hated Rival

SOMETHING was one day said before John Kendrick Bangs, the humorist, about the pleasures of Christmas, when he was observed to take on a look of more than usual solemnity

"All of that may be true," he said reminiscently, "but I knew a young man about my size who once had his troubles at that joyous season. I attended a house-party where there was to be a Santa Claus for the benefit of the children. I was cast for the frosty gentleman. Several pillows and an immense pair of whiskers were provided for me. I thought a certain rival for the approval of a particular young lady was rather

Irving's Wizard Top



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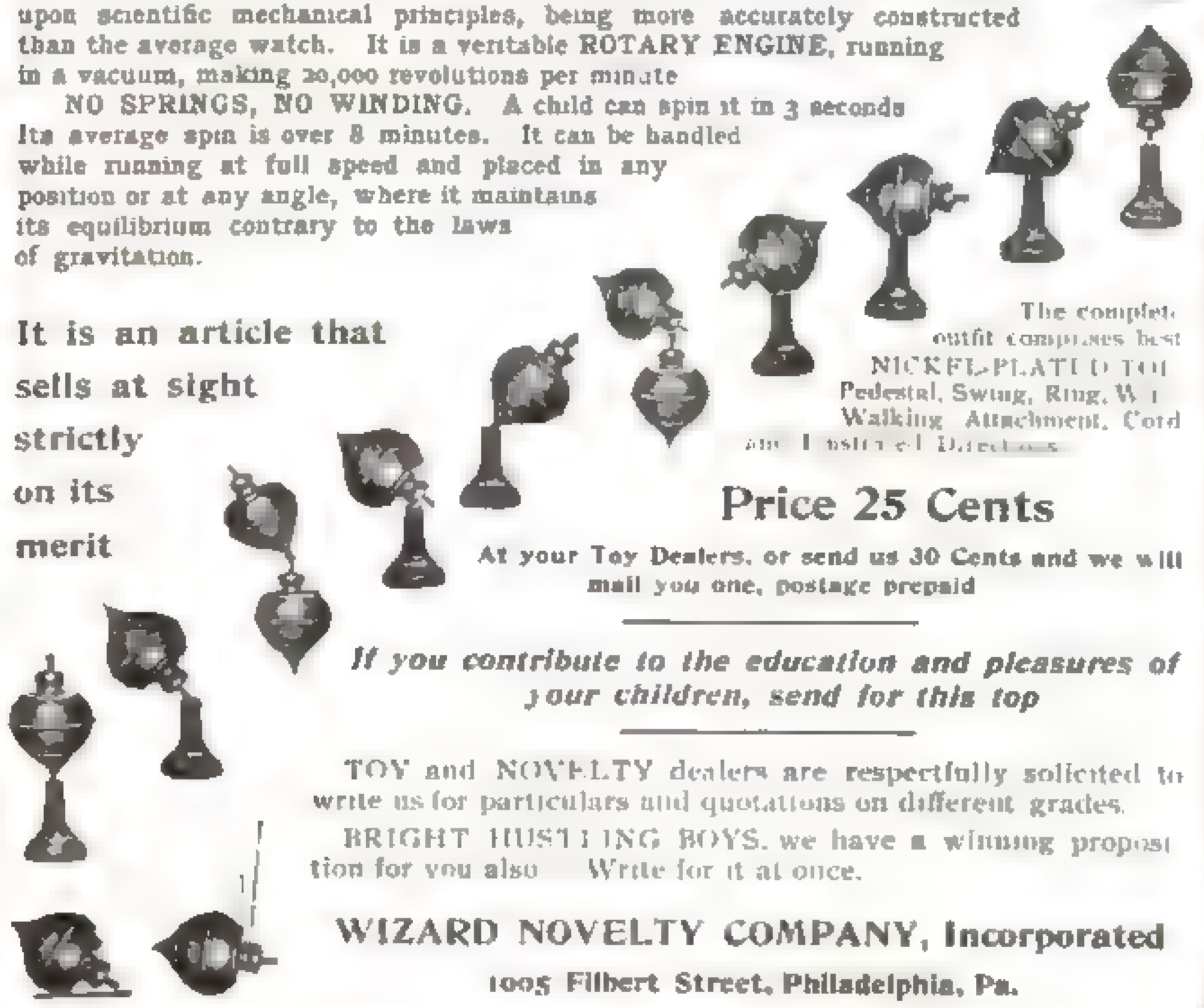
All this and more is made possible by the fact that the "WIZARD" top is two tops, one within the other (*see above sectional cut*), made of STEEL upon scientific mechanical principles, being more accurately constructed than the average watch. It is a veritable ROTARY ENGINE, running in a vacuum, making 20,000 revolutions per minute

NO SPRINGS, NO WINDING. A child can spin it in 3 seconds. Its average spin is over 8 minutes. It can be handled while running at full speed and placed in any position or at any angle, where it maintains its equilibrium contrary to the laws of gravitation.



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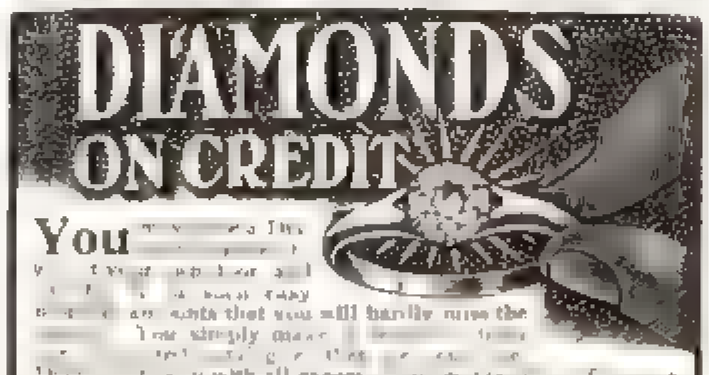

You [illegible] that you will hardly miss the [illegible] simply [illegible] with all expenses [illegible] entirely satisfied you keep the [illegible] We [illegible] oldest (est. 1858) and largest house [illegible] any bank in America. For [illegible] ask your bank how we stand in the business world. They will tell you from their Commercial Agency records [illegible] that our responsibility is [illegible]. Beautiful booklet explaining everything, and illustrated catalogue sent free. WRITE TODAY

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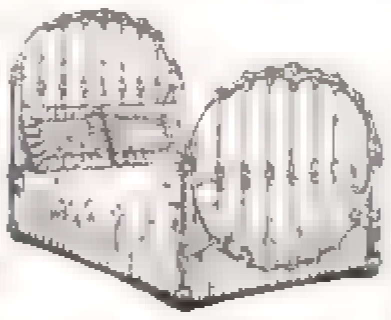
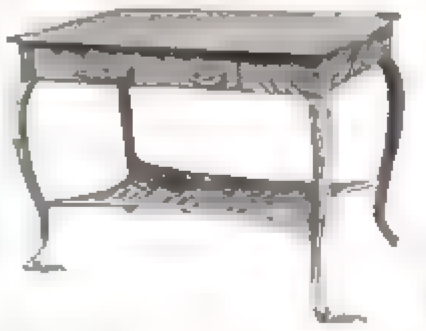

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officious in helping me adjust the whiskers but my suspicions were not aroused. He volunteered to mix the adhesive compound and apply it to my face and I allowed him to do so. After performing my saintly part I retired to remove my make-up. The pillows were easy, but I might as well have tried to remove my own nose as those whiskers. I think he must have used the extract of several dozen porous plasters in sticking them on. I worked for thirty minutes, then I peeped through the door crack and saw the scoundrel flirting furiously with the girl — and I with three feet of stiff white whiskers on my face. I dropped out of a window and fled for home. As I recollect it now, it was along toward New Year's before I finally got that beard soaked off, and it was the first of February by the time my face fully recovered.

Nine Horses

IT IS instructive to know that none of Mr. Sewell Ford's Horses Nine (*Charles Scribner's Sons*), who range through all the metropolitan phases of equine activity from the circus to the dumpcart, feels called upon to solve the excise problem or turn on the hydrant at a big fire. They are, for the most part, plain workaday animals too busy with their own trials to bother with sociology or the question Do animals have souls? Therefore to the man who has bred, raised, ridden and driven horses, and not merely sat behind them in a hired hack, they are likely to be interesting, for Mr. Ford knows the limitations of the animal story which strives to keep within the facts quite as he knows the limitations of the animal himself and feels for his unreasoned, helpless sufferings.

To wholly escape, however, the prevalent contagion of sentimentality is perhaps too much to ask of even a conscientious writer. There is one instance in the story called Skipper which may fairly be marked against Mr. Ford. "Skipper" "joins the force." "Early on the first morning of his service men in brass-buttoned blue coats came to the stable to feed and rub down the horses. Skipper's man had two names. One was Officer Martin; at least that was the one to which he answered when the man with the cap called the roll before they rode out for duty. The other name was Reddy. That was what the rest of the men in blue coats called him. Skipper noticed that he had red hair and concluded that Reddy must be his real name."

No wonder that with such a gift for deduction Skipper "joined the force."

When de Sun Shines Hot

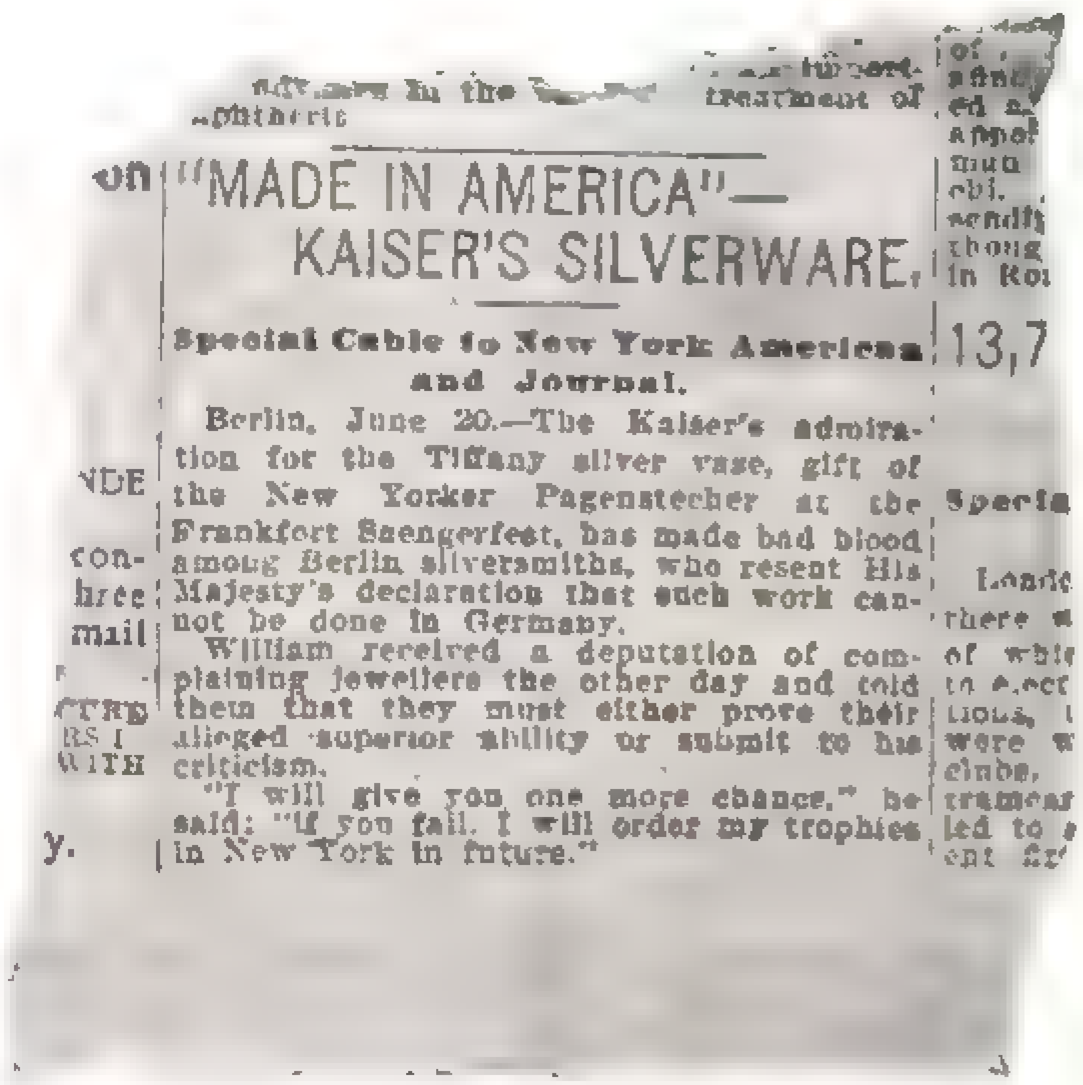
By James E. McGirt

No, dere ain't no use er workin' in de blazin' summer time,
When de fruit hab filled de orchard an' de berries bend de vine,
Dere's enuf fer keep us libin' in de little gyarden spot —
An' dere ain't no use'n workin' when de sun shines hot.

Fur I'ze read it in de Bible 'bout de lilies how dey grow,
It was put in dere er pu'pus dat we workin' men moud know
Dat dis diggin' an' er grabbin' wosn' meant in our lot —
An' dere ain't no use'n workin' when de sun shines hot.

Does yer hyar de stream er callin' az it crawls erlong de rill?
Does yer see de vines er wavin' biddin' me fer kum'n fill?
"What's m' hook'n line? Say, Hannah, gimme all de bait yer got.
Fur dere ain'at no use'n workin' when de sun shines hot.

Late at eve I kum home strollin' wid a bunch o' labbly trout,
Hannah she c'mmence er grinnin', little Rastus 'gin fer shout,
Soon de hoe-cake is er bakin', fish er fryin', table sot —
No, dere ain't no use'n workin' when de sun shines hot.


"MADE IN AMERICA"—
KAISER'S SILVERWARE.

Special Cable to New York American and Journal.

Berlin, June 20.—The Kaiser's admiration for the Tiffany silver vase, gift of the New Yorker Pagenstecher at the Frankfort Saengerfest, has made bad blood among Berlin silversmiths, who resent His Majesty's declaration that such work cannot be done in Germany.

William received a deputation of complaining jewellers the other day and told them that they must either prove their alleged superior ability or submit to his criticism.

"I will give you one more chance," he said: "If you fail, I will order my trophies in New York in future."

TIFFANY & CO., Gold and Silversmiths, Union Square, New York

THE PUBLICITY END OF BUSINESS

AD. WRITING

Advertisement writing is but one phase of "The Publicity End" of the retail business, although a most important one. Retailing today offers more opportunities for employment than does any other branch of business. [illegible] with the entire publicity end of business [illegible] This course has been the test of the [illegible]

WINDOW TRIMMING

Window Trimming and Store Decorating is a profession in which the demand far exceeds the supply. This school has been unable to graduate men fast enough to meet the [illegible] from all sections of America. The [illegible] display of merchandise is a highly important branch of the publicity end, or advertising, of a retail store. Merchants to-day realize that attractively dressed windows bring in a large per cent. of their trade. There's only one school in America giving practical instruction in this fascinating art. Ten thousand feet of floor space, a large stock of merchandise, [illegible] windows of [illegible] sizes and shapes, counters, showcases, fixtures, etc., are devoted to this department. Window trimmers and store decorators have been placed by us in good [illegible] positions in every section of the United States and Canada. There's a good salary waiting for you when you are competent.

CARD-SIGN WRITING

Card Sign Writing, or Show Card Painting, is another essential branch of a retail store's publicity, and it very naturally goes with the duties of the ad. writer and the window trimmer. Card sign writers are [illegible] everywhere [illegible]. You can [illegible] dollar, and a quick one if you are skilled in this necessary part of commercial education. There isn't a store in America that does [illegible] to have many card signs and price tickets painted every week. No matter where you happen to be you can make money writing store signs. Isn't such knowledge a good asset for you? A knowledge of either Ad. Writing, Window Trimming OR Card Sign Painting insures a good salary, — a knowledge of all three insures a BIG salary.

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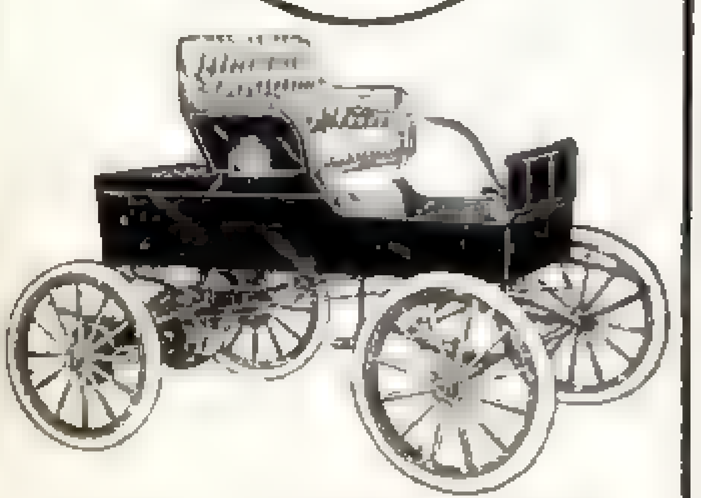

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The Reading Table

Burying the Hatchet

THE late James Abbott McNeill Whistler, though expatriated so long, numbered many Americans among his friends — especially Americans who stayed at home most of the time and so stood less chance of becoming a target for one of his friendship destroying remarks. Mr. Royal Cortissoz, the art critic of the New York Tribune, was one of these, and among other reminiscences he is fond of referring to the artist's queer habit of wearing an utterly untethered single eyeglass; if by unlucky chance this optical orphan dropped out he would calmly take another from his waistcoat pocket and deftly slip it into place.

"I'm afraid I could never entirely sympathize with Whistler's belligerent attitude toward the whole world," says Mr. Cortissoz, "much as I enjoyed the actual incidents of the warfare. One day I said to him after he had made some unusually cutting remarks about certain contemporaries:

"'But it seems with you that there is never a time to bury the hatchet.'

"'You are mistaken,' came in his softest manner; 'there is often a time to bury the hatchet — in the side of the enemy, and to think of him no more.'"

From Cause to Effect

DR. FRANCIS R. LANE, until lately Director of the High Schools of Washington, is fond of repeating the following extract from a composition submitted to him for approval during the days when he was a worker in the school-teaching ranks.

The extract runs as follows:

"Beings are divided into names according to that which they feed on. The lion eats flesh — the lion is carnivorous. The cow eats grass — the cow is herbarious. Man eats everything. Therefore man is omnipotent."

An Inhospitable Town

WHEN the inter-collegiate boat-races were held at Poughkeepsie this summer E. W. Kemble, the well-known illustrator, went up with a party of friends to root for his favorite college. Poughkeepsie still has a number of cobblestone-paved streets, relics of the days when Matthew Vassar conducted an orderly ale-shop in the basement of the courthouse.

Kemble's crew won, and after doing the event justice to a late hour he and his friends started for the station along one of these narrow and cobbly thoroughfares. They had not gone far when a large dog jumped over the fence some distance behind them and came furiously in their direction. The party hastened their pace with the exception of Kemble, who vowed he would stand his own, and to this end stepped into the street and tried to pick up one of the cobblestones. He failed after several attempts. The dog was coming closer.

"Great Cæsar!" he suddenly cried, straightening up and taking to his heels; "this is a deuce of a town — where they tie up the stones and turn the dogs loose!"

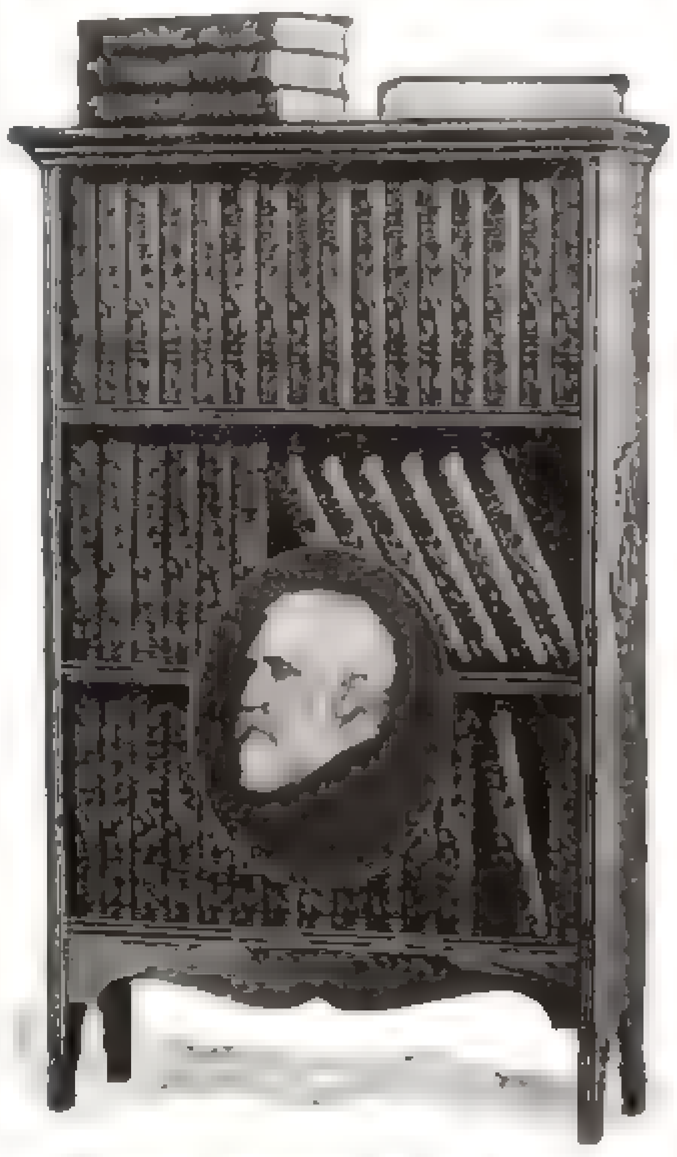
An Interesting Substitute

WHEN A. B. Frost, the well-known illustrator, was quite a young man he taught a few terms of school in a remote rural village. Fourth of July coming on the scene, he was, after the usual custom, assigned to read the Declaration of Independence at the local celebration, the oration of the day being, of course, delivered by the candidate for Congress in that district.

The ceremonies at the grove outside of the village opened with some strenuous singing by the glee club, after which the chairman introduced Mr. Frost. He rose in some trepidation, bowed elaborately and took a drink of water. Then he reached in his coat-tail pocket and drew out a book. The assembled crowd saw him start slightly and turn pale as he opened the volume. Then he looked up with a determined air, took a forward step and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I thought when I left home that I put in my pocket a certain school history containing the celebrated document wherein we announced our independence of the tyrant mother country; but I find that by mistake I got hold of a volume of Rollo in Scotland. It is too late to rectify my blunder. I will read you the chapter in

The World's Best Literature



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which Mr. George explains to Rollo just the way a cantilever bridge is constructed and shows how wicked it is to kill mosquitoes—and he went ahead in a fine, sonorous voice.

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THAT the paper money of the United States endures a vast amount of rough and careless handling is a fact that must have been impressed upon any one who has ever observed the manner in which the average cashier pulls and jerks the bills he counts before pushing them through the window to the waiting patron. Therefore the following data as to the strength of our paper money may be of interest. The information was furnished to the writer by Director Meredith; consequently it may be accepted as official.

A single treasury note measures 3⅛ inches in width by 7¼ inches in length. It will sustain, without breaking, lengthwise, a weight of 41 pounds; crosswise, a weight of 91 pounds. The notes run four to a sheet, a sheet being 8¼ inches wide by 13⅝ inches long. One of these sheets lengthwise will suspend 108 pounds and crosswise 177 pounds.

It will be noted that a single note is capable of sustaining, crosswise, a weight of 91 pounds, which is twice the amount, by 9 pounds, of the weight the note can sustain lengthwise; while in the case of the sheet, the crosswise sheet lacks 39 pounds of double the sustaining power of the lengthwise sheet.

* * *

A SURE CURE

By Betty Sage

When I'm cross or just perverse,
My punishment is left to Nurse.
When I get too much for one,
Mother says what shall be done.

But when I'm bad as bad can be
I'm sent into the library,
And my papa does something then
That makes me very good again.

* * *

THE SPIDER

By Charles Eugene Banks

A spider on a dizzy height
To-day I saw
Spin from himself a web of light
That by some law
Across a blue expanse was cast
(To him a wide, uncharted sea),
And to a distant point made fast—
A bridge he traversed fearlessly.

Who was it taught him to define,
Adjust, compare,
And straightway run that master line
Through trackless air?
How delicate his art; how pure
His boundless faith; uncertain I
Grope in the dust; while firm and sure
He threads his pathway in the sky.

Brave spider! thou art truly wise.
What destiny
Withholds from me the Law that lies
Unhid from thee?
O could I weave from toil and tears
A thread invisible to cast
Across the reaches of the years
That He might hold and anchor fast!

Arouse my soul! Awake and win
To Wisdom's goal!
Out of myself the thought I spin
Shall make me whole.
What though I journey far from Him
True thought to Truth will find its way
As did the web through shadows dim
The clear-eyed spider wove to-day.

Along that Faith-enwoven bar
My feet shall run
Through blue expanse from star to star
And sun to sun,
For He who gave the spider Art
Will give me Truth my steps to guide,
Till I shall nestle in His heart,
And rest forever, satisfied.

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S. E. P. Sept. 26

THE BOSS

(Continued from Page [illegible])

should be pinched, and no side-doors or speak-easy racket stood for. We can seal th' town up as tight as sardines."

"That's my notion," said the reputable old gentleman, pursing his lips.

"Well then," broke in Snaffles, whose face began to color as his wholesale whisky interests began to throb, "I say that a saloon is a poor man's club. If you're going to close the saloons, I shall be in favor of shutting up the clubs. I don't believe in one law for the poor and another for the rich."

This should offer some impression of how the visitors agreed on a civil policy. Big Kennedy was good enough to offer for the others, each of whom felt himself somewhat caught in a trap, a loophole of escape.

"For," explained Big Kennedy, "though I believe in rigidly enforcin' every law until it is repealed, I have always held that a law can be tacitly repealed by the people without waitin' for some skate legislature, who, comin' for th' most part from th' cornfields, has got it in for us lucky ducks who live in th' town. To put it this way: If there's a Sunday closin' law, or a law ag'inst gamblers, or a law ag'inst obstructin' th' streets, an' th' public don't want it enforced, then I hold it's repealed by th' highest authority in th' land, which is th' people, d'ye see!"

"Now, I think that very well put," replied the great real-estate owner with a sigh of relief, while the wholesale grocer nodded approval. "I think that very well put," he went on, "and as it's getting late, I suggest we adjourn for the nonce to meet with our friend, Mr. Kennedy, on some future occasion. For myself, I can see that he and the great organization of which he is now, happily, the head are heartily with us for reforming the shocking conditions that have heretofore persisted in this community. We have won the election; as a corollary, peculation and blackmail and extortion will of necessity cease. I think we can, with the utmost safety to the public interest, now leave matters to take their natural course, without pushing to extremes. Don't you think so, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Sure!" returned that chieftain heartily. "There's always more danger in too much steam than in too little."

The reputable old gentleman was by no means in accord with the great real-estate owner, but since the wholesale grocer cast in his voice for moderation and no extremes, he found himself in a minority consisting of no one save himself.

"An' that's th' last we'll see of 'em," said Big Kennedy as they left. "No cat enjoys havin' his own tail shut in th' door; no man likes a reform that pulls a gun on his partic'lar interest. This whole reform racket," continued Big Kennedy, in a mood to moralize, "is, to my thinkin', a kind of pouter-pigeon play. Most of 'em who go in for it simply want to swell 'round. Besides the pouter pigeon, who's in th' game because he's stuck on himself, there's only two breeds of reformers. One is a Republican who's got ashamed of himself, an' th' other is some fellow who's been kicked out o' Tammany for graftin' without a license."

"Would your last include you and me?" I asked. I thought I might hazard a small jest, since we were now alone.

"It might," returned Big Kennedy with an iron grin. Then twisting the subject: "Now let's talk serious for two words. I've been doin' th' bunco act so long with our three friends that my face begins to ache with lookin' pious. Now listen. You an' me have got a long road ahead of us an' money to be picked up on both sides. But let me break this off to you an' don't let a word get away. When you do get th' stuff, don't go to buildin' brownstone fronts an' buyin' trottin'-horses an' givin' yourself away with any Coal Oil Johnny capers. If we were Republicans or Mugwumps it might do. But let a Democrat get a dollar an' there's a warrant out for him before night. When you get a wad, bury it like a dog does a bone. An' speakin' of money, I've sent for th' Chief of Police. Come to think of it, we'd better talk over to my house. I'll go there now, an' you stay an' lay for him; when he shows up, bring him to me. There won't be so many pipin' us off over to my house."

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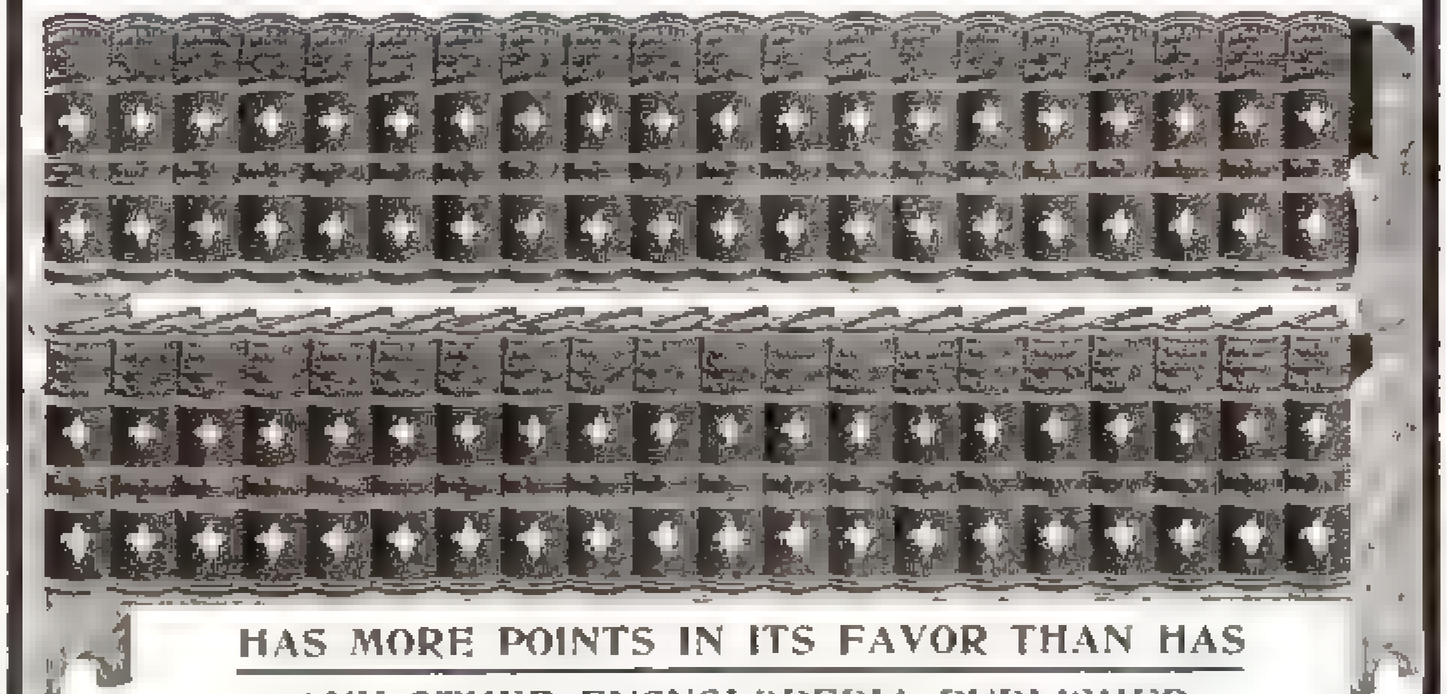

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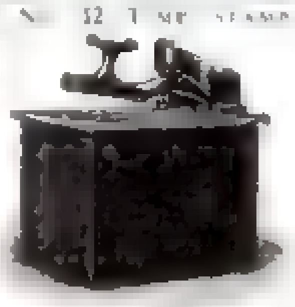

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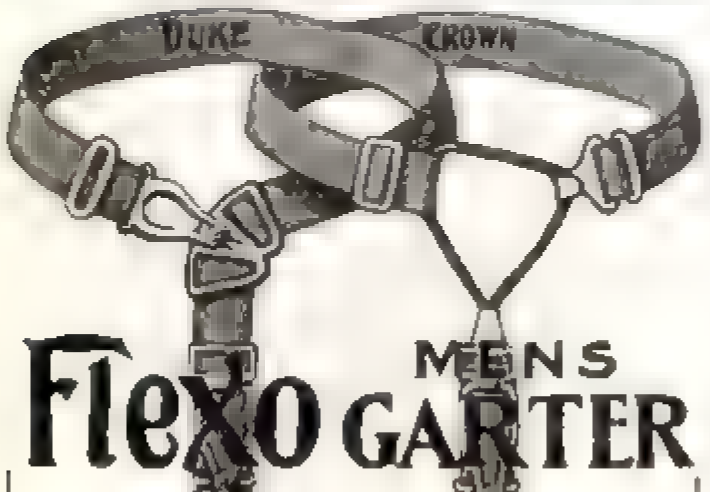

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THE POACHERS

BY HAROLD BOLCE

How South American Pothunters are Exterminating Northern Birds that Winter South

AS A RESULT of discoveries in the phenomenon of bird migration an international movement is developing which promises the framing of treaties and tariff arrangements of great benefit to the world in general and particularly to the agricultural interests of the United States.

This world-wide movement is not to be merely another attempt to solve the riddle of the spring and autumn pilgrimage of birds. In fact, the present investigations, while disclosing facts of far-reaching economic importance, are also revealing mysterious bird journeyings astonishing even to the most advanced ornithologists, and which, instead of explaining the secret of migration, are rendering it more inexplicable than it was before.

The present inquiry, which is speedily becoming universal, is utilitarian. It will appeal not only to farmers, ornithologists, scientists in general and sportsmen, but to every other intelligent person in all lands. It is claimed that there is not a tree, a shrub, an acre, a lot of ground or a tree-bordered street in any country which will not, sooner or later, be benefited by this international campaign of science. In this great work the United States is taking a leading part, but though its undertakings have been carried on unobtrusively, scientists in other countries have discovered their far-reaching value and have inaugurated similar investigations, in many instances backed up by the enthusiastic support of their Governments.

What has brought the importance of the work home to every nation is the realization, based upon careful observations, that the Government that does not extend protection, at least while they are present, to the migrants that annually wing their flight far beyond its friendly boundaries, will sooner or later have few if any migrants to protect; and furthermore, that unless it can extend that control through the intervention of other nations, the protection afforded the bird where it nests will be, after all, of only temporary value.

The investigating ornithologists are fast convincing civilized nations that the migratory birds that leave one country seldom, except by accident, return to any other. The old notion, held in fact to-day and even embodied in legislation, that it was unnecessary to extend protection to abundant migrants is now shown to be the greatest fallacy, and damaging to the individual, county, state or nation in proportion to the extent to which the theory is put into practice. It was thought that these migratory birds were wanderers over the earth, and that in their long itinerary they finally picked out a suitable spot in which to rear their young, choosing any tree that had not been pre-empted by some earlier arrival. It is now known, from frequent proof, that migrants not only return to an identical field or spot in certain woods, after their long journey frequently equal to half the circumference of the globe, but if killed en route or in their distant homes their nesting-place will not, unless the species be superabundant, be taken by companions. In the absence of protection afforded migrants in the far regions where they winter, there is serious and growing menace to a great proportion of the avifauna of the Western Hemisphere.

Where There are no Game Laws

True, within the confines of the United States bird protection has grown into one of the strongest of our national sentiments, but unhappily not until valuable species have been exterminated. Yet what good are the most carefully devised safeguards when we are powerless to protect myriad flocks once they have passed the Gulf and the Rio Grande on their journey to their winter haunts in the Republics of Central and South America?

The fields of Argentina have become one of the world's great hunting-grounds, and when the full story is known of the possible slaughter of these North American migrants, the people of the United States will take peculiar interest in the condition of affairs in that distant country. Adventurous hunters from Europe and other parts of the world found great sport in shooting the rhea, the

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THE PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS BELOW
can only hint at the interest that is lying every one

The Evolution of a Club Woman by Agnes Surbridge begins in this number. It is an autobiography and is the predicted success of the year. ¶ J. C. Hemment, the world-famed camera expert, begins one of the most remarkable series of photographic articles ever presented. They relate to his personal adventures at home and in foreign lands. ¶ The Silent Partner by Lynn Roby Meekins; A Florida Cracker, by Virginia Frazer Boyle, are prominent among the fiction features while the departments are fuller than usual of good things with especial interest centring in the children's pages

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South American ostrich. The rhea has now virtually become a bird of the past. But the [illegible] exploration of the country revealed the presence there of innumerable flocks of small game birds, whose slaughter promises to become a factor in international commerce.

The first indication of this was the recent appearance on the markets of England and America of a bird which ornithologists soon recognized, but which was sold in England under the misleading name of Yankee partridge and in America as English pheasant. Examination in the National Museum at Washington revealed that this bird was the *tinamus* of South Africa, which is not unlike some of the gallinaceous species of the United States. The revelation, however, of its true name and origin may have injured the market sale, for though the birds were shipped in ice, the long voyage may have prejudiced consumers. At all events, so far as the authorities at the National Museum are aware, the shipments have ceased.

Following this has come a discovery of great importance to the United States. The upland plover and a number of other birds rigidly protected in many States of the Union are being slaughtered in Argentina and in other parts of South America, where they make their winter home. The scientific name of the sandpiper, commonly known as upland or field plover, is *Bartramia longicauda*. Its nesting period it spends from the Rocky Mountains to Alaska on the Pacific and northeastward to Nova Scotia. During the season of multiplication it enjoys protection in a number of States and Provinces. By the time it has got fairly started on its autumn migration southward it has grown fat and is a tempting morsel. "Papabotte" it is called in New Orleans. By the time it has reached its extralimital range in the far countries of Ecuador, Brazil, Argentina and other South American States it is in a prime condition for hunters, and thus invites slaughter in lands where no hand is raised to protect. As this bartramian sandpiper is really a field bird, caring less for the water than any of its tribe, not excepting the kildeer plover, it can be readily bagged in vast numbers on the great ranges of South America.

That there is possibility of exterminating a species even as abundant as the upland plover is emphasized by the naturalists who are watching the fate of North American birds during their winter sojourn in the southern continent. In substantiation of their concern for the future of the plover and many other species, they cite the catastrophe that overtook the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*), which a generation ago was almost as abundant in North America as the leaves of the forest, but which now is little more than a memory.

The Fate of the Passenger-Pigeon

Just twenty-five years ago a company of naturalists, fearful that the rate of slaughter of these birds would result in their extermination, camped within a nesting area of the pigeons in northern woods in the United States. The birds arriving at the end of their migration settled down from great heights in dense flocks, some of them five miles in length. They took absolute possession of a section of hardwood, pine and arborvitæ forest, the area of their roost covering 150 000 acres. From that one roosting region during the summer of 1878 nearly 2,000,000 birds were shipped out in carloads and an equal number by boat. In addition, hundreds of thousands of live birds were exported. Including the numbers of squabs left to perish, the scientists placed the total summer slaughter in that single district at one billion, which is believed to have been a very conservative statement of the appalling bird mortality.

The alarm was sounded that unless protection were secured the passenger-pigeon would pass into history with the American bison.

Little consideration was then given this word. In the legislative records of one of the leading States occurs this declaration, which it is now realized was a most unfortunate public document:

> The passenger-pigeon needs no protection. Wonderfully prolific, having the vast forests of the North as its breeding grounds, traveling hundreds of miles in search of food, it is here to-day and elsewhere to-morrow, and no ordinary destruction can lessen them, or be missed from the myriads that are yearly produced. [illegible] The snipe, too, like the pigeon, cannot be materially lessened by the gun. The wood goose does not, perhaps, need general protection, though, if any linger here till near breeding time, they should be spared.

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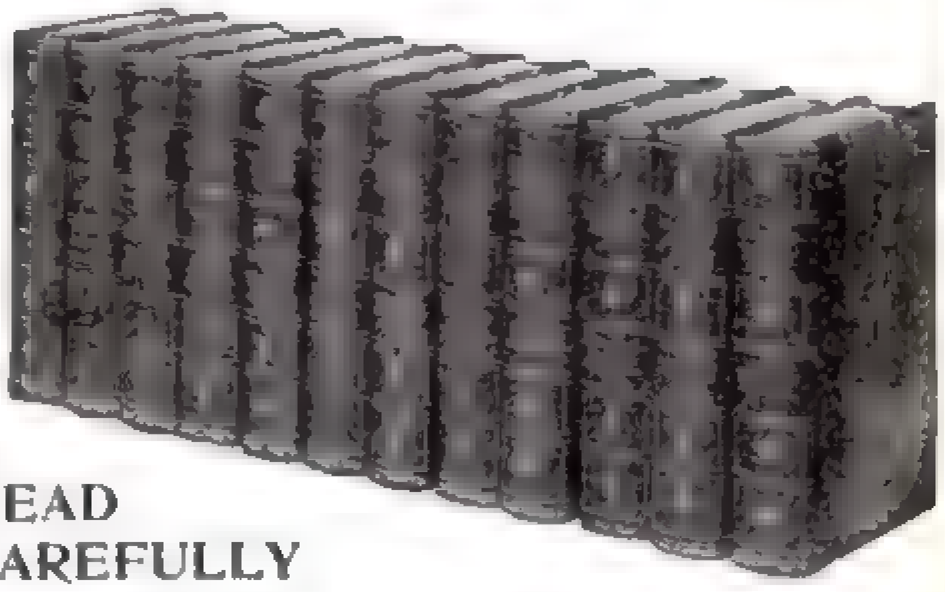

So-called "bargains" are offered daily by merchants in the various lines of business, but it is only once in a while that a real bargain opportunity is offered, and usually it results from the forced sale for the express purpose of closing up the affairs of some business house.

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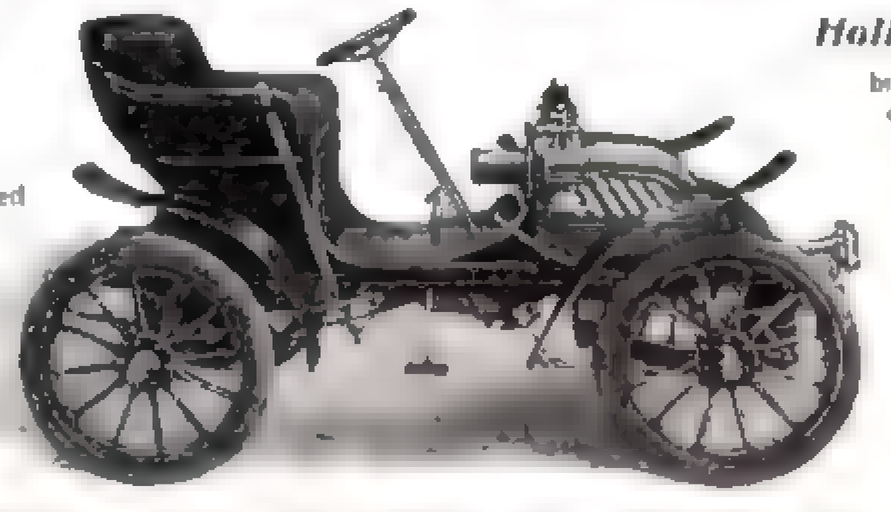
With Artillery Wheels and Fenders



A strongly constructed light car, perfected in a locality famous for its rough roads and steep hills. Runs with very little noise or vibration.

Holley Motors broke the world's one-mile record at the Pan-American Exposition, 1901; also won the Gold Medal with perfect average of 1000 per cent in the Boston-New York contest, [illegible]

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HOLLEY MOTOR CO., Bradford, Pa. Box 1604

$750 CRESTMOBILE

The Only Auto. at Near the Price Having *SHAFT DRIVE*

Agencies in all Large Cities

Has the general appearance of the foreign cars costing four times the price. Machinery is hung on frame — not on body. No vibration. It is simple to operate; repair cost and trouble are minimized, and it is noiseless. Has *shaft drive* and starts from the seat. The gasoline motor is air-cooled so *will not freeze in winter.* Will run 150 miles on single charge.

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300 FOREIGN STAMPS, 10c. 104 var. from Malta, [illegible] 10c. 200 [illegible] 25c. 300 [illegible] 50c. 500 [illegible] $1.25. 1000 [illegible] $4.75. 40 [illegible] 10c. [illegible] L. CROWELL STAMP CO., 514 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

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ONEITA Elastic Ribbed Union Suits

cover the entire body like an additional skin. Fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for men, women and young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such a perfect fit for dresses, or wear comfortably so small a corset. Made in all sizes, [illegible] and weights.

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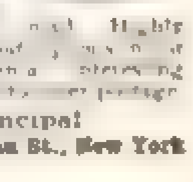
Shorthand by Mail



Shorthand is a time-saver and a money-maker. Capable stenographers are well paid at the start and have the best opportunities for advancement. We have a most thorough Complete Course, a Short Course for busy people, and give special advanced instruction. Long experience in shorthand reporting for the [illegible] of New York [illegible] Highly [illegible]

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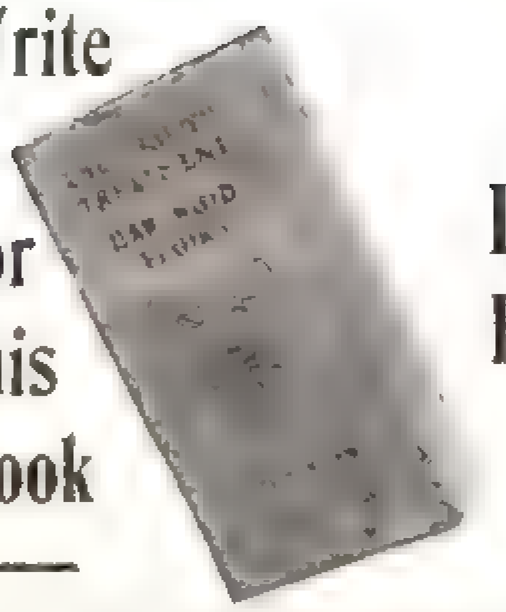

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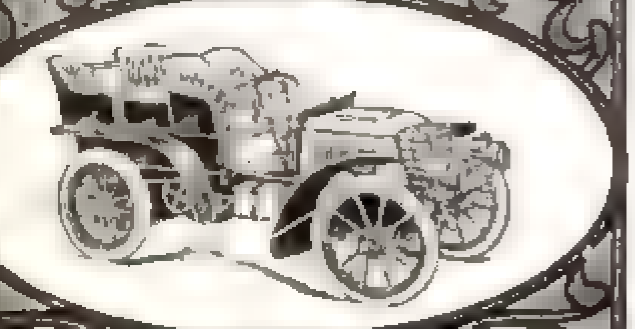
Johnson's Prepared Wax

For sale by all dealers in paints, 1 and 2 lb. cans, 60 cents per pound. 4, 5 and 8 lb cans, [illegible] per pound.

[illegible] oak, ash, birch, maple [illegible] pine floors [illegible] to refinish all kinds of [illegible].

[illegible] free. [illegible] before you [illegible] designs for hardwood [illegible] are interested.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Racine, Wis.
"The Hardwood Floor Authorities."



Automobiles

PANHARD. C. G. V.
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Second book of information and Automobile Laws of various states sent upon request.

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Individuality

In your stationery. An added dignity if engraved or stamped. All that is exclusive and best at

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STATIONERS, ENGRAVERS, PRINTERS

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Write Department Y for samples

Have You Any Spare Time?

We can provide any young man or young woman with profitable employment. We want agents in every town to secure subscriptions for

The Saturday Evening Post
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The pay is first-rate. Every bit of work done is paid for. If you are interested, send a line addressed to THE POST'S Circulation Bureau. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

The United States National Museum recently received word that a great roost of these passenger-pigeons had been located in a Mexican forest, the ingenious theory being advanced that these persecuted migrants, having found wholesale slaughter awaiting them year after year in the United States, had transferred their nesting-place to more inaccessible timber, as yet uninvaded by the market-shooter. Investigation revealed that this was altogether a different variety of pigeon.

"We have abundant proof now," said one of the Government's ornithologists, "that migratory birds have no instinct to guide them away from hostile nesting-places where they were born, or from dangerous haunts where they spend the winter time. To these localities they belong, even more certainly than do flowers, the seeds of which can be carried and transplanted to other fields and countries. The nation that kills migrants must suffer, and likewise one nation, even though it protects its migrants, is at the mercy of other nations; for just as a person in the United States who kills a migrant robs some person in another part of the hemisphere as well as himself of the inspiration of that bird's song or of its great value to agriculture, so do the South American hunters who slay our birds not only diminish their own supply, but they carry on a work inimical to the welfare of our country. And the graphic thing about this bird slaughter is that none returns to take the identical place of the bird destroyed. If the scarlet tanagers, for example, that now adorn a clump of woods near my home, encounter destruction next winter in Central America or northern South America, I can have little hope that others of this beautiful species will grace this particular thicket in the District of Columbia thus robbed by foreign gunners in these lands far to the south.

Where Our Birds Winter

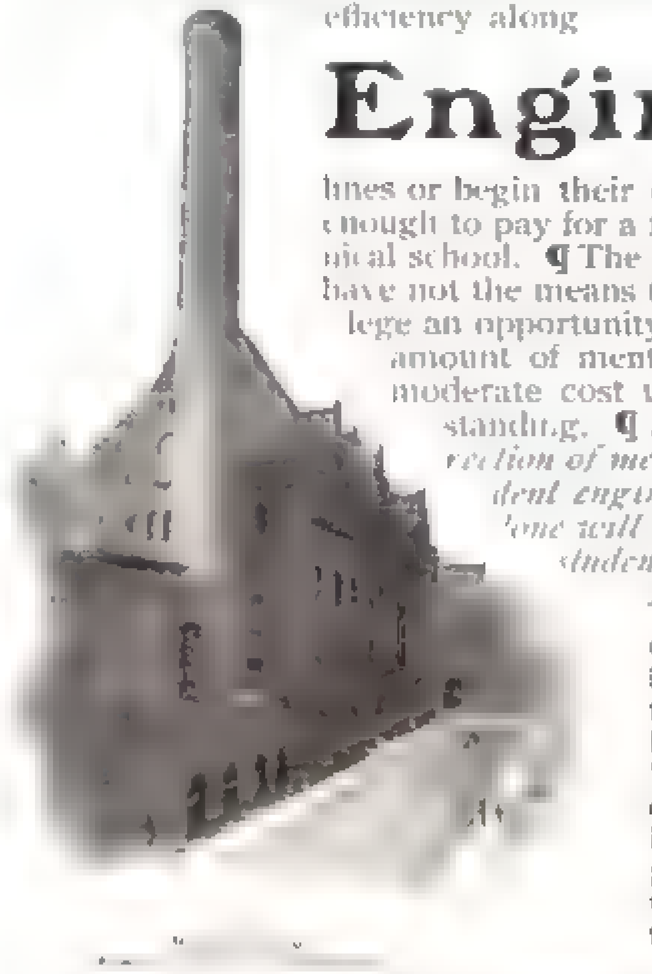
Though the southern migratory ranges of many of the birds of the United States has been determined recent investigations have developed some surprises. In an exploration in behalf of the American Museum of Natural History, a Kentucky warbler *(Geothlypsis formosa)* was captured in the United States of Colombia. Dr. J. A. Allen states that it was not known before that it extends its migration south of Cuba. The black-throated blue warbler *(Dendroica cærulescens)* was also for the first time found in South America. The blue-winged warbler *(Helminthophila pinus)* was likewise captured in that land. The ordinary southern limit for the Baltimore oriole *(Icterus galbula)* is Cuba, yet this bird has now been found in South America.

The United States is interested in learning what treatment is accorded the oriole in South America. Doubtless its radiant plumage must ultimately tempt the gunners in the interests of the milliner's trade. If the wood pewee's plaintive note, now heard from the Atlantic to the Dakotas, should be silenced in southern lands, it would be a distinct loss to American agriculture, for this "dead limb bird" in its dexterity and zeal in catching insects is scarcely eclipsed by the great crested flycatcher. This latter bird is also at the mercy of South American hunters. It leaves the United States generally in August, returning late in March. In its determination to repel the invasion of bullies like the English sparrow, the great crested flycatcher weaves along the rim of its nest the shed skins of rattlesnakes and copperheads, and this almost human wisdom has long commended it to the protection of bird lovers. Moreover, it is an exceedingly useful bird to the farmer. Yet all the safeguards placed about it by legislation and all its own cunning are of no avail against the acts of peoples beyond the jurisdiction of our courts. That inveterate foe of mosquitoes, the chimney-swift, goes far to the southward, exposing itself in winter to races, many of whom care little for the good work it does in the United States or for the civilized sentiment that would spare from attack a bird so devoted to its young that it has been known to enter a burning building and perish with its offspring, rather than survive without them. Nor can ornithologists view with composure possible assaults upon the yellow-billed cuckoo, that winged barometer of the country, endeared to farmers as the "rain-crow." Whatever fancy there may be in its supposed prophecy of rain, there are few birds of more benefit to America. The tent caterpillar *(Clisiocampa americana)*, grasshoppers, cicadas and hundreds of other injurious insects make up the cuckoo's diet. The yellow-throated wood warbler, whose song, not unlike that of the

HOME STUDY

For those who have been Deprived of the Opportunity of a Course at a Resident School

The courses offered by the AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE are not intended to replace resident school work but to put within the reach of young men unable to attend a resident school a course of technical training of superior merit. ¶ Many ambitious men are taking advantage of this opportunity to increase their efficiency along



Engineering

lines or begin their college studies while earning enough to pay for a full course at a resident technical school. ¶ The courses also offer parents who have not the means to send their children to a college an opportunity to obtain for them a certain amount of mental and technical training at a moderate cost under teachers of recognized standing. ¶ *The instruction is under the direction of members of the faculty of a resident engineering college and the work done will receive due credit should the student decide to finish his work at Armour Institute.*

Courses in Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Locomotive, Stationary, Marine and Sanitary Engineering; Architecture, Navigation, Refrigeration, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing; Sheet Metal Work; Telegraphy and Telephony; Structural Iron Work, and the manufacture of Textiles.

The Courses in Architecture, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing, and Pen and Ink Rendering are of special interest to women, for they frequently open the way to congenial and remunerative employment. ¶ Illustrated catalogue, giving full synopses of all courses, may be had on request.

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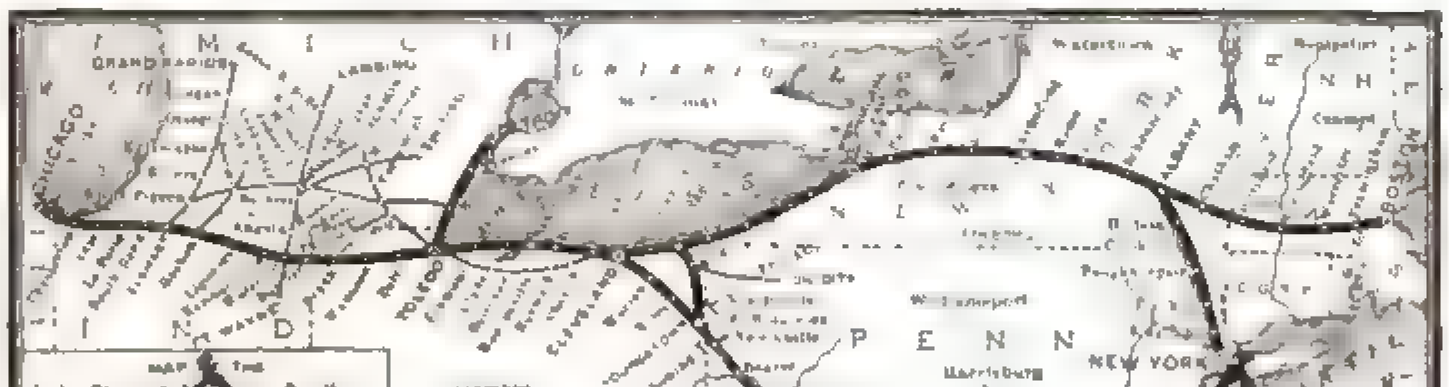

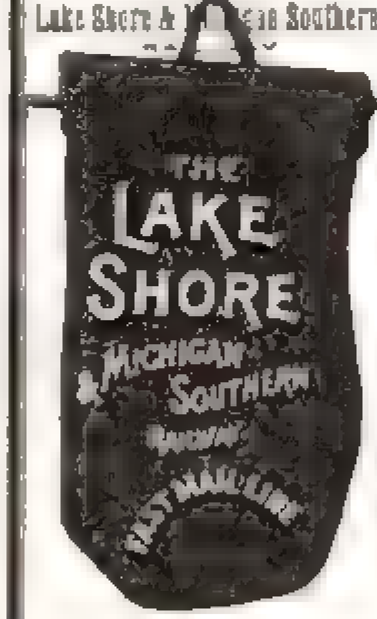

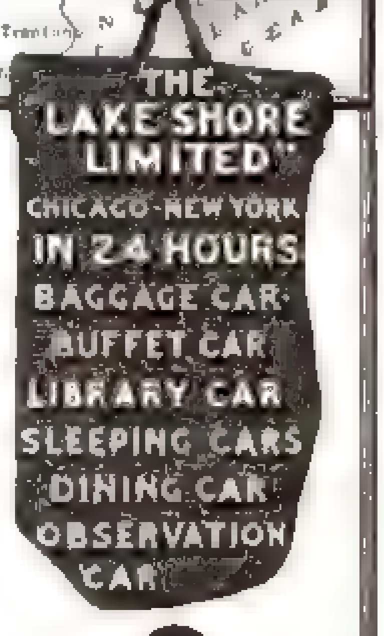

"The Lake Shore Limited"

Absolutely nothing better in travel facilities is afforded on any trains than is provided on the "Lake Shore Limited" between

Chicago and New York in 24 Hours
Chicago and Boston - in 26½ Hours

Its buffet, library, smoking, dining, sleeping and observation cars are the acme of dignified elegance and possess every possible appliance and facility (including Booklovers library, stenographer, ladies' maid, baths, barber shop, etc.) tending to enhance the comfort and pleasure of the traveler.

Each way daily over the

Lake Shore
and Michigan Southern Railway

in connection with the New York Central and Boston & Albany roads, beyond question the most convenient and satisfactory route between the great commercial centers.

Send six cents in postage for the following books "Privileges for Lake Shore Patrons," "Lake Chautauqua," "Quiet Summer Retreats," "Lake Shore Tours," and "Book of Trains" to

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio

Suit Made to Measure $12

Suit Case Free

Fine All-Wool Tailor-Made Cashmere or Worsted Suit

Your choice [illegible]

FREE Suit Case

In order to establish [illegible]

A trial is all we ask [illegible] with the privilege [illegible] and if the suit is not satisfactory [illegible] you need not accept it. It will be returned [illegible] our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our [illegible] becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is $1[illegible] It is entirely new, out of the ordinary [illegible] very stylish [illegible] in our new catalogue which contains [illegible] varying in price from $1.00 to $[illegible]

SAMPLES OF CLOTH FREE

[illegible] any retail clothing concern [illegible] established 40 years. Write to-day for samples [illegible]

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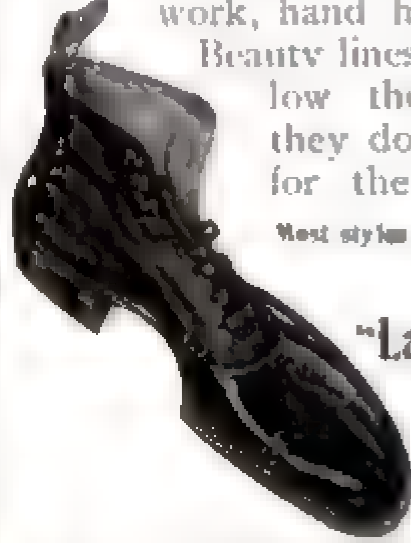
The Florsheim SHOE

BEAUTY drapes much evil in men's shoes. The first principle of THE FLORSHEIM SHOE is quality—hand bench work, hand finish—fit. Beauty lines must follow these—and they do. Send for the booklet.



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The "Lakewood"

How to get Polishing Set

For five two-cent stamps, just the amount of postage and packing, we'll send you The Florsheim Polishing Set—Felt Polisher, Box of Paste for all Black Shoes and Handy Dauber—neatly boxed. Also our Fall Booklet, "THE FLORSHEIM WAY OF FOOT FITTING." Write to-day

Florsheim & Company, Chicago, U.S.A.

indigo bird and the painted finch, has cheered many travelers and hunters belated in the swamps of the South, wings its autumn flight to countries where it probably can enjoy [illegible] protection. Likewise the United States is interested in discovering what fate is in store in Central and South America for the green heron, the bobolink, the rose-breasted grosbeak, the yellow-throated vireo, the Connecticut warbler, the black-poll warbler, the Tennessee warbler, the prothonotary warbler, Wilson's thrush, the gray-checked thrush and hundreds of other North American birds whose presence in the winter time in South America is causing alarm to observing ornithologists.

The Slaughter of Plume Birds

Ranging through all the nations to the south and their bordering islands, plume-hunters have already visited extermination on several species. The wings of beautiful birds that flit during springtime and summer through the fields and forests of the United States may the next winter be consigned by the ton from South American ports to European milliners.

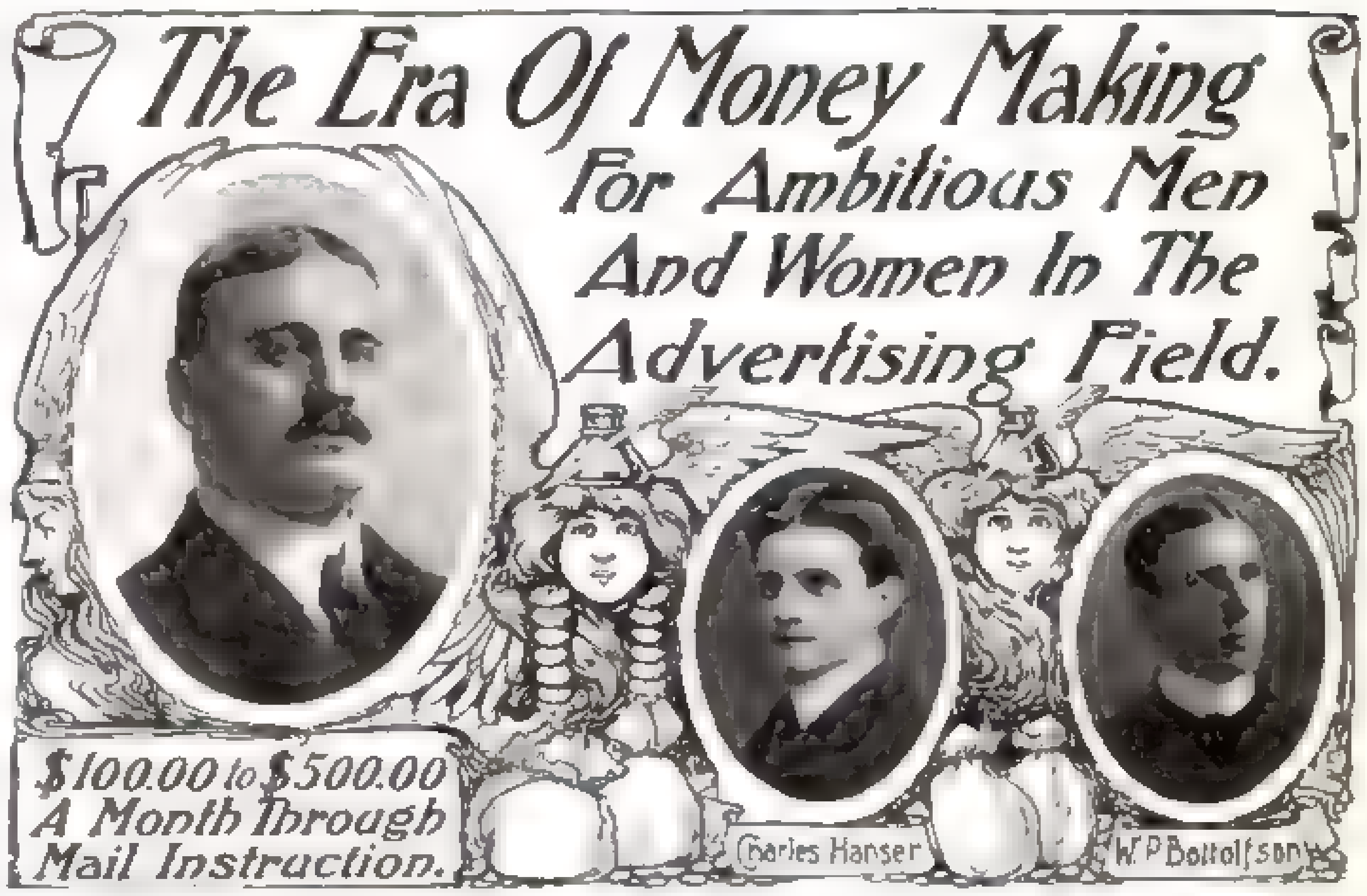
"Scarcely a glimpse of flashing color may be seen to-day," said Dr. Henry Oldys, "on vast stretches of the Atlantic seaboard [illegible] resplendent with boundless flocks of plume birds." Doctor Palmer points to the criminal wastefulness of hunters who securing a concession to gather gull eggs on an island proceeded, as a preliminary work, to break the hundreds of thousands of eggs found the first day, so that they could be assured that those obtained on succeeding days would be fresh.

As has been pointed out in the case of the upland plover, it is not only migrants valuable for their feathers that are in danger. In many southern countries, moreover, nearly all small birds are used for food, and as our migrants on their return to the south [illegible] plump, after their riotous diet on North American insects they may readily swell the harvest of the pothunter.

The bulk of the *limicolæ* which include sandpipers, yellow-legs, curlews, plovers and that colony of shore birds known untechnically as "bay snipe," go beyond the equator to establish their winter quarters, some of them ranging as far south as Patagonia. Wilson's phalarope *(Phalaropus tricolor)*, for example, which spends the summer from the central part of the United States northward to Saskatchewan, goes south in winter to Brazil and Patagonia. The bank swallow, the purple gallinule and the knot *(Tringa islandica)*, a marvelous bird that passes from its summer home in circumpolar haunts to the shores of Patagonia, join in this strange exodus from the United States.

Now that it is being determined more definitely just what the winter range is of many of our migrants, inquiry is to be extended into the bird laws, if any, that exist in the republics to the south. Doctor Palmer has on his desk the bird laws of all European lands. These he is carefully compiling, for although there is no longitudinal trans-Atlantic migration, except an occasional accidental one, America is vitally interested in several ways in European bird legislation. In the first place, if treaties would close Old World ports to shipments of our birds killed in South America, a great incentive would be removed from hunting on that continent. Moreover, many birds that winter in the Philippines spend the summer in Europe and Asia. Thus our island possessions have brought about interests between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres not included in political reviews.

If the United States can succeed in securing treaties with Europe to protect our insular migrants and will refuse to purchase the plumes of bodies of our birds exported from South America; if, also, we can induce these latter countries to enter into covenant to extend protection to our birds that throng in countless billions to these shores—the greatest triumph in economic ornithology in the world's history will have been achieved.



A Short Talk About the Marvellous Possibilities Awaiting Ambitious Young Men in the Advertising Field. An Era of Money Making.

By GEORGE H. POWELL.

MY VARIOUS talks to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST readers have covered a wide range of facts regarding the possibilities of the advertising writing business, such as the rapid growth of publicity, the multiplication of millions for new appropriations, and the ever increasing demand for more properly trained young men and women at good salaries.

Many POST readers write me from time to time [illegible] my [illegible] as to how long it will be before there will [illegible] of ad. writers. Some appear to think that ere long the business of ad. writing will be over[illegible] and that the time may not be far distant.

[illegible]

Mr. Mantor says:

[illegible]

It has come to be pretty generally understood that the Powell System of Advertising Instruction is the one complete, perfected course [illegible] superior to all others that investigation quickly proves this.

But will the demand for skilled ad. writers keep up? No matter how thoroughly, how skillfully I may instruct, no matter how competent I may make the student, will positions at $100.00 to $[illegible] a month, and more, await those who devote their energies and brains to qualifying?

And my answer is yes—unreservedly.

Every month sees new and unexpected opportunities presented. One year hence hundreds of old established business houses that are today doing their own advertising will then have ad. writers engaged exclusively on the production of up-to-date advertisements and advertising literature.

I have for nearly a year asserted that I can help bright people to earn more money than they are getting, and every week adds new strength to my statement.

The advertising field is now in the midst of a widespread, far-reaching development, and not only my graduates but all others who have learned how to win public patronage through catchy, intelligent advertising, will find practically unlimited openings which offer the highest rewards.

And not until America ceases to grow and multiply in population and commercial establishments will the day come when the thorough ad. writer will not be actively sought.

It has been said that seven hundred millions of dollars were spent for advertising in 1901-2, and that over a billion for the same purpose would be spent in 1902-3. This is enough to stagger the most conservative prophet in his attempt to determine the vast advertising fund that must be expended even two years hence.

Surely if facts count for anything they point unerringly to the business of ad. writing as offering the greatest opportunities.

I deem this a good opportunity to answer a question often asked by POST readers: "You say, Mr. Powell, that a competent graduate of your system of instruction can earn from $25.00 to $50.00 almost at the start; how about the $5,000.00 and $10,000.00 positions?"

A truly germane query, deserving of reply. The extremely high-salaried places of course await my former students who have for some little time filled the minor $[illegible]5.00 positions. It is this "something better" which encourages most, for it is evident that the possibility of still greater rewards are the best incentives to renewed endeavor.

BERT POOLE
[illegible]
Assonet, Mass.

Mr. Poole says:

[illegible] you are putting me in the way of filling a place in the ad. [illegible]

"The course is purposeful, sustained in interest and stimulating toward one's best endeavor.

[illegible]

I thoroughly enjoy the work and your system, criticisms and personal letters are all most help[illegible]

"Success is yours and is well deserved!"

BERT POOLE

I do not lose interest in the student as soon as he secures his or her first place.

I have today many graduates earning from $25.00 to $75.00 a week, who are worth almost double their present salaries, and who will get them before long.

One of New York's best retail ad. writers is J. A. Brainard, advertising manager for Brill Brothers, New York. W. H. Lidell, who presides over the advertising department of the Barker Mfg. Co., New York, is another who stands in line for promotion, and I might cite many more instances. Then, too, the success of Powell students who successfully operate their own offices as independent ad. writers is more than notable. H. D. Barto, formerly of Syracuse, N. Y., is today, a year after graduation, a member of the Philadelphia Advertising Agency of Sherlock & Barto, handling over a quarter of a million dollars of clients' appropriations annually. Ernest F. Gardner, of the Gardner-Commons Advertising Agency, Aurora, Mo., is a more recent success, and so they go. I have in almost every section of the country graduates who have similar positions, offices and growing businesses.

Mr. Hanser, of Newark, N. J., and Mr. Boltolfson, of Winona, Minn., are other successes.

I shall be glad to mail a copy of my fine new Prospectus—the most interesting of its kind ever published—telling how I teach, and giving a wealth of facsimile proof that is a revelation in the history of mail instruction. Merely address me George H. Powell, 39 Temple Court, New York.

SENT ON APPROVAL

TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE

Laughlin

Fountain Pen

Guaranteed Finest Grade 14k.

SOLID GOLD PEN

To test the merits of

The Saturday Evening Post

[illegible] advertising medium we offer your choice [illegible]

These Two Popular Styles For Only $1.00 Postpaid to any Address

By registered mail [illegible]

Holder is made of finest quality hard rubber, in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade, [illegible] 14k. gold pen, any flex [illegible] desired — ink feeding device perfect.

Either style — **Richly Gold Mounted** for presentation purposes, $1.00 extra.

Grand Special Offer

[illegible] and we will send you $1.10 for it, the additional 10c. is for your trouble, and to show our confidence in our goods.

Illustration on left is full size of Ladies' style; on right, Gentlemen's style.

Lay this POST Down and Write NOW

Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each Pen.

ADDRESS

Laughlin Mfg. Co.

937 Griswold St., DETROIT, MICH.

A QUESTION of MONEY

Safely Invested

and bearing good earnings will be [illegible] to your entire satisfaction by the

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO.

Our business, established 10 years, is under supervision of and regularly examined by New York Banking Dept.

5 Per Cent. Per Annum

will be paid on your savings. Subject to withdrawal at any time [illegible]

Capital and Surplus $1,100,000

Assets, $1,600,000

[illegible]

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.

1135 Broadway, New York

The Pyrographic Brush

has caused us more hard work than anything we have yet produced, but we have at last secured just what is wanted. Made from a beautiful white wood, from trees felled at the proper season of the year to prevent discoloration, the logs sawed into boards more than six years ago, and stored under cover in the meanwhile. The brush-block made as thin and light as possible with no holes or openings of any description except those necessary for the bristle. The bristle knots made of the best Shoe stock and set penetrating in the block, producing a finished article that is well worth the Artistic Amateur's time to ornament with the most ornate design.

The best merchants in every city can show samples, if you ask, at prices ranging from $5.00 to $12.00 each.

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, W. C., London, England
The Flat-Iron, New York City, U. S. A.

Aunt Martha on Medicine

A MONOLOGUE

By Charles Battell Loomis

AUNT MARTHA, after taking a spoonful of patent medicine at the breakfast table, delivers herself of a few common sense remarks.

"My husband, he knowed the Bible from end to end and he always said 'Throw physic to the dogs,' and I believe that generally that's all it's good for.

"Stands to reason that a man warn't intended to do more than dygest the food he eats, but ther's some folks keep their stummicks so busy gettin' acquainted with new med'cines that come time to dygest proper food the stummick's too weary to do it.

"Some folks when they hev a headache, instid of livin' careful an' exercisin' an' eatin' proper, take a spoonful of Lord knows what an' mebbe the headache goes, but if it does it likely leaves some consequences behind an' mebbe a cravin' fer more of the same kind of med'cine: an' I hev known folks thet took their *med'cine* regler an' never thought of eatin' food at all — that is, not enough to count.

"Not but what ther's some simple med'cines thet will set a person right. Now although I ain't no hand to dose an' never was, a man come along last summer sellin' silk handkerchers with picters of the St. Louey Fair Buildin's, an' he also had a few bottles of Hounsley's Digitable Compaound which he said would spruce a body up, an' I took a bottle an' a handkercher — a dollar for both.

"*That* med'cine was cert'nly wuth while. He said if I woke up with a headache to take a spoonful in a glass of water, and the very next morning by good luck I had a chance to try it, for I did have a most tejus headache.

"I thought I'd better the dose an' so I took a tablespoonful, an' before night I never would have knowed I had a headache. Next day I had another, but I dosed myself with this simple compaound an' before night it was gone, an' sence then I've took it every other day an' every other day I don't have no headache.

"An' ther's Parry's Lumbago Buster. I knowed Doctor Parry's fust wife, so I don't hardly caount that as med'cine, but it is called a sure preventer of lumbago, an' so I bought a dozen bottles with the money I got for them pippins I sold.

"I says to Hannah Pettingale, 'I never had lumbago an' I don't never want it, an' if Harriet Parry's husband's med'cine will keep it from comin' I'm go'n' to use it even if it does cost some, fer no one knows what my Ephraim suffered from lumbago before he passed away.'

"It's reel pleasant to take — tastes somethin' like Digitable Compaound, an' I'd as soon go without my popped corn an' milk for breakfast as go without them two.

"I never trouble doctors much an' I never have, because I think often as not they hint to a liver or a lung or the heart to act wrong, an' it up an' ac's wrong an' gives 'em somethin' to do.

"There's a good deal in that hintin'. Why, when Sayrah Taintor — she that come from East Haddam an' lives with ol' Miss Noocome — had 'pendicitis las' summer an' Mis' Haskins tol' me just wher' the pain come on the left side, it warn't more'n half an hour before I had a sharp pain right ther', an' I called in Mary Ann Reed who knows more'n most doctors an' I told her I had 'pendicitis an' described jest wher' the pain was, an' she bust out a-laughin' an' said, 'Why, if it's on the left it can't be 'pendicitis at all without you have an appendix on each side.'

"An' the minute she said that the pain left like a stroke of lightnin'. Imagination cuts up more go'n's on in our insides than reel sickness does, an' doctors are cute enough to know it, so I never call on 'em or take their doses.

"I've always said that prevention was better than cure anyway, an' when Ethan Bissell got took with gallopin' consumption an' I see the advertisement of Loodland's Lung Liquidator I sent for a bottle quick an' I take a wineglassful — it's reel bitter'n pleasant — I take a wineglassful before go'n' to bed, an' my great nephew Cyrus, who's studyin' to be a doctor, he sounded me an' he says my lungs is better'n common, so I b'lieve I'll keep on takin' it."

An Extraordinary Chance

TO SECURE THE NEW 1903 EDITION OF

Ridpath's History of the United States

50% less than ever sold before — sets sent on approval — an easy way to get this matchless set of books — a necessity in every American home

This sweeping reduction places for the first time within the reach of every intelligent American the graphic life story of our own great Nation **as only Ridpath can tell it**, and of the heroic deeds of our forefathers.

5 Superb Volumes

Size 10 x 7½ inches

Universally Commended — Fascinating as a Romance

[illegible] LL. D., Registrar of Cornell and thousands of other famous men and women who have borne witness to its absorbing interest and value.

The New 1903 Imperial Edition

Revised and enlarged into five Superb Royal Octavo Volumes — Lavishly illustrated — contains our country's history from earliest times to date and has been enriched by hundreds of new maps, Race Charts, Chronological-Charts, and text illustrations, together with over 100 full-page photogravures and half-tone etchings of Famous Historical Paintings by **Trumbull, Chapman** and other great artists, making it the most valuable collection of historical illustrations ever embodied in any work.

The workmanship of [illegible] clear, the paper specially made. The beautiful half [illegible] gold back stamps, a perfect treasure in book making. [illegible]

DOWN GOES THE PRICE!!!

Owing to our superior distributing facilities, we were able last season to dispose of an enormous number of these great histories among our customers at prices way below the regular. But our stock was limited and thousands of intending buyers disappointed.

A MASTER STROKE

This year we purchased outright an entire new edition and through this immense transaction secured such concessions that we can sell this greatest of all histories at **one-half the lowest price ever offered.**

This exceptionally low price, combined with the small monthly payments, places this wonderful work for the first time within the reach of every one.

Why Hesitate?

SETS SENT FREE FOR EXAMINATION

Small Monthly Payments

We are so sure of your delight that we take all the risk of disappointment. Let us send you a set at our expense. If not satisfactory, return at our expense. But you must be prompt. This is the only edition that can be sold at these prices or on these terms, and it is going rapidly.

D. A. McKINLAY & CO. 24 East 22d Street, New York City

CUT THIS CORNER OFF AND MAIL TO-DAY

SPECIAL TO POST READERS

D. A. McKinlay & Company
24 East 22d St.
New York City

[illegible] a set of Ridpath's History of the United States [illegible] I agree to pay $2.00 promptly, and $1.00 each month thereafter for 15 months. If not satisfactory, I will return them to you within 15 days at your expense.

In ordering cloth, change 15 to 12 months.

You are afraid!

Everyone is afraid of fire. Not only property but *lives* are in danger. [illegible] look out for your stoves and furnaces. Soot causes Fires.

BADGER'S FIRE EXTINGUISHER

[illegible]

Agents Wanted

[illegible]

Badger Fire Extinguisher Co.

Dept. B, 32 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

"They Fit"

and *they wear*. They are so nearly perfect that we guarantee them correct styles for

Men, Women, Children.

H&P Gloves

SEND FOR BOOKLET showing kinds and prices. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us. Don't buy gloves unless the initials H & P appear on the button.

HUTCHENS & POTTER

83 Fourth Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

STALL'S BOOKS

THE SELF AND SEX SERIES

has the unqualified endorsement of

Dr. Joseph Cook
Rev. C. M. Sheldon
Rev. F. B. Meyer
Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler
Dr. Francis E. Clark
Bishop Vincent
Anthony Comstock
"Pansy"
Frances E. Willard
Lady H. Somerset

Eminent physicians, and hundreds of others

4 BOOKS TO MEN. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.
What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know

4 BOOKS TO WOMEN. By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M.D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D.
What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

$1 per copy, post free. Send for table of contents.

Canvassers Wanted

4 NEW BOOKS Faces Toward the Light [illegible] A splendid book for [illegible] $1 [illegible] "Manhood's Morning" [illegible] ideals for young [illegible] $1 [illegible] Pastor's Pocket Record [illegible]

Vir Publishing Co. 1144 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia [illegible]

SALESMEN WANTED Our line of advertising thermometer and calendar novelties for the season of 1903 and 1904 is now ready. Send us 10 cents in stamps for sample catalogue and terms.

TAYLOR BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

MEN Who Do Things

"The great want of the day is the man who can put his ideas into practice."

This thought in an editorial of The Saturday Evening Post of February 26 is the basis of a series of articles on men who have learned how to put their ideas into practice. This is the second article of the series.

LOUIS G. BOOTH

WHEN a young man of average ability decides what he wants and works for it [illegible], perseveringly and consistently, doggedly if need be, while he sticks to it through thick and thin, against opposition and against adverse criticism, when he calls to his assistance the experience and knowledge of trained minds and backs them up with the force, vigor and enthusiasm of his youth, he is sure to win [illegible].

When Louis G. Booth was struggling along on a salary of $8 a week in a wholesale jewelry house as a [illegible] stock clerk whose main duty was to know where to find cuff buttons, watch chains, silver thimbles and various other items of merchandise kept in stock by the firm, he resolved to rise above the level of a mere stock clerk and to take his place as a business man among business men.

He admired [illegible] worth ever. He set to work [illegible]. He was convinced that his best opportunity for advancement was in connection with their business. He studied the department heads and other men. Everywhere he found other young men like himself, who had gone through a certain [illegible] that had been mapped out for them by an expert—the head of that department.

He discovered that these men were heads of departments instead of clerks because they could plan and execute their work better than any one else in the department. It was clear that in order to rise above the level of clerkship he must be a better worker than the rest. But it was equally clear that the head of every department was a man of proved ability who was likely to hold his position for life if he kept ahead of his fellows.

Young Booth did not like the idea of waiting for dead men's shoes. It was not enough to be prepared for emergencies, but he sought [illegible]. "There must be opportunities [illegible] that need [illegible]. Men have made fortunes out of an idea. Why can't I work out one idea that will increase this firm's business and thus create a place for myself? Why can't I add a new department to the business and take charge of it?"

While his mind was filled with these thoughts his eye caught this headline in an advertisement:

"Not only a help in your present business but a big help to a better position."

That seemed to fit his case and he read further:

IMPROVE YOUR CHANCES IN LIFE BY A KNOWLEDGE OF ADVERTISING

It is conceded that an advertising training is of more practical value to the young man of to-day than a college education. Advertising is the business that the masses are [illegible].

We teach ad. writing by mail. If you have ordinary education, common sense and [illegible] and energy to devote a half hour [illegible] calling [illegible] earn $25 to $100 a week [illegible].

Remember this is the original school [illegible] about. The oldest, biggest and most substantial institution of the kind in the world. If you enroll with the Page-Davis [illegible] you are not experimenting, not being experimented upon. That explains why [illegible] the country to-day say "I want a Page-Davis man." Our prospectus mailed free on request.

Clearly this was the opportunity he had been looking for. Not a man in the house, not even the President, knew anything about the [illegible] and [illegible] his time that the advertising was [illegible].

Booth [illegible] recognized his opportunity. But at the same time he realized [illegible]. He called on Messrs. Page and Davis and talked the matter over with them. He explained the situation fully. They assured him that their course in advertisement writing would so [illegible] that he could plan and write advertisements that he could confidently and intelligently present his ideas to the President.

He accepted their proposition and took up their course of instruction. Within a month he [illegible] of his [illegible] understanding of the subject that he approached his employer [illegible] the [illegible] advertising. The President was surprised and [illegible]. But Booth was sure of his ground. His instructors had [illegible] that [illegible] he [illegible] would be [illegible]. At last the President said: "We [illegible]. I don't want you to waste your time here in making experiments."

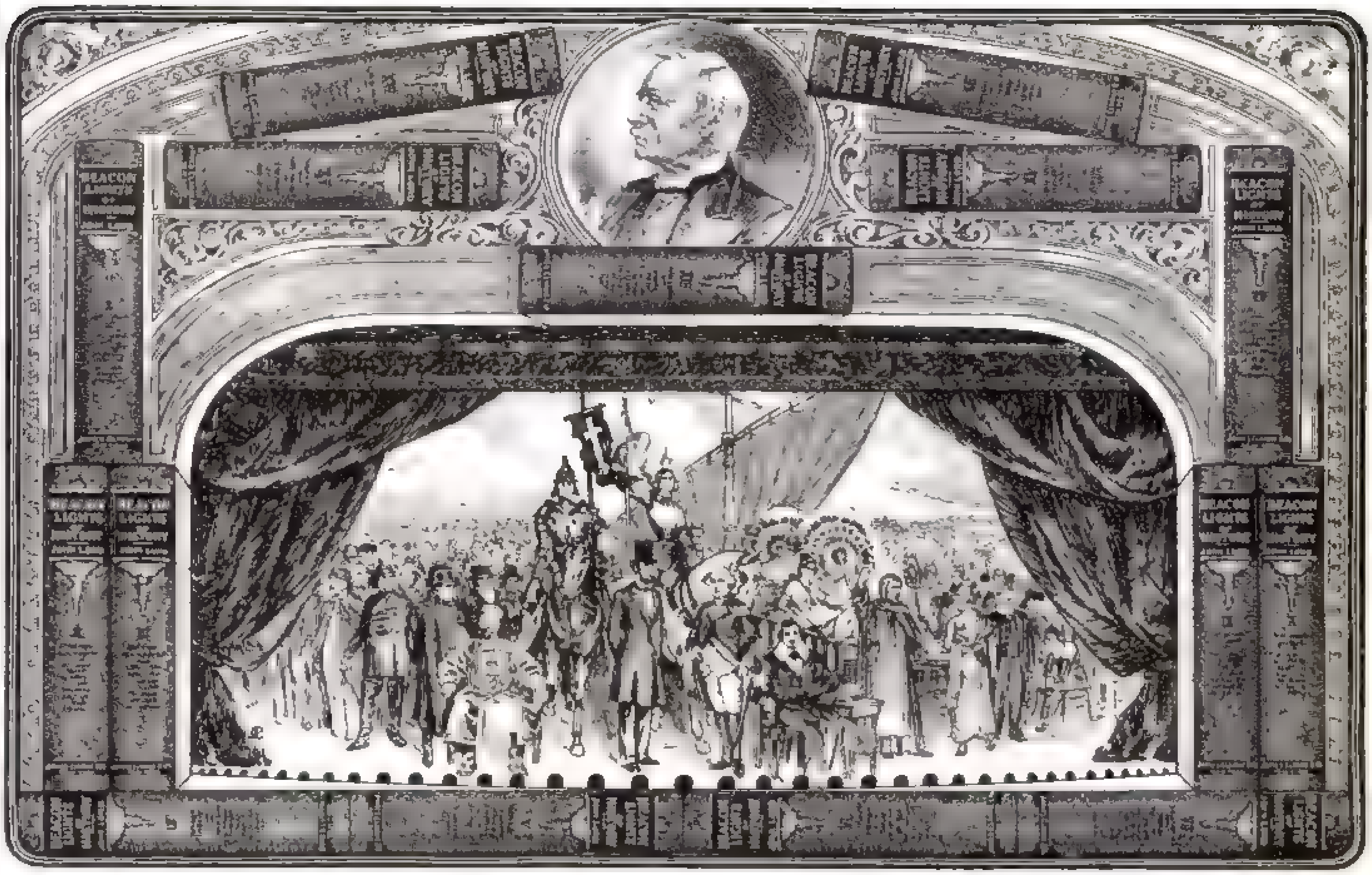
By the end of the week Booth had written the ads, laid out his dummy, indicated the [illegible], pasted in the illustrations and presented the complete lay-out to his employer.

It was a revelation to the President. [illegible] his preconceived ideas he was convinced that this $8-a-week clerk of his understood the advertising of his business well enough to relieve him of most of the [illegible] in connection with his advertising. The ad was put into type and O.K.'d by the President without a single correction. Booth was at once instated as head of the new advertising department.

That was three years ago. Since then Booth's rise has been rapid. To-day he is not only advertising manager for the old firm of Benjamin Allen [illegible] (one of the richest and largest in the West) but he is manager of their $1,000,000 twelve-story building on Wabash Ave., Chicago, and Treasurer of the Keystone Development Company, incorporated for $[illegible].

From an $8-a-week stock boy to a recognized business man, of standing and influence in the business world, is a big jump, but perseverance and the right kind of instruction helped Louis G. Booth to make it.

NOTE.—If the readers of The Saturday Evening Post write to the original school of advertising, PAGE DAVIS CO., Suite 818, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, they will receive, free, an interesting prospectus setting forth the advantage of an advertising education. A most profitable and fascinating business for ambitious men and women.



All the Real Heroes of all Time

Seem actually to live again and play their parts in the drama of civilization, with such fascinating vividness, such marvelous reality, such intense humanity has Dr. John Lord portrayed them in that greatest of world biographies,

Beacon Lights of History

Written as lectures to the masses, to depict each pivotal epoch of human history by describing its leading spirit, each of these biographies is complete in itself, and clothed in that simple, graphic English that sways alike the scholar, the ordinary man of affairs, the intelligent artisan, the child scarcely graduated from fairy tales.

"The gift to so arouse the people at large is rare," says John Vance Cheney, Librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago, in his hearty indorsement of Beacon Lights of History.

Centered in the fifteen beautiful volumes is the *stage of the world for 7000 years.* Upon it Dr. Lord, by his marvelous powers of description and analysis, has placed characters that really live, amid settings so true to their time that the reader, old or young, absorbs historical facts without effort.

"The best things in the human race are grouped around the noblest lives. These volumes are more interesting than the novel; they are books which help and do not hurt," says Professor Baldwin, of the University of Texas.

A work so different from all others can be really appreciated only by reading at least one of the biographies. We have just printed, **for free distribution** to book lovers, twelve of these biographies, each complete in itself. We will send any one of them upon receipt of the coupon attached. Write into the coupon the **number** (as given below), of the biography you wish

1 Queen Elizabeth
2 Constantine the Great
3 Alexander Hamilton
4 Moses
5 Joan of Arc
6 Mirabeau
7 Julius Cæsar
8 Edmund Burke
9 Dante
10 Scott
11 Metternich
12 Charlemagne

Receipt of any biography above named, or return of coupon, in no way obligates you to purchase.

There is a considerable price-saving on these sets from the new edition that will also help in interesting you.

JAMES CLARKE & COMPANY
3, 5 and 7 W. 22d Street NEW YORK

TEAR OFF this corner; fill in name and address plainly, and MAIL it to us to-day!

MAIL THIS CORNER TO

James Clarke & Company
3, 5 and 7 W. 22d St.
New York City

Please send to address below, without cost to me, Specimen Biography No. ___ from Beacon Lights of History, together with complete table of contents, description of the binding, samples of illustrations, and details of your special terms to members of the Beacon Lights History Club.

Name

Address

S. E. P. Sept. 26

"TAKE IT BACK"
I SAID

WHEATLET

They've all got "something just as good" when it comes to cereals; but the perfection of twenty years' study will not down, and

WHEATLET

eaters know there is no substitute for the World's best breakfast food. The whyfore is easily explainable in the fact that these are the only mills extant equipped exclusively for grinding the whole of the very choicest wheat obtainable, and statistics show we really are the only ones using wheat that absolutely contains 50 per cent. more nutrition than any other grown. That's the reason people who try all other breakfast foods come back to Wheatlet—the untiring cereal, every time.

Do you know Nature's true deliciousness is contained in FRANKLIN FLOUR also, and for the same reason?

A half pound sample of WHEATLET for 6 cents in stamps and grocer's name

THE FRANKLIN MILLS CO.
"All the Wheat that's Fit to Eat"
721 Franklin Sq., Lockport, N. Y.

A Sustaining Food-Drink

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

A delicious, refreshing food-beverage for those who are "run down" or mentally and physically fatigued. Nourishing, easily digested, and invigorating. The maximum of nutrition with the least strain upon the digestion. Tempting to the appetite; no distressed feeling after a meal.

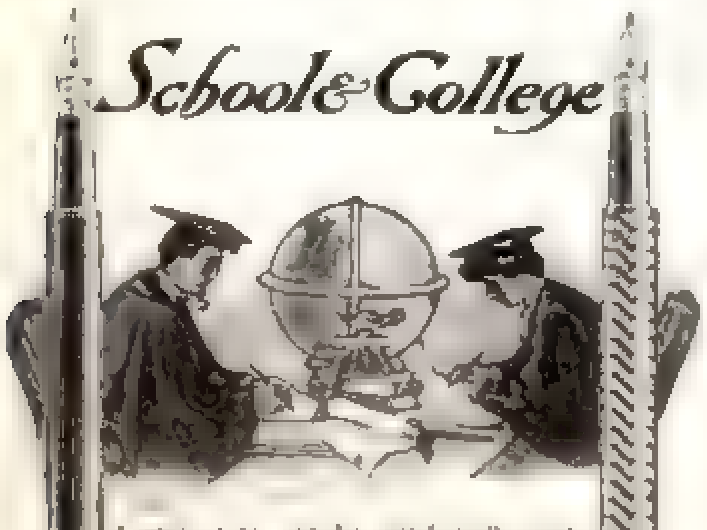
Horlick's Malted Milk is pure, rich milk with an extract of choice malted grain, partially predigested and concentrated to powder form. Instantly prepared for use by stirring in hot or cold water. Needs no cooking nor further addition of milk.

In Tablet form, also, with either natural or chocolate flavor. For invalids the Tablets are often extremely convenient, as slowly dissolving in the mouth they supply nourishment.

Trial package free upon request.

At all Druggists

Horlick's Food Co., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.
London, England. Established 1873. Montreal, Canada



Lecture notes can be satisfactorily made only with a pen that never skips and never floods. The new spoon feed makes

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Absolutely Reliable. It is used and endorsed by professors and students in most institutions of learning the world over.

Purchase through your home dealer, writing us when you are not served satisfactorily

L. E. Waterman Company
Main Office 173 Broadway, N. Y.
8 School St. Boston
138 Montgomery St. San Francisco

Aunt Agatha's Ideal Apartment

(Continued from Page 5)

might stand about ace high with her, you've got to go and copper it with the rag-time talk! In the matter of vocab, diminutive William, it's just about time to make it back to the academic with yours."

In the mean time, it must not for a moment be supposed that there was any interruption of Aunt Agatha's business. On the contrary, it was being carried on with more thoroughness and constancy than ever. In some houses, where they would previously have been willing to take one floor as a criterion, they now insisted upon seeing everything. Certain apartments which they had perhaps glanced over too cursorily in the first instance they now revisited at length. And Mr. Hatch confessed that when working through the Eighties alone he had done his work in a spirit of contemptuousness which had probably overlooked much that might really have come within most of Aunt Agatha's requirements. Before they went any further they started in and did the Eighties a second time. . . . Thus more days passed.

On Tuesday of that week, as they once again seated themselves on the Drive for a moment of rest—and it was a much-needed rest—Mr. Hatch attempted to explain to Miss Stuart in how great measure Aunt Agatha's quest had enlarged his vision and broadened his mind. A month ago he had felt that anything in the apartment line other than the three-room bachelor suites such as he was at present inhabiting himself were only ratable in the Noah's Ark class. Of course Aunty was after something which didn't exist—the ideal apartment, so to speak. But, so far as he was concerned, he would own that he had seen several in which people ought to be able to wriggle along without making suicide a continuous performance.

Miss Stuart, too, was broadening. She had been brought up to a horror of apartments, big and little. *Now* she was ready to admit—though she colored somewhat in admitting it—that for the two million or more Manhattanites who were living in them, existence need not mean *absolute* misery.

These admissions were, it need not be pointed out, merely admissions of a general and an impersonal proposition. But they may at least go to prove that the characters of both young persons were beginning to show those beneficent results which come so often from laboring unselfishly for others.

More days passed. . . . And if, that Saturday night, no bulletins were sent to Ticonderoga, it was simply because the two had spared themselves so little in the old lady's behalf throughout the afternoon that by the coming of the evening it was at last necessary to take *some* relaxation. They took it listening to still another musical comedy. . . . As a matter of fact, too, the bulletins would arrive quite as quickly if sent Sunday night.

Just as it chanced, though, the church on West End Avenue which Miss Stuart attended was one which—it immediately occurred to Mr. Hatch—Aunt Agatha would in all probability think of attending herself; and if he, too, dropped in on that occasion for the evening service he would be able to report to her upon it.

Miss Stuart had to consider that suggestion for some time. But she had been too religiously grounded wholly and finally to forbid it. It took them longer to walk home than they had expected. For that reason the sending of the bulletins was of necessity again postponed.

Miss Stuart could possibly have written hers Monday evening. But it had occurred to her that something she had said that afternoon to Mr. Hatch about people who admired George Ade might have been misunderstood by him. She felt that she ought to write him a note to correct any such wrong impression, and that sort of note is always so hard to write that you never have any spirit for further correspondence after it.

As for Mr. Hatch, almost at the same moment he remembered that he had neglected to tell Miss Stuart that there was just a chance that he might not be able to pervade the West Side next day. He wrote to tell her so now. And the explanation was somewhat complicated by other matters appurtenant thereto. In fact, it took between nine and ten pages.

Therefore, Aunt Agatha's bulletins were again postponed by both of them. They

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Gibson Pyrography

By contract with *Life* we have the **exclusive** right to reproduce **Gibson designs** for **Pyrography.** Charles Dana Gibson is the most famous living pen and ink artist and his drawings are admirably adapted to Pyrographic reproduction.

Outfit No. 95 value $2.50 is temporarily offered for $1.80

A high-grade instrument, splendidly made, includes fine Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double Action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, Two Pieces Stamped Practice Wood, and full instructions, all contained in neat Leatherette Box. For sale by your dealer, or sent by us C. O. D. for examination. Write for our big **64-page catalogue** with colored inserts No. P 59—**FREE.**

Illustrates hundreds of Gibson and other artists' designs on wood, ready for burning, together with all kinds of Pyrography outfits at lowest prices.

This trade-mark on everything we make. It means quality. Call for T. & C. Pyrographic Goods

THAYER & CHANDLER 162-164 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World.

50 Cents Spent

For a copy of the double COUNTRY HOUSE NUMBER of

Country Life in America

The most complete, full and suggestive manual ever made, worth an incalculable amount to the persons thinking of building.

Over 160 Illustrations

May Save $1000

Some of the subjects treated are.

Successful Houses, a collection of suggestions 20 pictures.
Cousin Billy's Woodwork and how to avoid his experience
Mission architecture in houses, with many examples.
The Claims of the Kitchen
The Plumber and all his works
The Water Problem
Chimneys and Fireplaces
Building without an Architect—an experience
Piazzas Pergolas and Arbors
Heating and Lighting
How to Build a Cheap House.
A Barn House
A Stone House vs. Wood.
The Increased Cost of Building and Why.
How to Tame an Architect and How to Manage a Client.
The Landscape Gardener
Fire Risks, etc., etc.

For a full Year's Subscription, including 3 Double Numbers, send $3

Sent postpaid for 50c by

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
34 Union Square, New York

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR SALARY?

Are your brains bringing you no better return than does a day laborer's brawn?

Do you not feel that given the opportunity you could do better, and would not the prospect of from **$35.00 to $150.00 a week** stimulate you to put out your best effort?

Then get in touch with us. **Write immediately** for a **Free Test Blank** and other interesting information and take up the study of **Advertising.**

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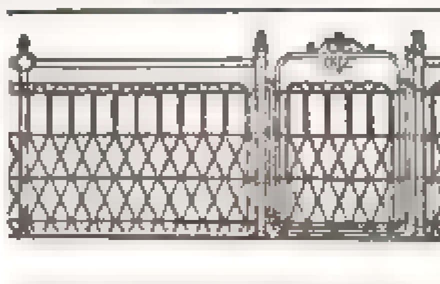

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HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

felt, however, that their consciences need not feel in any way called upon to worry over it. For the quest itself was being prosecuted even more whole-heartedly and unflaggingly than at the beginning.

V

MR. HATCH was, very happily, not kept from pervading the West Side next day. Indeed he was at the trysting-place some twenty-five minutes before Miss Stuart.

And it would have been almost a calamity had he been away. For that afternoon they found the long-sought-for—the ideal apartment!

Oh, there was no doubting its ideality. They had no need to consult their lists of specifications. The very first impression was enough.

It was new: the house had not been five weeks finished.

It looked on the river.

It had a southern exposure, and the street was asphalt-paved.

All the rooms were light, and they ran in double series.

The dining-room, drawing-room and library could be turned into one large salon.

There was a clothes-closet in every bedroom, and several more outside.

The bathroom was tiled—yea, with a submarine greenness.

The access to the fire-escape was so perfect as fairly to beckon one to descend. Oh, it was all there, beyond any dubitation!

And how much more was in it to add thereto!

The kitchen had an equipment which only a woman could have installed. The gas range was a compendium of devices for roasting, toasting, grilling, broiling, platewarming! The porcelain sink and dish-dryer, the stationary washtubs and folding ironing-board seemed made to solve the domestic problem. The all-surrounding paneling of cupboards appealed for pots and tins and granite-ware wherewith they might be filled. In the passage to the dining-room stood an ice-box which was the last word in dainty cold-storage ingenuity.

As for the dining-room, for silver and china and fine linen, there was a cabinet, or rather a series of uplifted cabinets, of polished Flemish oak. The mantel, too, of most Colonial amplitude, was of Flemish oak. The fireplace might have come intact from an old English inn. With its crane and dogs of hammered iron, and its broad, deep grate—it was such a one as dreams are made on! Then, too, the drawing-room! It was not a very large drawing-room, but its three big bay-windows, its parqueterie, its wainscoting, and the soft, quaint old roses of its tapestry effect wall-paper!

And then the tiny, octagonal library, with its little stained and mullioned *œil-de-bœuf* over its full, broad oaken window-seat!

It was too much. They could not stay in it. They had to go forth and walk around the block, and in their helplessness once more seek a bench on Riverside. . . . And *then* they could not decide anything.

"Of course it's exactly what she wants," said Miss Stuart hollowly; "and we don't know what other people are after it."

"Yes," said Mr. Hatch, more miserably; "yes. But you see we have no power to do anything finally."

"You could wire her."

"Ye-es. But you can't be sure a telegram wouldn't scare her cold."

"I suppose it might. One has to think of these things, anyway."

They kept looking at each other, but neither said much more.

Miss Stuart spent that Tuesday evening sitting in her room with parted lips, staring at the wall and sighing infinitely.

Mr. Hatch, Jr., was doing sums in division and subtraction until long after midnight.

On Wednesday afternoon they looked at that ideal apartment again. *Eheu!* No wonder it was the only one in the house still to let! The marvel was that it had not been taken weeks ago!

Between two of the bedrooms there was a little cubby-hole with hot and cold water. Miss Stuart's eyes went up to the pair of toy armoires niched in above the marble. "*What* a place—*what* a place for a dark room!" It was not to be doubted that Aunt Agatha would be engaged in amateur photography before she had been in that apartment for an hour!

Mr. Hatch, for his part, had settled upon a sort of miniature turret room off the library. It was almost round, and hardly big enough to set a table in. "But for a smoking den!" he gloated. "Just picture it rigged up in the style of the terrible Turk—all deep

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For an Evening's Entertainment

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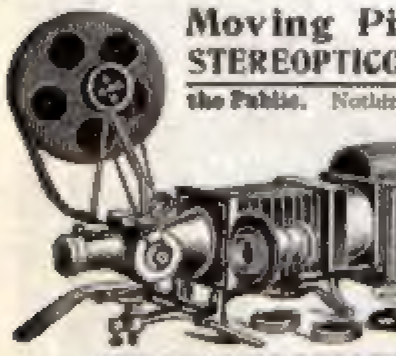

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reds, and wine color, and old morocco, and a little brass lamp for a lighter, you know—with a big fat sofa of roanskin, and two hugeous armchairs of the same!" The vision of Aunt Agatha pulling at her Chibouk amid a seraglio of ancient briars, church-wardens, meerschaums, and fragrant cigar-boxes was almost more than he could stand.

And Miss Stuart was walking up and down the dining-room, hopelessly rapt anew—beginning once more to let her aching imagination fill those silver-drawers and glass and china cabinets!

For the second time they went forth. And this time they compelled themselves to stay out until it was almost sunset.

"I think," said Miss Stuart weakly, "it's perhaps our duty to take it anyway, and chance her not liking it."

Mr. Hatch shook his head. But obviously just at that moment he was thinking under great pressure. At last he shifted half-way around on the bench. "Look here, Miss Stuart, couldn't you see it to—I've been thinking—last night I got doing a little figuring and—about building up a library—and those little dinners, you know——" But there he stopped. And when he began again it was avertedly and in a different note. "You see, you don't understand Aunt Agatha. It may seem like our duty to snaffle this one for her. But really, when she found we hadn't left her any choice at all—if it was for—for one of us, now—suppose we go back and look at it again."

Once more they returned, even as the hypnotized. They found the agent showing another group about. In five seconds Mr. Hatch's arm had hooked him nervously into the "smoking-den." "Look here, old sport, isn't there such a thing as being able to blanket this offering for a day or two?"

"'Fraid not. These people are likely enough to take it this afternoon. They want to see what I've got further up the block before they make up their minds, though; and I've told them that in a way you're first. Maybe you could make up your mind while we're over there?" And he carried off the second-comers to the elevator.

In a voice from the depths Timothy T. laid the situation before Miss Stuart.

"They've got us in the door, all right," he said with an appealing gulp; "we've got to decide right here and now!"

"Well, I'm sure I only wish I—I could——" She tremulously got out her list of "specifications," and her eyes would not rise from it. . . . "Why," she cried out suddenly, "we can't take this one for Aunt—for Miss Smythson, *anyway!*"

It was as if fifteen tons had been lifted from Mr. Hatch's seventh vertebra. "Why can't we?" he demanded with inward leapings.

"Because she insists upon having something between the second floor and the fifth—and this is the *sixth!*"

He tried to speak, then mutely took her arm and guided her into the little cubby-hole with the hot and cold water and the toy armoires. "Look here," he burst out imploringly, "I know what a horrible apology for anything worth having I am myself, but when a girl has a ranch like this to fall back on——" He felt himself floundering in the deep again, but desperately caught at a straw: "And you would like to do some developing in here, now, *wouldn't* you?"

He waited a half minute, going on to two—till there broke in on them the sound of the elevator on its way up to their door. And then in one word Mr. Hatch was given to know that in that ideal apartment Miss Stuart was willing to develop her whole soul and spirit.

It may possibly appear somewhat redundant to repeat that, though certain incidental matter, unpremeditated and apart from the actual substance of this story, has engrossed even its last chapter, it would be entirely wrong to infer that the main matter has been lost sight of. The search for Aunt Agatha's apartment—though somewhat desultory for the immediate present, still goes on.

And, with all due respect to the worshipful old lady, it must be said that when—on the occasion of the preparations for the wedding of her nephew, Mr. Timothy Theobald Hatch, Jr.—she came down to New York and inspected the apartment he had recently chosen for himself, the anger she permitted herself to display was wholly uncalled-for and unreasonable. For that particular apartment, though it may, perhaps, have been fitted for her in certain minor details, was, in altitude, as has been clearly shown already, one story too near Heaven.

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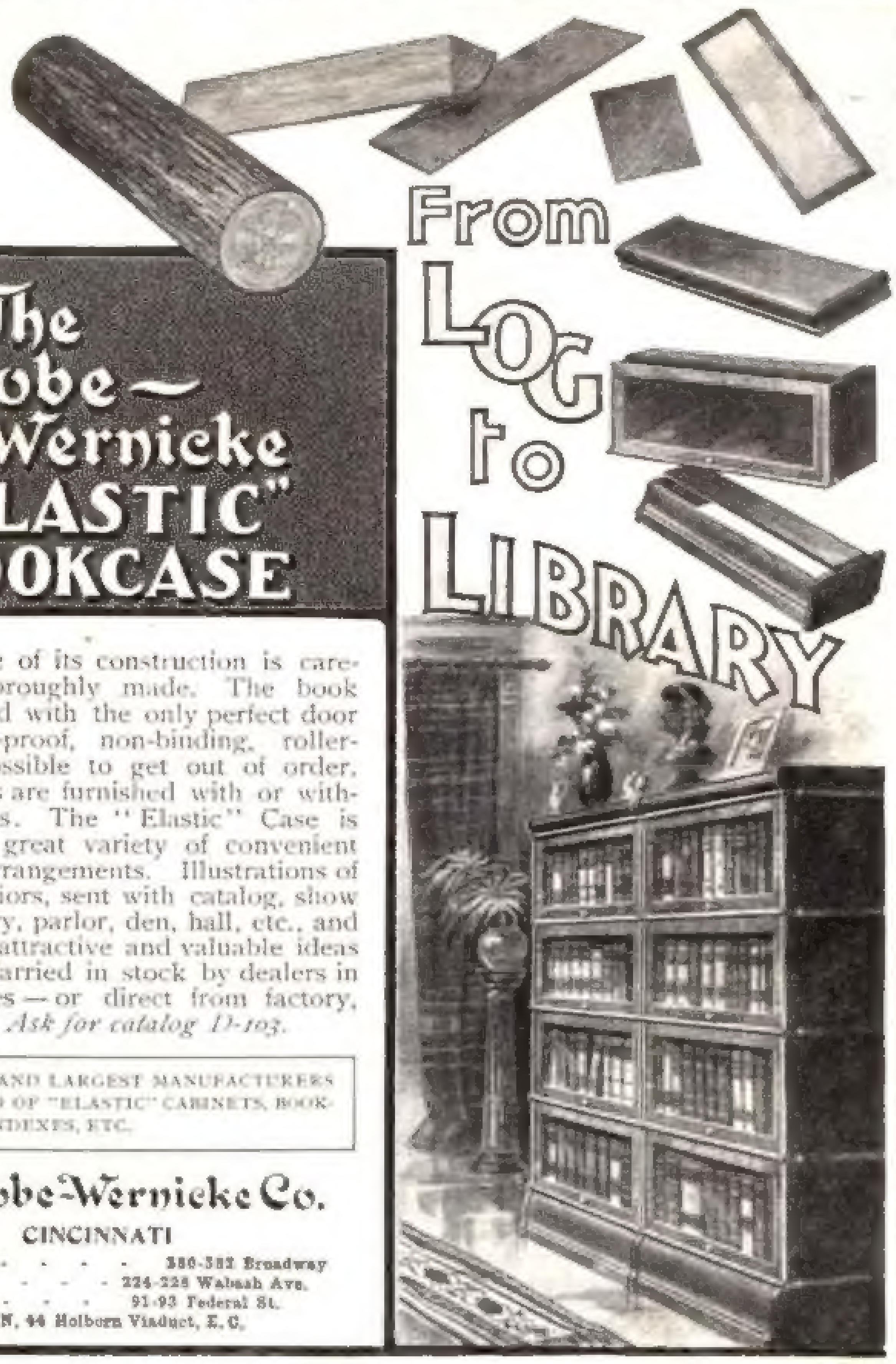

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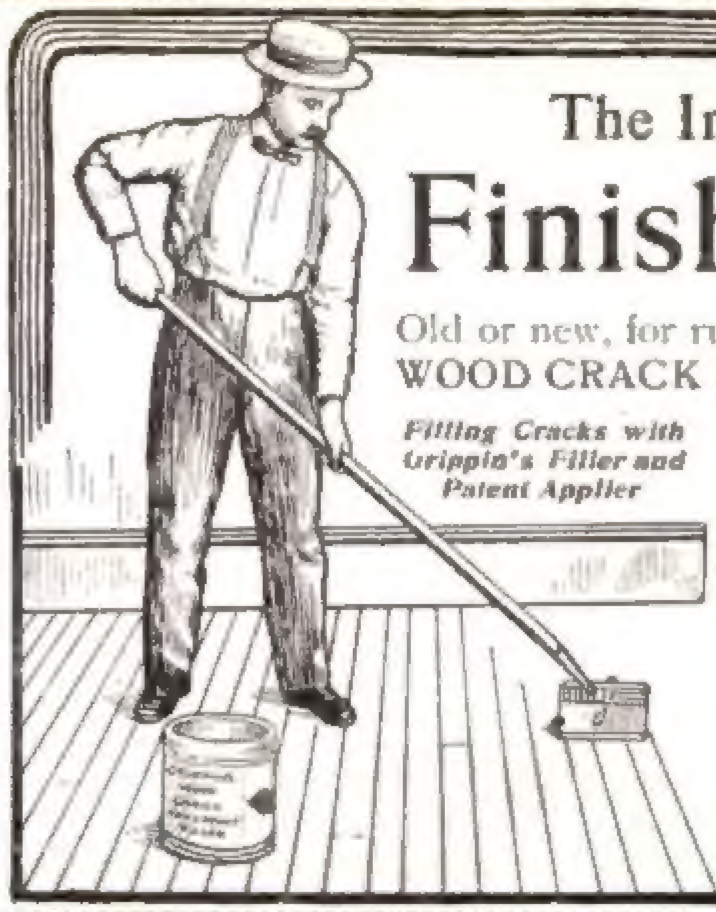

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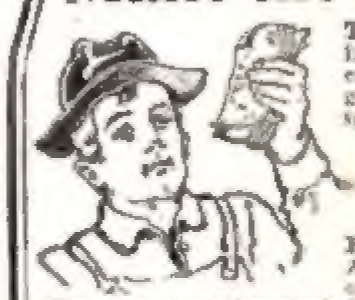

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Formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

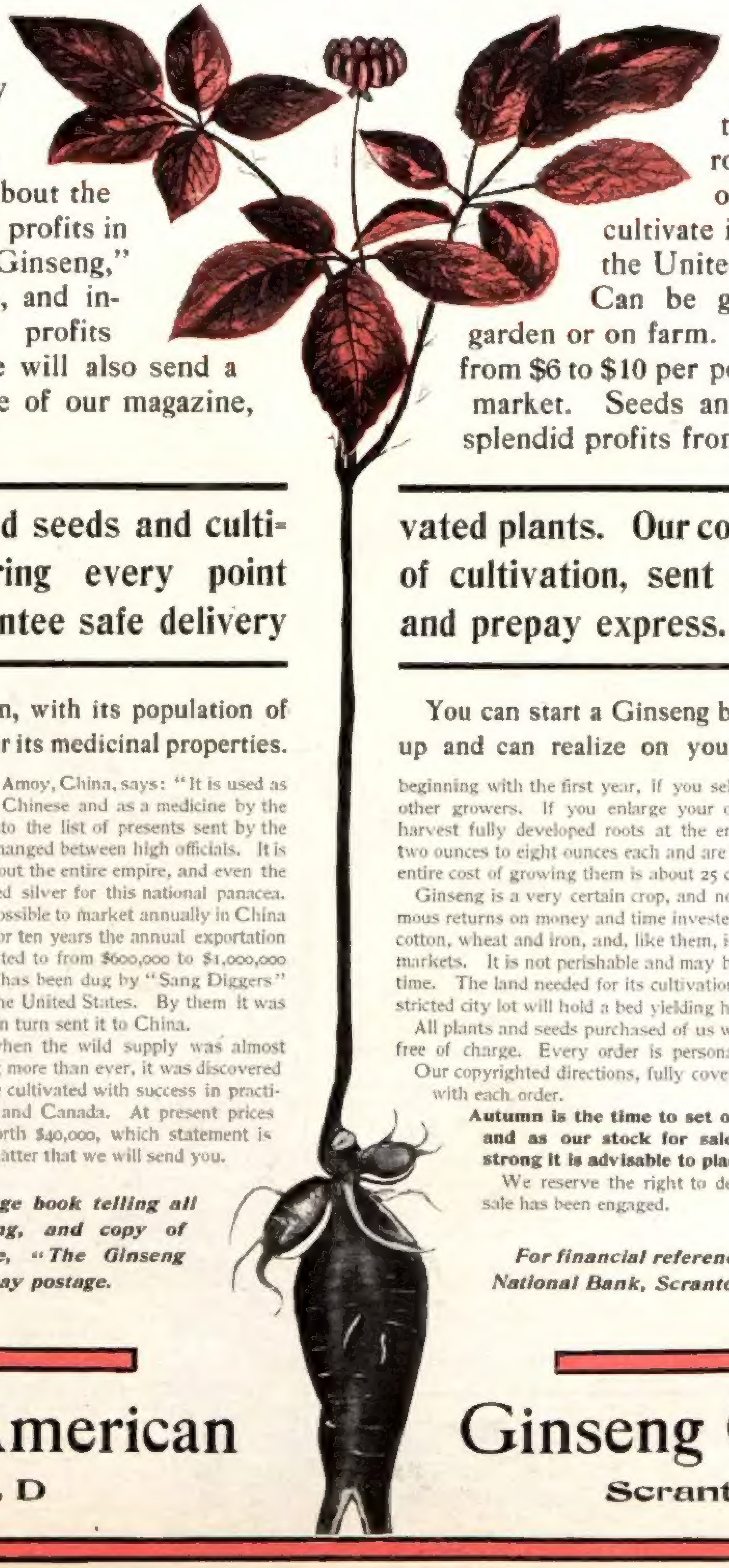
MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for our Pocket Encyclopædia.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

Get Rich Growing Ginseng



If you will send us two 2-cent stamps to help pay postage, we will immediately mail you our 55-page book telling all about the enormous, easily-earned profits in this wonderful plant, "Ginseng," its nature, habits, uses, and instances showing the profits growers of it make; we will also send a copy of the current issue of our magazine, "The Ginseng Garden."

Ginseng must be planted in the Fall. It requires little ground—a square rod will grow hundreds of plants. Anybody can cultivate it; hardy anywhere in the United States and Canada. Can be grown either in city, garden or on farm. Ginseng root brings from $6 to $10 per pound in the American market. Seeds and young plants bring splendid profits from American growers.

We sell stratified seeds and cultivated plants. Our copyrighted directions, fully covering every point of cultivation, sent free with each order. We guarantee safe delivery and prepay express.

The entire Chinese nation, with its population of 400,000,000, uses Ginseng for its medicinal properties.

U. S. Consul Johnson, writing from Amoy, China, says: "It is used as an invigorating tea by all the wealthy Chinese and as a medicine by the native physicians. It enters largely into the list of presents sent by the wealthy to friends and the articles exchanged between high officials. It is bought by the middle classes throughout the entire empire, and even the poor peasants give up their hard-earned silver for this national panacea. I do not exaggerate when I state it is possible to market annually in China $20,000,000 worth of these roots." For ten years the annual exportation from the United States has been limited to from $600,000 to $1,000,000 worth. For 175 years wild Ginseng has been dug by "Sang Diggers" in certain mountainous districts of the United States. By them it was sold at good prices to exporters, who in turn sent it to China.

Within the last few years, just when the wild supply was almost exhausted and China was demanding more than ever, it was discovered that Ginseng was hardy and could be cultivated with success in practically every part of the United States and Canada. At present prices an acre of four-year-old plants is worth $40,000, which statement is proved in details given in our printed matter that we will send you.

Write to-day for our 55-page book telling all about this wonderful Ginseng, and copy of current issue of our magazine, "The Ginseng Garden." Enclose 4c to help pay postage.

You can start a Ginseng bed for from Five Dollars up and can realize on your investment annually, beginning with the first year, if you sell the seeds and young plants to other growers. If you enlarge your own garden with them you will harvest fully developed roots at the end of four years that weigh from two ounces to eight ounces each and are worth $6 to $10 per pound. The entire cost of growing them is about 25 cents per pound.

Ginseng is a very certain crop, and no other business pays such enormous returns on money and time invested. It is an absolute staple, like cotton, wheat and iron, and, like them, is regularly quoted in the world's markets. It is not perishable and may be held in store for an indefinite time. The land needed for its cultivation is so very little that even a restricted city lot will hold a bed yielding hundreds of dollars annually.

All plants and seeds purchased of us will be delivered to any address free of charge. Every order is personally inspected by our botanist.

Our copyrighted directions, fully covering every point, are sent free with each order.

Autumn is the time to set out plants and sow the seed, and as our stock for sale is limited and the demand strong it is advisable to place orders at once.

We reserve the right to decline all orders after the stock for sale has been engaged.

For financial references communicate with First National Bank, Scranton, Pa.

Chinese-American Ginseng Company

Dept. D

Scranton, Pa.